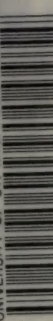


THE LAND OF THE
STENOUS LIFE
—
BE' FELIX KLEIN


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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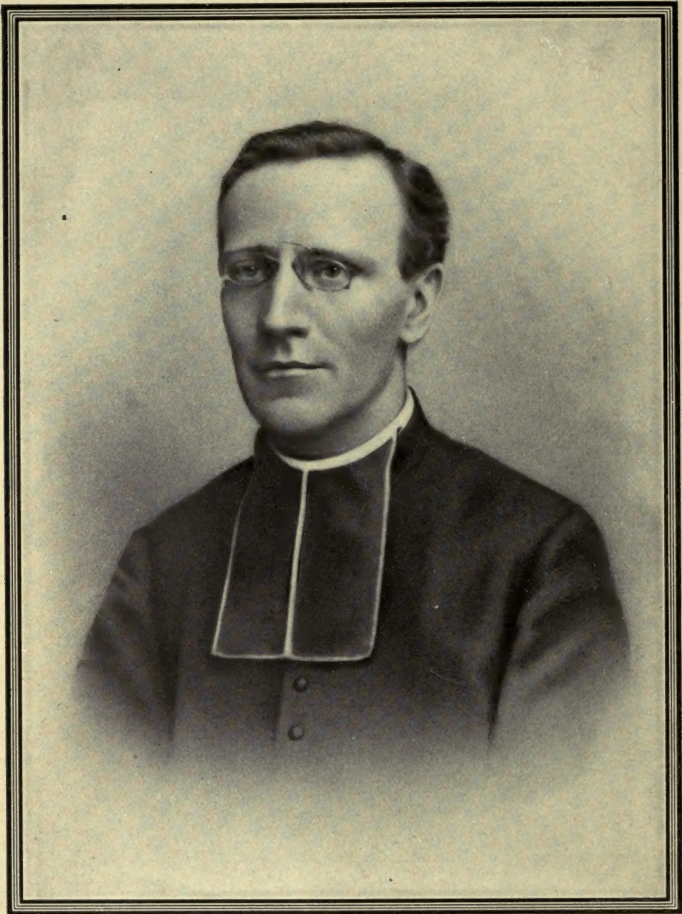
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IN THE LAND OF
THE STRENUOUS LIFE



Portrait von
Ferdinand Klein

IN THE LAND OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE

*Souvenir
of
Hot Springs
Ark.
91*

BY
ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF PARIS

AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION

ILLUSTRATED



*A. J. Simard
Feb. 21st 1906*

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1905

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1905

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CHICAGO

TO
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

TO MY AMERICAN READERS

IF I were to consider only your habit of asking visitors to your country, "How do you like America?" I might offer this book with entire confidence, since it is precisely an answer to your own repeated inquiry.

Yet this response has not been prepared for you, but for others—for mere Europeans. On the other side of the water also, people have asked me, "What do you think of America?" I have told them, and they have listened with a certain measure of interest.¹ And how can I expect you in America to lend your ears to a resident of the Old World who addresses himself to other inhabitants of the Old World? Is there any significance for you in these "Dialogues of the Dead"?

I have another reason for hesitation. Not imagining that these pages would fall under your eyes, I wrote them under the influence of a sentiment which now brings me to some confusion, a sentiment for which I must crave your pardon. I wrote them, alas! with an excess of benevolence. In spite of some criticisms (only too rare and inadequate), I have said too much good of you, as I now humbly confess. I have told so much that is good that your modesty—proverbial in all the world—must endure much while you read;

¹The French work, "*Au Pays de la Vie Intense*," has passed into the seventh edition within a few months, and the French Academy has awarded it the Montyon prize of one thousand francs.—[PUBRS.]

and I think I see you pushing from you with blushes these too flattering pages.

Modest readers of America, be indulgent toward me! I am ready to admit, if you insist on it, that you have numerous defects; and, since you do nothing by halves, I am sure that you are capable of carrying them further than any other nation—first in the world always! But consider, I beseech you, that circumstances have prevented me from noting these defects. As you will find out for yourselves, I have had the misfortune to encounter in your interesting country only honest folk, and perhaps the best that are there. On my next journey I hope to be more fortunate, and am counting on your help to enable me to meet the other sort.

But let us talk seriously (and a Frenchman is sometimes capable of that). Even if I had noticed your defects, what purpose would it serve to exhibit them to my countrymen? We have enough of our own without giving ourselves the trouble to go so far in quest of others. What I proposed to myself, in crossing the Atlantic, was to seek in your country the profitable example of certain virtues which you possess in a very high degree, and which we in some measure lack. As a sort of representative of a commercial establishment in the moral realm, I went to select, among the various products of your land, those which ours does not supply in sufficient quantity, and upon my return to distribute them as widely as possible.

Now, among the things which you supply in pro-

fusion, and which we demand, I know nothing more important nor more enviable than initiative and tolerance. The courage to act and the wisdom to permit others to act, — what is more beautiful, and in our day more necessary, than this? If true civilization is measured by increase in the value of human personality, what is grander than to develop one's own nature in all proper directions, and to promote the development of the capacities of others? You are a people at once energetic and tolerant; you promote without hindrance your own freedom, and you respect as sacred the freedom of all your brothers. In this at least — and it is a great deal — you deserve to be taken as the model of the world; and I count it a favor of God to have the honor to set this example before France just at the moment when it is most needed.

Poor beloved France! In the past she has had glory without parallel; she has still, even now, a refinement of spirit and taste, a delicacy of heart, a chivalry of soul, which entitle her to walk erect among the nations. But in many of her children one quality is wanting, which is the privilege of youth. I mean confidence, — confidence in life, which gives the spirit of audacity and enterprise; confidence in the truth, which enables one to interpret it openly to others, in the spirit of fair play, without attempting to impose one's own ideals on the reluctant; confidence in the divine energy immanent in truth and life, which assures human progress.

These are the virtues whose illustration we have

sought among you. And already this effort has met with some success. In our discussions of religious liberty, for example, and of a higher standard of life, we have not in vain introduced the recital of your actions and the echo of your words. Who can estimate the value of the salutary reflections which we owe to the respect of your people for religion, to the notions of tolerance which exist among your numerous religious denominations, and all we owe of moral awakening to the discourses, translated and popularized among us, of your illustrious President, the herald of the strenuous life? American ideals have stirred our souls and quickened there the French ideals.

For nations as well as for individuals, history, or rather Providence, very often holds in reserve a tardy recompense, and, what is more precious, a wonderful justice, which await an opportune moment. Once we aided you to achieve your liberty; and that was for me a moment of high feeling, never to be forgotten, when, at Philadelphia, in the sacred Independence Hall, I saw the picture which represents the victors of Yorktown laying the captured flags before the members of Congress and the Ambassador of France. To-day, citizens of our sister Republic, it is you who by your example and by your exhortations recall us to the love and the practice of liberty. Once we aided you to become a great nation; you now help us to remain one.

Such is the grandeur of your mission, such the responsibility which weighs on you, O Americans! You are the advance guard of humanity on the path

of progress, of light, and liberty; and humanity looks to you to guide it aright, and to push most swiftly to the goal. God grant you may always worthily respond to so grand a vocation.

FELIX KLEIN.

BELLEVUE, NEAR PARIS, July 4, 1905.

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IN THE LAND OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE

*Leaving France.—First Impressions.—Fellow-Travellers.—
Exiled Nuns.—Canadian Immigrants.—American Young-
sters.—A Progressive Convent.*

PUNCTUALLY at five minutes after midnight our train drew out of the station of St. Lazare in Paris. Sinking into my seat and closing my eyes, I said to the companion who was to go a part of the journey with me, "Wake me at New York." This friend of mine was the Abbé Sicard, well known as an historian, whose parish of St. Medard in Paris was founded under the Merovingians a thousand years before America was discovered. I closed my eyes; he slept. After a prayer that God would protect our journey, I tried hard to find repose. But mind and imagination were active, and a thousand useless fancies tormented me out of all hope of rest. Now, the business of entertaining persistent ideas becomes tiresome toward one o'clock in the morning, so I turned to an infallible foe of thought, the daily papers. In the copy in my hand, huge headlines attracted my atten-

tion: "The Humbert affair; eighth session of the court; expected scandals; personages involved; the secret of Thérèse; probable verdict to-morrow." To think that we are leaving France on the eve of such a sensational event! After two pages of the Humbert trial come Macedonian despatches telling of great massacres; then divers stories of *gendarmes* expelling the nuns; and finally a piece of information to the effect that the recently elected Pope Pius X, by a rather bold innovation, has ordered that the newspapers given to him shall not be previously prepared or modified. This jumble of things was no great help to sleep, and when we reached Havre I was tired enough.

There, however, the very sight of the steamer that awaited us was enough to restore our spirits; a more graceful, elegant, and comfortable vessel than our "Lorraine," or her sister ship "La Savoie," does not sail the sea. A part of the three hours before starting-time we spent in strolling through the town. The sun had not risen, nor the inhabitants. We walked upon the sea-wall, whence we looked far out upon the element on which we were to venture. It was not so alarming, and we went on board rather reassured. I was fairly overcome with the sleep which had forsaken me during the night, so, while the ship still swung at anchor, I lay down. I remember that the whistling of the siren broke in upon my dreams; but it was not until five hours later that I arose. Going out upon the bridge, I found we were in sight of Cherbourg. But it was only a glimpse of the town that I caught, as we were losing sight of France. The island of Aurigny

sank into the distance in its turn. Are we launched upon the great deep at last? Not yet; for we can still make out the English coast. There are the lights of Cape Lizard; and later on, those of Scilly Islands brighten the horizon. Then the last gleam of far-off lighthouses disappears, and we have entered into evening darkness and the ocean waste.

But though land was invisible, we were still in touch with it. At dinner I saw passengers receiving and sending despatches. Wireless telegraphy was busy with its miracles, the last word of science; the latest, rather, and not the last, for to-morrow out of radium or something else will come new wonders which may transform the world. Yet there are men who deny progress, or maintain that if it does exist it is confined to the province of the grossly material. But how many of these telegrams exchanged at night upon the sea may be ministering to the spiritual, may contain loving farewells, affectionate reassurances, announcements of joy, or messages of sorrow! I myself left a friend at the point of death the day before I sailed; and if I had but thought of it, I could have had the comfort of thus receiving news of him. Thus science appears to me as a holy light, even like that of the stars whose rays this evening are piercing the darkness of the heavens, and in whose presence on the solitary bridge I breathe my wordless prayer.

It was very late when I went to the quiet room assigned me; but again it was hard to sleep. The fatigue and the crowded impressions of that first day would not subside. Still, I felt strangely content. It

seemed to me that through the darkness resting upon the deep there opened vistas radiant and vast. Following the course of light and progress, we were going from east to west, were leaving the old for the new, the past for the future. I felt full of confidence, full of faith. Our vessel cleaving its forward way was a symbol of the world.

The quiet recollection of this first day was too pleasant to last long. Never has conversation consumed so many hours of the day as during the voyage. Without speaking of the Captain, the personification of fine manners and amiability; or of the *Commissaire*, who was a perfect type of master of the house; or of the Doctor, whom fortunately one could visit without being sick; or of those of our fellow-voyagers whom we were delighted to associate with, we had also to acknowledge the advances of several who gave us the honor of their company unasked and uninvited.

We carried 1,027 passengers—233 first, 167 second, and 627 third class. Of these last, about a hundred and forty were returning to the United States after a few months' visit to relatives in Europe. The others in the steerage were emigrants, counting among them 12 French, a few Swiss, 70 Roumanian Jews, 200 Germans, and as many Italians. Many were alone, but the majority (and notably the Jews) had their families with them. Of the 167 second-class passengers, nearly all were Italians or Germans, going to America for the first time, or returning there after a business or pleasure trip abroad. Most of

them were tradesmen. Of the first-cabin travellers, a majority were Americans who had spent the summer abroad for pleasure, rest, or study. It is a matter of less moment to them to run over to France than for a Parisian to make the eight hours' trip to London. Beside these were two Peruvians, six Germans, three Italians, one of whom was a Brooklyn choir-master, who was taking along from Padua a young wife to whom he had been four years betrothed; three Canadians, two priests, and a settler; and, finally, about thirty Frenchmen, among whom were thirteen merchants, two or three tourists, one Commissioner of the State Council, five insurance men who were delegates to a convention of their profession, one young colonist, one unhappy schoolmaster who had received orders to take a secularized school in Newfoundland into which pupils would enter only when they were driven, and four secular priests, namely, two professors at Montreal, my companion, and myself. To these thirty French passengers who were making the journey by their free choice must be added forty-two others who were crossing the ocean by no voluntary act. These were French religionists, driven from their homes, despoiled of their possessions, and practically expatriated by the laws of their country. They were going, some of them at least, to lands that had formerly been ours, to Canada, and to Texas, which latter was part of the old province of Louisiana. Will the sad day ever come, when, in contradiction to our glorious past, liberty will begin where the dominion of France ends?

I had to put this question to myself, when on our steamer I saw the mournful spectacle of four nuns of Sainte-Chrétienne of Metz who were expiating the error of having chosen to be subjects of France. Their mother house was in the capital of Lorraine. In 1871 the congregation was divided; the majority, in order to remain French, established themselves at Longuyon in Meurthe-et-Moselle, on our side of the frontier. The others stayed on in their convent at Metz. To-day those that remained under Germany are enjoying peace and toleration; while the imprudent ones who trusted themselves to us are expelled from their home, and deprived of their sole means of living, which is teaching the young. They know not where to turn. The four nuns of whom I speak were sent to America at haphazard, to find, wherever they could, a home where they might work and pray. Their sisters left behind in France, five hundred of them, do not know what day the officers may cast them into the street; and, naturally, they are looking with anxiety to the result of this venture in America. Some of the community are already waiting at Havre, and others are at various English ports, watching for the word which shall assure them a home somewhere. Long months of seeking elapsed before any success attended our efforts. I say *our* efforts; for I tried to help the poor exiles. I shared in their search for an abode, made many fruitless inquiries in their behalf, and am still in correspondence with them. I found them later in Montreal, where they lived some weeks in the hospitable Convent of the Gray Nuns. Hither they had

come, worn out with long journeying through the United States, and utterly discouraged. I wish their persecutors could have seen them, downcast and in tears. So little were the poor nuns informed of the true nature of the policy to which they were sacrificed, that they even asked me why M. Combes wished to do them harm, and when they would be permitted to return to France!

Three of the four sisters were French; the fourth, who accompanied the others as interpreter, was English, the only one of that nationality in the Convent. She too, no less keenly than the other three, suffered at leaving France, for it was the fatherland of her affections and her faith. Bishop Dupont des Loges had there received her into the Church, and there, among her sisters and pupils, her heart had its abiding-place. "We must accept what God permits," she said to me, "but it is hard to lose everything; and then, you see, Father, when one is a Catholic one feels at home only in France."

If some of the religionists have not a resignation so perfect as this, who will presume to blame them? It will be long before I forget the words of one of them, a man celebrated as an educator, who, after long efforts, had built up at the very gates of Paris a splendid college with six hundred students, and was now, at the age of forty-five, flung out of doors. Said he: "For two years, sir, I have been persecuted by the laws of your country as a malefactor; and as a final blow I have been driven from my home. Speak to me of France

no more." I walked away from him biting my lips. I understood then, better than ever before, the evil brought upon us by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the incredible folly of those who are imitating that act to-day. Undoubtedly such bitterness as this sufferer displayed is rare in the hearts of the exiles, and even he must get the grace to pardon from his daily mass. But the growing disapproval of the civilized world, the astonishment and anger of Catholics everywhere, who up to now have been our best friends, the loss of our influence wherever it has been maintained by our missionaries, these consequences, to speak only of results external to ourselves, and not mentioning the discords which must last long among us, ought surely to suffice for a time even the authors of this absurd and destructive policy.

I have remarked that among our two hundred and thirty-three first-class passengers one was a Frenchman going to the Colonies. This was a young man of nineteen, of fine physique, open mind, and sturdy character, whose whole soul shone in his eyes. He was the nephew of a naval officer, and became my constant companion on shipboard. His interest was keenly aroused at seeing me jot down notes for my narrative of the journey. Whether his anxiety was a desire to figure in my story, or fear lest I should include him in it, I cannot say; but at any rate he made me promise to send him the book when finished. Friend of mine, shall I record that you were going to Notre Dame de —, near the important city of —, in Manitoba;

that you are now on a large estate, established and directed by a Frenchman of great initiative, who receives into his household and trains up young men who come to him with sufficient material and moral guarantees; that you spend your summers in kitchen-gardening, in making butter and condensed milk, and your winters in preserving venison and other products of the chase — pheasants, wild duck, moose, hares, and white rabbits which, save for their black noses, show not a speck upon the wide fields of snow; that this active, wholesome, out-of-door life pleases and rejoices you, and fills you with pity for your comrades left behind at their books and desks; and, finally, that my opinion is that you have chosen the better part? If I say all this about you, shall I betray your confidence, which was so dear to me? And will you in anger fling my book into Lake —, or into that beautiful river with the sweet French name, on the banks of which you read aloud at leisure hours your Alfred de Musset, with only the Canadian birds for auditors?

Manitoba is west of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec; beyond Manitoba is Saskatchewan, and still beyond is Alberta. Then come the Rocky Mountains, between which and the Pacific is British Columbia. We had on board a colonist of Alberta. He was a man of sixty, who had left France twenty years before, after a bad turn in his fortunes. He had been a lawyer, but became a farmer in the New World, and has followed up failure with success. And now, when he owns fertile fields, and has seen his six children, three of whom are married, well started on their careers, he

looks back without regret upon his humble beginnings as a pioneer, when he had to till a virgin soil and to build with his own hands a log cabin for his home. Nevertheless, he thinks people should begin that sort of life younger than he began it. On my asking him for information which might be useful to others, he said that a young man who wished to follow his example should emigrate immediately after marrying, or else when his children are able to work. He can purchase in Paris a ticket for any place in Canada; but it is better to go first to Montreal, where the colonization society will give him definite directions. The middle of April is the best time to start out; for by that time the snow has melted, the Spring is in full bloom, farm-work is beginning, and the demand for labor is greater than the supply. If the young colonist is married, he will need a small capital for household expenses; but if he is unmarried, this need is very slight. During the summer and autumn, a modest sum can be laid by out of the wages of the ploughing, harvesting, and threshing seasons; and in the winter this can be increased by wood-chopping in British Columbia. An average of forty dollars a month can thus be earned, over and above food and lodging. After this one can start out for one's self. By making a deposit of ten dollars any adult, eighteen years old and upward, will receive from the state a hundred and thirty acres of land. The first year's expenses on such a property need not be more than two hundred dollars. Beginning with the second year, the farm should bring in an income. Then, if the settler has resided on the land during six months

of each year for the first three years, and has built for himself even a modest house, he becomes absolute owner, with full proprietary rights, including the right to sell.

The location of these lands is very accessible. The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses just such a region; and it would appear that the new transcontinental line is to be still more convenient. Immigration is availing itself of these excellent opportunities, and few who have kept in mind the economic development of recent years will be surprised at the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "There is every indication that in the opening up of new territory the twentieth century will be for Canada what the nineteenth century has been for the United States."

But this is not to be a description of a Canadian tour; and perhaps the reader, who of course cannot know how pleasant it is for me to linger on the "Lorraine," is grumbling a little at my delay in getting into port. To tell the truth, I should have been glad to anticipate my impressions of the States by describing the American types whom I met on the steamer. But my opportunities for knowing them were slender. I made acquaintance with a publisher and a merchant, both of New York; but they were far from communicative. I found both of them indignant, and justly so, over the prevalence in France of unbecoming pictures flaunted in the public eye. The only other information I got from them was the complaint of one that New York was too full of Jews; and a remark

from the other that the cost of living in Paris is twenty dollars a day! This much they told me, with interruptions in the shape of several invitations to a "cocktail," which I politely refused. They showed no inclination whatever to talk about their business, evidently realizing that they would be immersed in it again soon enough.

But the Americans on board who were of chief interest to me were a happy group of boys and girls from twelve to sixteen years old. They readily made acquaintance with me, and often ran with me upon the bridge. Not one of the group—there were six or seven in all—did I see with his or her parents, except when they were landing. This was their American independence; and they enjoyed the liberty without abusing it. In America one never hears a distracted mother calling out, "Go, dear, and see what your little sister is doing; and tell her to leave off doing it." In contrast with this happy group, however, there was an intolerable young coxcomb ten years of age. In the gravest manner in the world he came to tell us that at our age we should no longer indulge in amusements. I took a curious interest in the immature prig, and had experience of all his faults, which indeed came to the surface at a first meeting with him—insolence, egotism, and every species of absurdity. Even when I approached him in the kindest way, he never departed from his unvarying impertinence, never surprised me by a single display of politeness. When both independent and good, the American child is a charming

companion; when independent and disagreeable, he is really a little monster.

Approaching America, we began to feel the thrill of a new life. Strange power of our faculties for adaptation! Even the good sisters seemed buoyed up; and an occasional word of cheer or of confidence in God put them in better spirits. They were especially encouraged at being told of the great things they would be able to accomplish, of the religious freedom awaiting them, and of the brilliant future of the Church in the United States. Our approach to a new, free, and active world seemed to affect these devoted souls, and arouse their imagination, when, after Tuesday evening, we could say that we were "on the other side." I began to wonder if I did not possess the unsuspected vocation of convent chaplain! Still, all convents are not to be found in the middle of the Atlantic; neither are they all moving, like our "Lorraine," at a speed of twenty and a half knots an hour.

CHAPTER II

FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK

Up the Bay.—The Paulists.—A New York Monastery.—Father Elliott and Father Doyle.—A New York Sunday.—Religious Condition of America.—Standing of Catholicism.—Chinese, Italian, and Jewish Quarters.—Wall Street.—Riverside Park.

IT was nightfall when we entered New York Bay, after an ocean voyage of six days and a half. One of the pilot-boats which are ever on the watch to guide vessels into the harbor spied us in the distance, and quickly headed toward us. The "Lorraine" stopped, cast anchor, and for a while so pitched and tossed in the heavy sea that a number of the passengers were frightened. We had no idea how heavy a sea was running, until we began to notice the fantastic leaps and bounds of the little vessel that was trying to reach us. Soon, however, it came alongside; and as our vessel steadied itself, the pilot clambered aboard, pleased with his good luck. It was a very stormy night; indeed, so dense was the fog and so rough the sea that the pilot decided not to enter the harbor until the following morning. The last night on shipboard is rather hard on one's nerves. To say good-bye to the friends of a week, some of whom, perhaps, may prove the friends of a lifetime; to picture beforehand the people and customs of an unknown country; to wonder what lies beyond

the darkness, broken now and again by those strange distant lights which flit across the horizon; this is more than enough to keep most travellers awake. Indeed, all of us were ready to disembark next morning long before we arrived at the wharf.

Many have praised the beauty of New York Bay and the Hudson River. We, however, were unable to enjoy them, for a cold, drizzling rain prevented our going on deck. I was so unfortunate as to miss seeing the Statue of Liberty in the harbor. But here close to us is the city itself, which we approach as easily as the little boats on the Seine creep up to the Quai du Louvre. Along the wharves, through the smoke, we see some strange buildings outlined — warehouses, buildings eight and ten stories high, innumerable towers and steeples whose vast silhouettes are lost in the clouds. What temples are these? What holy city is this? It is only the business district of New York; and these are office-buildings of twenty and more stories huddled together. Is it a beautiful or an ugly picture? That is hardly a fair question. All I can say is, that at first sight I was somewhat disconcerted. But perhaps it is a good thing to meet the unexpected when one enters a new country.

They tell us that when, in September, 1609, Hudson first entered the river that now bears his name, the savages came in great crowds to trade their tobacco for the knives and glass trinkets of Europe. The savages of to-day did not ask me for my knife or my eye-glasses, but several of them went through the contents of my valise with great eagerness, while others fought

to put me in a cab. A friend of mine, however, who knew the ways of these rascals from a year's residence among them, fortunately came to my rescue in time.

After a last glance at my travelling companions, we took a carriage and drove to the hospitable home of the Paulist Fathers in West Fifty-ninth Street. Seen through the windows of a closed carriage in the driving rain, all cities look alike. The wet streets of Ninth Avenue might as well have been the streets of London as of New York. Whether the distance was so great, or the horses so abominably slow, it seemed to me as if we would never reach our destination. Had we been Americans, I suppose we would have sent our baggage by an express wagon, and gone up-town ourselves by the elevated railroad.

In about an hour's time — for all things come to an end, even an American cab-trip — the horses stopped, and two youngsters of twelve rushed out to take our baggage. Having carried it into the house, one ran away without even giving me time to thank him, while the other at my request went to announce our arrival. When he returned, I tried to tip him; but he laughingly refused to take any money, saying with pride that he was one of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. I learned that he was a New Yorker, and I told him he was my first acquaintance in America. In a minute we were friends.

The door opened, and I saw a tall, strong, kindly old man enter, who introduced himself, asked my name, and then welcomed me with open arms. It was Father Elliott, the spiritual son and biographer of

Father Hecker. I remember his writing me, some time before, of a certain publicist: "I do not know why he attacks us, but I do know that ever since he began to do so, I have never said mass without remembering him in my prayers."

I introduced my companion, who was most cordially received, and was complimented on his historical works, which are well thought of in America. We were then conducted to our rooms, which belonged to two of the absent missionaries. The furnishings consisted merely of a very plain wardrobe, two chairs, a small iron bed, and a white wooden washstand; but by making our valises serve as closets, we managed finally to get settled. I was awakened, much to my vexation, about one o'clock in the morning, by some mice who went through my baggage as the custom-house officers had done. I was to blame, however, for I was imprudent enough to have left some crackers in my valise.

I had not, I must confess, pictured America in this austere way; but in twenty-four hours I had become quite used to my surroundings, and was able to make the best of them. Indeed, I was delighted the more because everything was so unexpected. Father Elliott, who assisted me to unpack—a simple operation—seemed to regard me as a Sybarite. Was I really in New York?

I asked this question a second time, when they showed us around the house, and invited us to dinner. Some of the dishes which we now tasted for the first time,—for example, Indian corn,—seemed to us another proof of austerity.

This convent in Fifty-ninth Street is a real convent, and even guests are treated as religionists, though with brotherly affection. Becoming on friendly terms with Father Elliott in a very short time, I began to tease him about his luxurious manner of living; but he said to me, seriously, "I am a monk, you know." He has indeed all the characteristics of a true monk, and is in no sense a revolutionary. This fine-looking old soldier, this missionary with long white beard, this austere, pious, and zealous priest, with heart intensely devoted to the traditions of the Church, this noble and childlike soul, appeared to me to be as worthy of reverence as I had hoped for. How different he is in reality from the false picture left in the minds of many since the French controversy of some few years ago! What a happy and enjoyable day I spent in his company! He showed me the very beautiful and devotional Paulist Church, which is one of the largest in all America. He took me to the tomb of Father Hecker, who is buried underneath the tower, and we prayed there together. Then we went out to see New York.

Once outside the monastery, we took the elevated railroad, and passing thus from the silence and calm of the house of God to the noise and bustle of the outside world, I hardly noticed the change at first, we were so busy talking; and we kept talking even after we had left the train, until finally we came to the City Hall and Court House, which my guide very seriously assured me had been built fully as long ago as 1867 — and this when my companion was himself pastor of a church some fifteen centuries old! So I was drawn

down from the clouds and made to notice my surroundings. One can talk religion anywhere; but only here in New York can one see buildings three hundred and sixty feet or nearly thirty stories high; only here can one see a monstrous bridge nearly a mile and a quarter long, crowded with electric and cable cars, over which four hundred thousand people travel daily, and under which pass the great transatlantic liners. Elsewhere, fortunately, America is more attractive; but here the Brooklyn Bridge and the down-town sky-scrapers impress one chiefly with an idea of the power and daring of the American people.

I have but little desire to repeat the oft-given descriptions of these extraordinary sights. Beside, the day was not very propitious; it was raining, and I was still thinking of other things.

I travelled to the top of some of the high buildings of the down-town district, in elevators that took twenty stories at a jump; and then walked through the narrow streets until I was tired out, and was glad to take the elevated road back to the quiet of St. Paul's. We were there in fifteen minutes. The gates of the convent closed behind us; and we were again in our cells. The noise of the railroad and the electric cars did not bother us much; for, like the sighing of the wind or the roar of the sea, it is so constant that in a short time one ceases to notice it. It was quite a while since I had enjoyed such peace and quiet; and my first day in America closed with the reflection that, after the bustle of the world, I was experiencing the calm collectedness of the Thebaid.

The next day was Sunday, and my joy was all the greater for being able to say mass after an interruption of eight days. At St. Paul's I gained my first insight into Catholic life in the United States. A little before nine o'clock I went down into the Sunday School basement, which is as large as the church itself, and found it filled with children, the oldest of whom appeared to be about fifteen. All were chattering at once, though in low tones. I was rather shocked at first, but felt reassured when I remarked the absolute silence that ensued as soon as the celebrant came out to say mass.

These children, moreover, come to mass alone without their elders; and although a few places are vacant, by reason of some families having gone away to the country, the general attendance is about the same in summer as at any other season. The older people are equally attentive to their religious duties, as we had occasion to notice during the Sunday services. The church was filled with about an equal number of men and women at every mass; at every mass, I repeat, even the high mass, which is chanted in Gregorian by an excellent choir of seventy-five members. People who find sermons a bore have here no way of escaping them; for at all the low masses the Paulist Fathers, beside making the regular church announcements, preach a five minutes' sermon. No one here can say that he is not instructed in the teachings of the Church. A monthly calendar, which is freely distributed to all the parishioners, gives a brief account of the chief religious events, the liturgical feasts, and the affairs of the parish. Vespers are chanted at four o'clock, save

in July and August. The church is filled again at the evening services, consisting of congregational singing in English, a practical sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The last event of the day was an evening visit to the Young Men's Club, an institution similar to those in our city parishes at home.

Such, in general outline, is the working of a parish church in the United States. St. Paul's includes some fourteen thousand souls, which is about the maximum of a city parish. If a parish exceeds that number, or sometimes even if it be less, it is subdivided; as otherwise the people cannot be adequately provided for. The people are practical Catholics, going to mass every Sunday, and approaching the sacraments every week or month, or at least on all the great feasts. As a rule, they belong to some parish society, and are personally known to their pastors. We would like to see the same state of affairs in a parish of seventy thousand or eighty thousand in Paris, where only one-tenth of the people deserve to be called Christians.

Despite the cold rainy weather (it was nearing the end of August, too, when usually the heat is unbearable in New York), I spent the whole afternoon out with Father Doyle.

"What do you wish to see?" he asked me.

"Anything," I replied, "which with the help of your explanation will give me an insight into the moral and religious life of the United States."

"All right," said he. "I will attend to it. There is certainly plenty of material at hand." So we boarded an electric car at the door.

We first visited the Catholic cathedral, which, as might be expected, is dedicated to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. It is the most imposing church edifice in America. It was completed in 1879, at a cost of about twenty millions of dollars. The Catholics are very proud of it; and it is in fact a very good copy of our own Gothic churches. It rises conspicuously amid the wealthy residences of Fifth Avenue, which is the most aristocratic section of the city. But one familiar with the European cathedrals would not stop long to admire it; and I must say it did not make much of an impression upon me. I did not come to New York to see another Church of St. Clotilda. As vespers were not to begin for another hour, we did not remain long at the cathedral.

After passing various palatial dwellings owned by different members of the Vanderbilt family, I asked Father Doyle to take me into a Protestant church. There were a "lot" of them, as they say in English, about two or three in every "block." But many of them were hermetically sealed.

"Is this not the hour for services?" I asked Father Doyle.

"You don't understand," he said, laughingly; "these churches are not open on Sunday."

And as I did not grasp his meaning, he consented to give me the key to his pleasantries. The congregations of these churches were made up exclusively of the very wealthy, who, together with their ministers, spent the Summer in the mountains or at the seashore.

As a consequence, many of the churches were closed during the hot season.

We soon came, however, to a Presbyterian church where the Gospel was preached even during vacation-time. We entered with a number of finely dressed people, and were forced to admire the luxurious character of this temple of worship. The organ, the pulpit, the carved pews, in which everyone had his superbly bound hymn-book, everything seemed comfortable, and in very good taste. The millionaires of the neighborhood could feel perfectly at home here; but I could hardly picture a workingman, even if dressed in his "Sunday best," daring to cross the threshold of such a church, although in America class distinctions are less marked than with us. The prayers, the singing, and the reading were all perfectly carried out; and one could not say that, because aristocratic, the worship was lacking in sincerity or depth.

We remained discreetly near the door, despite a kindly invitation to go forward, and left during the second hymn, just before the sermon. We now directed our steps toward the poorer section of the city, in order to form some idea of the foreign population; and we continued our conversation upon the present religious condition of the United States. All that I learned that evening was confirmed in every particular by what I saw during the rest of my trip. I was indeed very lucky to come in contact, at the outset, with so well-informed a man as Father Doyle. In a society of zealous missionaries, he is surely one of the most

zealous. Preacher and writer, a man of affairs, and a thinker, he is indefatigable in all apostolic works. From San Francisco, where he was born about forty-five years ago, to New York, where he manages his printing establishment and publishes his magazines and tracts, he knows the country, especially in its religious aspect, as few of his compatriots do. Not to have availed myself of him would have been a crime, especially as he gave his services to me with so good a grace. Beside, on a Sunday afternoon he could not put me off with the warning words printed over the door of his editorial office, "This is my busy day."

From my talks with Father Doyle, as also later on with Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Spalding, Archbishops Ireland, Glennon, and Ryan, the Bishops of Rochester and Wichita, with many priests, and with Catholic and non-Catholic laymen, I learned that, broadly speaking, one-half of the people of the United States professed no denominational creed, while the other half was divided into two nearly equal groups, of Catholics on the one hand, and of Protestants—chiefly Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists—on the other. President Roosevelt states, in his book on New York, that the Methodists and Baptists are the most numerous in the country districts, while the Catholic Church holds the first place in the cities. This division still holds good; we might complete it, however, by saying that the Episcopalians and Presbyterians are most numerous in the large cities, and, unlike the Catholics, are found as a rule among the wealthy classes. Most of the negroes are Protestants, chiefly Baptists.

What is especially striking is the fact that one-half, or even more, of the people of the United States are non-sectarian; *i. e.*, belong to no religious denomination whatsoever. The reader will perhaps be less surprised when he learns that no one is considered as belonging to a church unless his name is subscribed on the church books and he fulfils with more or less faithfulness his spiritual and material obligations. We must grant that if we reckoned in the same way, our European countries, and especially France, would not make any better showing. I must say, however, that the facts mentioned above do not imply that the American people are without deep religious sentiments. Even the non-church-goers, for the most part, believe in God, and in the immortality of the soul; they sincerely take part in the prayers the nation offers up to God on certain solemn occasions; and, more than that, they love the Gospel, and what might be called their natural religion is always Christian in its outward manifestation. A great many of them say their prayers, and very few are ignorant of or fail to recite the Lord's Prayer. The out-and-out unbeliever, who boasts of his unbelief, is rarely met with in the United States; and as for our French Anticlerical, he is absolutely unknown. I have gone over a great part of the country, and have bought at random every kind of newspaper, without ever hearing or reading a word against religion, although the discussion often concerned ecclesiastical events or issues, like the school question.

But still the bald and disquieting fact remains, that in this great country one-half of the people are abso-

lutely without any positive religion. It is not, as with us, that they have abandoned the faith and the religious practices of their childhood; on the contrary, the people, as a rule, have been born and bred in this sad state. And while in a certain way they are worse off than our believers, in whose souls there always remain some traces of the religion they have abandoned, yet on the whole their condition is preferable; for never having had the faith, they are without the bitterness of prejudice, and if religion ever happens to be presented to them in its true beauty, as it always ought to be, their souls respond quickly to it, because of the innate longing for God which is deep down in their hearts. As far as one can judge by appearances, their state is merely the result of circumstances. Their parents, if Catholics, lost their faith only because they came to the country at a time when the Church was not organized well enough to take care of them; and if Protestants, because, finding the Church deprived of the support of the State, and receiving no spiritual direction, they soon broke up into all sorts of fantastic and contradictory sects.

Will this state of things continue? Will it even grow worse? It is difficult now to answer these questions; but no one can doubt their importance to the moral and religious future of the United States. Up to the present, the people have lived, and for a time will continue to live, on the remains of the old religion, all their education, books, customs, and institutions being permeated with the Christian spirit of their ancestors. But to use, in modified form, the famous

image of Renan, if we can be content with the shadow of a reality, what will become of those after us who possess only the shadow of a shadow? Without the fear or the love of God, without the check which restrains their wicked inclinations or the spur which incites to generous impulses, what will become of the American of to-morrow? How will he overcome the temptations of pride which the progress of science will surely bring, and how will he withstand the evils that material progress will emphasize day by day?

This is doubtless a serious problem; and those Americans who feel that they are in some way responsible for the nation's future realize it full well. To maintain at all costs the religious ideal, and the Christian standard above wealth, material well-being, and power, — this is the one thing chiefly insisted upon in their discourses by the leaders of American public opinion, by the most clear-sighted and eminent of her sons, like President Roosevelt or Bishop Spalding. It is indeed good that all Christian bodies should work against this great danger of irreligion; and it is consoling to see that, without sacrificing their own belief, the Christian churches in America respect one another, and even at times unite in combating some great evil, as, for instance, the vice of intemperance. It would certainly be a welcome task for me to describe all the good done by the various Protestant sects; and if I have little to say on that subject here, it is for the very obvious reason that I gathered my information chiefly in my visits to Catholics. At the same time, however, it is admitted that the Protestant churches in the United States are far from

exercising the same moral influence that is exercised by the Catholic Church. Not only does she count nearly as many adherents as all the other churches combined, but she has also a far more powerful influence upon the wills and hearts of the people. By her sacraments, especially by confession, she combats intemperance, lust, and other vices, with a strength that the most beautiful discourses of Protestant ministers can never equal. By her numerous schools, club-houses, asylums, orphanages, hospitals, refuges, and good works of every kind founded and fostered by the many religious people who devote their lives thereto, she reforms and aids and elevates the working-classes who still make up the bulk of her people. But her chief service to the State, perhaps, is her work among the immigrants, for which many far-sighted non-Catholics have praised her highly. Within the last year there have come to the United States nearly a million Europeans, half of whom are Catholics; two hundred thousand of the poorest have come from Italy alone, most of them possessing little more than the ten dollars required by law. If the Church had not been on hand to receive them, to watch over them, to offer them some sort of moral refuge, to teach their children religion, and at the same time the English language and American customs, one could hardly view without dismay the possible misery and crime to come from this ignorant and abandoned multitude.¹ The opinion men have of the moral and

¹ This fact was brought out in "The New York Sun" of October 28, 1903: "Evidently, therefore, these Italians, poor, ignorant, and utter strangers to our language, would become a dangerous element in the community except for the fostering care of the Roman Catholic Church, and the moral and religious influences it throws

national usefulness of the Catholic Church accounts in great measure for the peculiar esteem in which she is held in the United States, and which places her beyond question above all the other churches in the minds of the people. Of course there are other reasons to account for this fact, which surprises even the best-disposed foreigners; for example, her divine constitution, her discipline, her clear and logical teaching, and the prestige that many of her leaders have acquired in a country almost fanatical in its worship of personal power and enthusiasm over its great men. But to pursue these considerations would carry us too far. Let us say, however, that America, far from being, as we had been led to expect, a Protestant country in which the Catholic Church was respected, proved to be, in our opinion, a country half theistic and half Christian, in which Catholicism holds the highest place.

Without fully treating the question of the future of the Church in the United States, it might be well to say a few words about it, especially as we are in New York, the city which has the greatest Catholic population in the world outside of Paris.¹

New York is divided into two dioceses—New York and Brooklyn. In New York there are 1,200,000 Catholics, 754 priests, and 75,712 children in

about them. In looking after their spiritual welfare it is, therefore, performing a public function which receives the highest commendation from Protestants, and even from religious infidels." The same sentiments may be found in Roosevelt's "New York," Ch. XIII.

¹ If we are to count only practical Catholics, it is probable that New York would lead the world.

Catholic schools. Brooklyn has about half as many more. We may say, in passing, that Chicago has about one million Catholics. Although accurate statistics cannot be obtained, still a reasonable calculation would put the Catholics of the United States, independently of the new colonies, at twelve million or perhaps thirteen million.¹ For some time their number has been rapidly increasing. Last year (1903) alone, for example, three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand Catholics came to the United States. The Church, which in former times lost a great many of these new arrivals, owing to the lack of priests and chapels, is now able, save in some remote districts, to look after them all. She not only does not lose any of the good Catholics that come to her shores, but she makes good Catholics out of the bad ones, and often makes their children better Catholics than they would have been had they remained in Europe.

The French Canadians are not easily assimilated, but they keep their faith. The Irish soon become Americanized, and practise their religion; they give American Catholicism its spirit of fervor and generosity. The German Catholics as a rule remain faithful to the Church, and gradually, though not without difficulty, adapt themselves to American customs, bringing with them the element of gravity and moral seriousness. The Italians, especially the Southerners, are the

¹ There are 6,600,000 Catholics in the Philippines, 1,000,000 in Porto Rico, 33,000 in Hawaii, 3,000 in American Samoa, and 9,000 in Guam. We say nothing of Cuba, for theoretically she is independent, although as a matter of fact her religion, like everything else, is (for her own good) under the control of the United States.

hardest to keep in line, for their religion seems in great measure to be all on the surface; but their children, when well educated, contribute something of that Latin *finesse* less conspicuous in the Anglo-Saxon, and will in time form a worthy portion of the American people, as many priests have already recognized. The different Slavic peoples who are coming to America in greater numbers every day, are the hardest of all to reach or to retain, on account of their language, their social condition, and their hereditary disposition. Extraordinary zeal, however, will succeed with the old folk; and once they are secured, the children will follow. The Poles are very faithful to the religion, and have many priests of their nationality to minister to their wants.

But we must not attribute the growth of Catholicism to immigration alone,—we begin to realize how great this growth has been, when we reflect that in the beginning of the nineteenth century there were only forty priests, twenty-five churches, and one hundred thousand Catholics. The increase is due in great part to natural growth; for the Catholics of America, even in the Eastern States, where race suicide prevails as in France, always have more births than deaths.

It is very difficult to determine what part the conversions of Protestants and unbelievers play in the growth of Catholicism in the United States. We do not believe that it in any way compares as a factor with the two others just mentioned; still, it would be wrong to say nothing about it. Mr. Roosevelt, in his "New York," declares that in the first half of the nineteenth century Catholicism grew in numbers by the conver-

sions of native Americans, many of whom held high social position. He adds, however, that probably these gains were more than compensated by the loss of Catholic immigrants who left the Church and became Protestants. To-day the losses are fewer and the gains greater. Many city pastors have told me that one of their most laborious duties is the personal instruction of converts; to cite one instance, I remember a priest of Washington telling me that he had about a hundred converts a year.

But the greatest work for the conversion of outsiders has been done by the Paulist Fathers in their missions to non-Catholics. They are easily masters in this special work, which has been highly praised by Leo XIII.¹ Only lately has it begun to spread all over the United States, and other religious orders are beginning to follow the lead of the Paulists. Rarely to-day are missions or retreats given in the United States to Catholics, without their being followed by a series of sermons for Protestants and unbelievers. On such occasions the church is so crowded that Catholics

¹ In 1895, the Holy Father wrote a letter to Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, in which, after expressing his disapproval of the Parliament of Religions, he said:

“While we consider it incumbent upon our Apostolic office, Venerable Brother, to bring this to your attention, we are also pleased to promote by our recommendations the practice of the Paulist Fathers, who prudently think fit to speak publicly to our dissenting brethren, both in order to explain Catholic doctrines and to answer any objections presented against such doctrines.

“If every bishop in his own diocese will promote this practice, and a frequent attendance at these sermons, it will be very pleasing and acceptable to us, for we are confident that not a small benefit for the welfare of souls will arise therefrom.

“Wishing you in the meantime, Venerable Brethren, the gifts of Divine Grace, we impart to you with the most loving spirit the Apostolic Benediction, in proof of our special love.

“Given in Rome this 18th day of September, 1895, in the eighteenth year of our Pontificate.”

are told not to come unless they are accompanied by non-Catholics. The missionaries lecture on the dogmas of the existence of God, the future life, the divine institution of the Church, and her office in perpetuating the work of Jesus Christ. Short but solid tracts are freely distributed to all the non-Catholics present; they are also requested to submit in writing their objections, which are answered in all fairness by the lecturers. These missions are always fruitful in conversions, some of them bringing in from a hundred and fifty to two hundred converts. It is assuredly one of the best of the modern ways of spreading the Gospel. Perhaps (although the success of the diocesan missionaries in Paris would prove the contrary) this work might fail in countries less earnest in religious matters; in America it is doing a world of good.

We were still talking about the growth of the Catholic Church, when, without suspecting it, I found myself in the midst of followers of Buddha and Confucius. I saw many men walking in the muddy streets, clothed in yellow, blue, and green silk robes, with long queues hanging down their backs; the signs above the stores were in a strange foreign writing; streamers covered with sacred inscriptions hung out of the first-story windows of a building which looked more like a *café* than a religious temple. We were in Chinatown. New York has been from the beginning one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the world. All the races meet here in a sort of common colony. It is indeed remarkable how they live, side by side, without conflict, and

are gradually moulded into a new and superior race, in which the English and the Irish elements predominated. In Paris, the native-born are always fewer than the French of the provinces; in New York, the native-born are almost lost amid the multitudes born not merely elsewhere in America, but in Italy, Germany, Bohemia, Norway, Russia, Asia Minor, and almost every country of the globe.

The Chinese are not very numerous. They seldom become Americanized, but as a rule return home when once they have got enough money together. Congress, in 1888, passed a law forbidding them to enter the country, on the ground that they were a menace to American labor. Some few, however, have managed to smuggle themselves over the line, concealed in bales of goods. This law is not retroactive, and those who lived in the United States before it was passed are allowed to remain; they can even come back after a visit to China, if they can prove their identity. As they bring very few women with them, and as they do not intermarry with the whites, it is easy to prophesy their speedy dying out. While talking to a group of youngsters in the Chinese quarter, I took notice of one boy whose father was Chinese and whose mother was Irish.

We next proceeded to the Italian quarter, Father Doyle explaining everything to me as we went along. There were surely children enough there, as many, indeed, under this foggy sky as in the clear sunshine of Naples. The adults, too, follow the old-country custom of living out of doors. On the streets and

at the gates of the houses we saw animated groups, listened to deep voices crying out in English and Italian, or watched some international quarrel. Nearly all the street signs are in Italian, and the only papers sold in this district are Italian. Being Catholic priests, we were well received by these people, especially by the youngsters, and thus had ample opportunity of studying at first hand this great work of assimilation. Many of the adults spoke English, and most of them understood it; we noticed that several disputes were being carried on in the language of Shakespeare.

As for the children, though they understood Italian, they spoke English among themselves, and preferred to speak it with us. Ten times I asked different groups which they loved best, Italy or America, and eight times I received the proud answer, "America"; twice only they gave me the indirect answer, "Italy is prettier."

One feels confident that this little world, now apparently so wrapped up in itself, will one day be out-and-out American. The same work of assimilation will be carried out with the Germans, the Slavs, the few French, and the Irish, who do not have to learn a new language. "We have a pretty good stomach," said Father Elliott to me one day, with a hearty laugh; "we swallow all that come to us, and convert them into our own flesh and blood." This is certainly true; and despite the temporary national groupings which still obtain in country places, or in the mining towns, the so-called danger of future race conflicts that some prophesy are more a figment of the imagination than a reality.

Whence comes this strange American power of assimilation? It seems to me, though I cannot presume to give all the reasons, that there are three chief causes: religion, the school, and the higher standard of living. Religion, beside implying union with God, is also a bond among men; the common possession of both material and spiritual things will soon greatly and imperceptibly make one people out of these newcomers and the older Americans. With very few exceptions, the child has school-teachers and comrades who are all Americans; his studies are all in English, from the very beginning; every one of his ideas takes on a turn and an expression different from those of the Old World. I recall the simple explanation given me by a clear-minded and experienced business man of Pittsburg, who said that most of these foreigners become more attached to America than to their native country, because they find they have experienced a change for the better in consequence of the great resources of America; and if in some exceptional cases they become dissatisfied, they generally return home in a short while. Beside this, they feel freer in the United States, and proud of a country which thinks itself the most progressive in the world. One can readily understand, then, how not only the American-born, but even the immigrants, are all ready to die for the Stars and Stripes. Ah, we that love France so well, how much more deeply would we love her if she too were good to all her children!

The Italian quarter, which is twice as large as the Chinese, is only one-tenth as large as the Jewish sec-

tion, where we ended our afternoon walk. The number of Jews in New York has become so great that I am almost afraid to state it, for fear of not being believed. From reliable statistics, I can safely say they number six hundred thousand—seven times as many as in all France! This is about half of the entire number of Jews in the United States. We can account for this high figure by the fact that for several years multitudes have been obliged to leave Russia and Roumania, and the anti-Semite spirit prevents them from gathering together in any great numbers in Europe.

Anti-Semitism, at least in its political form, does not exist in the United States; in the country of George Washington they would no more think of legislating against the Jews than against Jesuits. Still, the rapid growth of the Jews in New York City is not regarded with favor; merchants, for example, view with dismay their growing power in the commercial world, while society absolutely refuses to open its best houses to them. We went through their thickly peopled quarters rather rapidly, from the poorest section, which in no way reminds one of the leprous-looking ghetto familiar in Europe, to the section which ends in Broadway, New York's principal street. In this last quarter their presence is not indicated by any other sign than the names above the business houses; going in the other direction, however, one comes upon a strange world, where the foreign element is more and more discernible in the faces of the people, in their strange signs, and in their newspapers. I

bought an eight-page paper. One page was English; the other seven, printed in Hebrew characters, were Yiddish, a strange mixture of Hebrew, German, Polish, and other languages. Calling to mind my studies at St. Sulpice, I tried to decipher the name of the paper, and in a little while discovered that it was "The Jewish World." I need not have taken the trouble, for soon after I perceived the same words printed beneath in small English letters.

Leaving the Hebrew part of this newspaper, I began to read the one English page. It consisted of a poem on the Kishineff massacre, a sketch of English East Africa, in which Mr. Chamberlain had just invited the Jews to colonize, a telegram from the Zionist Congress at Basle, and other bits of news, with announcements of meetings bearing on Jewish interests. I found mention of a decision of our Municipal Council of Paris, which has lately named a street after Eugene Manuel, the poet and teacher, who was one of the founders of the Jewish Alliance. An editorial, half Jewish, half American, is worth quoting :

"We do not realize what dreamers we are. We are demanding in tears a home, a harbor, a place of refuge against persecution. All that is necessary is a corner of the world in which our oppressed brethren may have the right to live in peace and security. When men cry out for Zion, the fervent Nationalist declares: 'Palestine or Canada, it makes no difference, we desire a home.' But once the way is opened to a place of security, and it happens to be East Africa instead of Zion, the fervent Nationalist, who kept crying out for a home, draws back; or even if he makes a step, it is a step backward in the direction of Zion, which he continues weeping for with vain regrets.

“We do not realize what dreamers we are, nor on what foundation our dreams are built. Great Britain with one hand opens East Africa to us, while with the other she closes England.

“Before us is the black sea of doubt, behind us is the Czar with his army of darkness; while on both sides are the savage threats of barbarism, cruelty, and hate. But even if we are still doubtful as to the place of rest, the very fact that we are looking for it is full of hope. Where there is life there is hope; and Israel has come to life again. The house of our people is still divided, but it is no longer divided against itself.”

I returned to Fifty-ninth Street reading my Hebrew paper, and thinking over this psalm of the twentieth-century Jew who was recalling and weeping over Jerusalem on the banks of the Hudson, as his ancestors of old had done on the banks of the Euphrates. I allowed my imagination full play. Once again I was back in far-away France; and having just witnessed so many different nationalities living peaceably together in a free country, I asked myself why my fellow-countrymen who had shared in the common glories and trials of centuries could not get along together in peace. “We do not realize what dreamers we are.”

The following day I tried to complete my stock of information about the mixture of nationalities in New York. I learned that before the English invasion, in the days when the city was still known as New Amsterdam,—that is to say, from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth centuries,—the Dutch element predominated, with French Huguenots, Scotch, and some Germans, grouped around

in varying proportions. In the latter half of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, came an increasing number of English, Scotch, German, and above all, Irish settlers. Between 1820 and 1860 the last-named race gained a numerical ascendancy; but during the past forty years a great change has taken place. Although Ireland and England are still sending over great numbers of immigrants, the largest contingents come from Italy, Germany, Bohemia, Russia, Hungary, and Norway. Scarcely ten per cent of the present inhabitants are descendants of families dwelling in America at the time of the Revolution, and eighty per cent are either foreign-born or the children of foreigners. The successful blending of these various elements is all the more remarkable from the fact that each group preserves traces of its origin; never once have I been for any length of time in the company of a New Yorker who could not quickly point out to me the nationalities represented by the various passers-by. During the course of my third day I acquired some little skill myself in this new form of amusement, at which, by the way, the charming young Paulist who accompanied me was an expert.

I had expressed my anxiety to see the liveliest quarters of this astonishing Island of Manhattan, purchased less than three centuries ago for twenty-four dollars, and now held at fabulous prices per square inch. So we visited the business section, inspected a few stores and newspaper offices, and then went to the New Stock Exchange. From the gallery overlooking the great floor of the Exchange, we witnessed

a barbarous spectacle. They tell us that Paris and London and Berlin offer sights quite equal to this, and I will believe it if I must. I found the New York Exchange utterly beyond the possibilities of description; and fleeing away as fast as I could, I was fain to seek the seclusion of the neighboring cemetery, which, like a poetic little hamlet, encircles Trinity Church. Around this beautiful Gothic temple, very pure and sober in style, are grouped tombs a century and a half old. Stones hidden in the grass cover the ancestors of the great metropolis, and so reverently is their sleep guarded that not even the most tempting offers can induce the trustees of the church to surrender this holy ground. Yet every square foot of that domain represents a fortune. Thus to respect the pious purpose for which it was originally destined is, in my opinion, to give clear testimony to a faith in other than material treasures, and nobly to proclaim in the very midst of the temple of Mammon the sovereignty of the ideal.

In the afternoon, Father Elliott—who is about as fond of business as I am, and far less curious about it—offered to escort me to Columbia University and Riverside Park, at the other end of the city. New York may be described as a long narrow strip of land with its southern extremity containing the chief portion of its traffic, buildings, and noise, and the northern end, bright and broad, representing the quieter city of homes and rural dwellings. It is somewhat like a tapering bag of grain, packed tightly at the bottom, and with considerable room at the top.

As we were about to start, we were delayed for a

while by the unexpected visit of Bishop O'Gorman, Archbishop Ireland's old schoolmate of the little seminary of Meximieux in France, and for the past seven years the head of the diocese of Sioux Falls in South Dakota. The conversation that ensued was interesting—so very interesting, in fact, that I shall have to ask the reader to excuse me from repeating any of it.

Having boarded a trolley car, we were quickly carried past a block of "colored" houses, for here, as everywhere in America, the negroes have their own special houses and churches. This was my first introduction to that darkest of American problems, the Negro Question. There will be time to return to it again; but even at this first moment, Father Elliott's words showed me some of the difficulties of the situation. Other sights soon came as distractions; for on our way to Columbia University we passed residences of ever-increasing beauty. We took time to admire the great entrance of the University, and stopped for a moment at the library; but knowing that studies would be resumed before my return to the city, I postponed my inspection of the institution to a later date.

At General Grant's tomb we spent a longer time. My guide was evidently disappointed at my being so little impressed with its exterior, of a classical Greek type, to be sure, but rather cold. I tried to give some consolation by praising the interior more heartily, and by listening with interest to stories of the War of

Secession, in the various campaigns of which Father Elliott himself had fought, and some of his immediate family had suffered death. The thought that he had thus engaged in most desperate battles while a mere boy, out of the finest of human motives, and that later on he had again offered up all in the apostolic career of a missionary, excited in me far more admiration than I dared manifest; so I contented myself with rallying him on his deeds of slaughter and his hair-breadth escapes.

Upon one point we soon found ourselves in agreement, namely, the beauty of the view from Riverside Drive. Looking out from a sort of long narrow park, we saw the broad current of the Hudson at our feet, and in the distance endless ranges of wooded hills, forming an amphitheatre, sombre and impressive, and little different to-day from the scene that greeted the first bold Dutchman who sailed up the river under the impression that it was an arm of the sea, and would prove to be the long-sought Northwest Passage to the Indies. That was less than three hundred years ago, and at the very time that other explorers farther north were venturing into the St. Lawrence with the hope of coming upon China. Those were the fabulous days of America, when nearly naked savages would emerge from the wilderness, curious to see the pale-faces, and, gathered on the bank in astonished delight, would receive the miserable trinkets given them in exchange for precious furs and unknown fruits. And yet from this same savage land two centuries later went

forth one of the inventions which have contributed perhaps more than anything else to the modern progress of the world; for on the waters of the Hudson, Robert Fulton launched the first steamboat.

CHAPTER III

FROM NEW YORK TO MONTREAL BY WAY
OF BOSTON

*Regrets at Missing the Hudson River and the New York Lakes.
— Boston.—Its General Appearance.—An Historic Town.—
Monuments and Schools.—Harvard University.—French
Memories.—An Evening Vision.—A Model Parish.—From
Boston to Montreal.*

FROM New York back to New York again, by way of Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, the Thousand Islands, Rochester, Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, —such, in general outline, is the trip that my readers are now invited to take with me. We shall see great cities and mighty rivers, and stop for a moment at Niagara Falls; but our chief interest will be neither pleasant landscapes nor immense towns. What will attract us most and detain us longest will be men. To see America is all very well in its way, but what we have come especially to see is the Americans. For the time being, however, and while waiting for people to return from their summer vacations to the routine of educational, political, and social affairs, we may as well direct our attention to Canada. Curious enough it surely would be if a Frenchman, on his first transatlantic trip, should feel free to excuse himself from the obligation of making at least a hasty pilgrimage to

this former colony of his country. Were there further need of justifying this item of our itinerary, we might find ample excuse in the general warning given us to finish out the warm season in the North.

Undoubtedly the most picturesque route from New York to Montreal would have been up the Hudson River to Albany by steamer, north by rail to Lake George, and thence by steamer again through Lake George and Lake Champlain. The Hudson — a modest stream some three hundred and fifty miles long — is, we learned, navigable and subject to tides for fully half that distance. To the south it empties into New York Bay; to the north it connects, by means of the Erie and Champlain canals, with the Great Lakes and the River St. Lawrence. In point of beauty it is no less remarkable than as a commercial waterway. Frequently travellers compare it to the Rhine; but Americans, while admitting that their river must take second rank in the matter of legends and ruins, affirm that it is ten times grander, that its "Palisades" are incomparably superior to anything on the German river, that it flows through mountains instead of hills, that for vineyards it offers virgin forests; in a word, that while the Rhine may be regarded as a lyric, the Hudson is nothing less than an epic poem.

We should have been very glad to enjoy an opportunity of testing this comparison, especially in view of the fact that what we did see of the Hudson, from the train, near Yonkers, appeared fully to justify the American claim. Moreover, it would have been an added satisfaction to stop over at Albany long enough to visit

the New York State Capitol, a building almost as beautiful as the National Capitol at Washington; for, truth to tell, we were rather curious to see the home of the New York Legislature, and to peep at those famous lobbies which witness so much plotting and planning that affects the interests of the whole nation. Then, too, had we gone by the river route we should have made the acquaintance of Lake George and Lake Champlain, two charming bodies of water that stretch between the Green Mountains on the east and the Adirondacks on the west, like immense reservoirs of cool pure air, visited each summer by a vast number of Americans seeking to renew their health and strength. I should indeed have liked to do all this; but a tourist must learn to practise self-denial, to substitute what is better for what is good. To miss the Hudson was a mistake, perhaps; but to miss Boston would have been a crime. Bad enough, in all conscience, was the impertinence of undertaking to visit Boston in the summer, and thus to forego all chance of mingling in the social and intellectual activity of which "the American Athens" is so proud.

Except for the fact that it gave us our first experience on an American railroad, the trip from New York to Boston possessed but little interest. Our train was a "Pullman limited"; that is to say, it consisted exclusively of "parlor cars," good spacious sitting-rooms, furnished with comfortable revolving chairs upholstered in green velvet. Like all American coaches, each car was made up of a single compartment stretching its entire length. As a rule, French travellers

object strongly to this arrangement, which puts them under a sort of constant public inspection; but Americans never seem to mind it in the least. Each individual looks as if he had always been used to do exactly as he pleased, without experiencing either the fear of criticism or the desire of criticising; and I must say that, when we come to reflect upon it, we should attach but little importance to what is being thought of us by our neighbors, when as a matter of fact they are not thinking of us at all.

For five or six hours we were treated to a lovely succession of field and forest, interrupted by frequent glimpses of country villas clustered about some shady bay or inlet. But for the occasional stretches of sandy beach, the whole land seemed to be one long series of parks and gardens. Now and again, it is true, we passed a farm, and at times a commercial or industrial centre, like Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester — names that hint of English origin; but in the main we seemed to be travelling through a vast pleasure-region filled with the country houses of people who carried on business elsewhere. As for serious agricultural activity, we learned that land in this section is far too dear to allow of any hope of competition with the West.

Boston, founded in 1623, on a narrow-necked peninsula, has been steadily growing ever since, over the adjoining islands and shores, the shallow Back Bay of the Charles River, and the marshes surrounding the immense inlet that forms the city's harbor.

It would be hard to imagine anything less regular in form than this conglomeration of villages and suburbs inhabited by nearly a million of people; and even if it were a possibility, little value could attach to the most careful description of a place which changes its aspect each year, or rather each week. Buildings go up one by one on every side; the gaps are filled in; the neighboring towns are growing up to the very walls of the city. So the man who is anxious to have an exact notion of Boston must wait until it has finished expanding—a consummation not likely to be realized for some time to come. Unlike most American towns, Boston in its central part is as puzzling as a European city. Why, it actually contains buildings that are two hundred years old! and—unheard-of marvel—it has streets that twist and turn! Like the cities of England, France, Greece, and Egypt, Boston too boasts of historic recollections, and cherishes the names of various great men who have been born or have lived within its boundaries. It was at Boston, in 1773, that the killing of a number of Americans by British troops started the War of Independence. It was at Boston, in 1706, that Benjamin Franklin first saw the light; and although, of course, intervening years have swept away every trace of his old home, one is permitted to gaze at the colossal office-building, ornamented with the great man's statue, which has taken its place. As I looked at it my saddened soul involuntarily recalled the thought of Florence, and of Dante's home guarded with jealous care since the thirteenth century. Among other objects of interest I saw the house where Lafayette

had lodged in 1824; and the old Cathedral, dating back as far as Cheverus, and still preserved, although a new one has been erected since. Another memory kept green in Boston is that of its great writers and teachers, such as Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Prescott, Channing, Agassiz, and Lowell.

Despite the possession of all these perfectly well authenticated traditions handed down from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Boston is really a very modern city, with underground railways, with electric cars — “smokers” in only one sense of the word — with a business section full of fierce commercial fever, and with a circle of exquisitely cultured people whose luxurious houses line the long, quiet, lawn-blessed avenues of the residence quarter. Streets, boulevards, and parks, all are overlooked by handsome structures, Queen Anne houses covered with ivy or Virginia creeper, sober French pavilions, antique dwellings with Grecian columns and peristyles; and on every side flowers and grass and trees, with never once a domineering wall to shut off these wonders from the passers-by. Such, although of course my rough description falls far short of the richly varied reality, is the appearance of the wealthy quarter of Boston, as indeed of many American cities. Generally speaking, the houses of the working-classes reproduce, on a humbler scale, and with less variety, these constant attempts at individual family homes, and to my way of thinking, our own great cold apartment-houses are far less agreeable than these modest little dwellings of frame or brick with their tiny lawns. True, American cities stand no comparison

with those of Europe for general picturesqueness and for wealth of associations. Chicago and Cincinnati can scarcely hope to charm the tourist as do Siena, Aigues-Mortes, and Stratford-on-Avon. From another and by no means insignificant point of view, however, the American cities rank first, namely, when we consider a city as the home of living men.

In any event, Boston would hardly be selected as a city of the banal type. She still preserves the old State House and Town Hall,—places where, in a great degree, the destinies of American liberty were determined. Among her dearest treasures is the Old South Meeting House, a sort of chapel erected in 1729 on the site of the church where Benjamin Franklin had earlier been baptized, now become a museum of historic “curios” and a lecture-hall for instruction in local history. We shall not delay over the more modern buildings, although many of them are really impressive; but the Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts deserve especial attention. In the matter of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, we found Boston as well equipped as most of the great cities of Europe. As for paintings, she equals the others in examples of Flemish, Italian, and English masters, and surpasses nearly all in nineteenth-century French masterpieces. The Public Library contains at present some seven hundred and fifty thousand volumes, with a capacity for about a million and a half more. The number of its yearly issues is one million two hundred thousand, a figure which does not include the books read on the premises. A feature of the library which impressed

me as particularly admirable was the rule limiting children to the use of one department, from which all objectionable books are carefully excluded. The building itself, erected at a cost of two and a half million dollars, is simple, almost severe, in style. With the exception of a central court, beautiful enough for Italy, by far the finest thing in it is the series of allegorical frescoes, by Puvis de Chavannes, in the main hall.

The number of schools, academies, and colleges in Boston borders on the incredible. They are divided about equally between the two sexes. The city takes great pride in its reputation for learning and art. A common proverb declares that in forming a judgment about a man, New Yorkers ask, "How much is he worth?" Philadelphians, "Who was his grandfather?" and Bostonians, "Is he cultured?" It appears that New York no longer admits Boston's claim to intellectual supremacy, but the latter city entertains not the slightest doubt about the matter. Perhaps a conclusive argument in favor of Boston is furnished by the proximity of Cambridge, distinct from Boston only by its municipal independence, and famous as the site of Harvard, the first of all American universities in age, wealth, and reputation.

By the size and beauty of its buildings, scattered about, English fashion, in an immense park; by its enormous revenues; by the rich equipment of its libraries, museums, and laboratories; by the reputation of its professors, the influence of its teaching, the number of its publications, and the prestige of the

great men trained in its halls or installed in its chairs, Harvard leaves on the mind of the traveller an impression almost equal to that carried away from Oxford or Heidelberg. After all, it is something to be able to point out from your door the very elm under which Washington took command of the Continental forces, on July 3, 1775.

Be it ever so interesting, however, Harvard in vacation-time need not detain us long. In a month or two we shall have ample opportunity to become acquainted with university life in America. Moreover, Harvard really seems so near to Paris that one can hardly refuse to believe in the likelihood of another visit to it at a better season and a no very distant date.

As Boston passes for the most intellectual city of the United States, so too it is commonly supposed to be the one most thoroughly permeated with French culture. Its era of prosperity dates back to the time when French manners and French literature set the fashion for the world. Fidelity to its own traditions, therefore, keeps Boston faithful to those of France. It follows our books and periodicals with close attention, and cultivates the study of our language so assiduously that the French lecturer, summoned yearly to Harvard by the terms of a special foundation, always finds a large and appreciative audience ready to welcome him. Among these lecturers have been included—to name but two or three—M. Brunetière, M. Doumic, and M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu.

Another thing which has much to do with the

maintaining of French prestige in Boston is the fact that Catholicism, now the religion of so many of the inhabitants, was developed, if not practically introduced, by a saintly Frenchman, Bishop Cheverus. And perhaps still another element of influence is discernible in the great Diocesan Seminary at Brighton, founded by French Sulpicians under the leadership of the learned, polished, pious, tactful, kindly Abbé Hogan. An Irishman by birth, and hence just the man for an American foundation, he had, without renouncing allegiance to his native land, lived and taught in France for nearly forty years. It may be safely affirmed that the strong affection he developed for France was reciprocated by that country, which still cherishes the memory of the years when the picked men of her priesthood gathered at the feet of this distinguished stranger in the Grand Seminary of Paris.

But we have digressed. Well, Americans need not be jealous. At the present a native-born Sulpician is president of the Seminary at Brighton, and the same holds true at New York, and at Baltimore. And for the benefit of prospective visitors from France, it may be well to remark that this condition of affairs need never cause them any apprehension. Everywhere they will recognize — though not, of course, without certain felicitous adaptations — the best traditions of St. Sulpice.

Of course we visited Brighton, and naturally we did so with a feeling of deep regret that we had not arrived a year earlier, during Abbé Hogan's lifetime. We were entertained at the Seminary during our entire

stay in Boston. Nothing could be more cordial than our welcome, and my companion was made especially happy by hearing his mother-tongue in common use again; for half the professors were compatriots of ours. I shall not soon forget the walk I took with one young member of the faculty, immediately after my first meal at the Seminary. Having arrived at nightfall, in a closed carriage, I had enjoyed but little opportunity of observing the surrounding country. So, about nine o'clock, this professor and I went out for a walk in the superb moonlight. We crossed the little wood and ascended a neighboring hill. At our feet the bright clouds were reflected back from the surface of an immense reservoir, as from a splendid lake; beyond, alternate stretches of light and shade marked the sites of villages and woods; and in the distance, far as eye could reach, glittered the lights of the great city and the countless twinkling signals of ships anchored in the harbor. In the presence of this immense panorama, and steeped, as it were, in the mystery of night, we exchanged ideas with as much freedom as if we had always been intimate friends. To our common joy, we found that both of us — he by experience, and I by study and sympathy — had learned to love this great and glorious land of liberty and faith and tolerance, the place of all places where, in times of moral exhaustion, men may hope to refresh their souls as they renew their physical health in the air of the mountains or the sea.

Poetry, you say! Well, perhaps so; but with a basis in fact, as was demonstrated on the morrow on our visit to a parish in charge of the Redemptorist

Fathers. And, by the way, what we saw there gave us occasion to reflect on the wisdom of a policy which attaches religious communities to parishes, instead of permitting them to open chapels of their own within the jurisdiction of secular pastors.

The parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help contains about eleven thousand souls. I fear I must have shocked the good father who was showing us about the church, by my question as to the number of the parishioners who were accustomed to make their Easter duty. He answered that with very rare exceptions every member of the parish went to the sacraments at Easter, and that nearly all went on Christmas and Pentecost, and St. Patrick's Day as well. The great majority of the people approached the altar on an average of once a month; and to facilitate this practice, particular days are set apart for the different classes,—one Sunday for the men, one for the women, one for the boys, and one for the girls. The day of our visit was September third; and we were informed that the following morning, the first Friday of the month, would see between fifteen hundred and two thousand people at the altar-rail. Lest this seem an astonishing exception, I may as well add that we were given practically the same number of communicants for this same "first Friday" at the church of St. John Baptist in Montreal, a parish in charge of secular priests. At the risk of appearing rather obtuse, I questioned the Redemptorist father still further.

"And how many of your parishioners go to mass on Sunday?"

“Why, often all of them, of course,” was the reply, “excepting the sick and the very small children.”

With this I desisted, having learned my lesson at last; for it had finally dawned upon me that in the United States to be a Catholic means to practise the Catholic religion.

Every person in this parish is reached by one or other of the six sodalities, two of which are intended for boys and girls under sixteen years of age, one for young men, one for young women, one for married men, and one for married women. The priests keep careful lists of their parishioners, and should anyone hold aloof from the societies, or miss mass on Sunday, he or she would be looked up, admonished, and if possible recalled to a better observance of religious duties. The parochial school, with a teaching force of thirty Sisters of Notre Dame, and one laywoman, contains as pupils 891 boys and 967 girls. Besides these, there are some three or four hundred other Catholic children in the parish who attend the public schools; and the whole two thousand are looked out for by the proper sodalities.

The parish buildings occupy an entire city square, or block; so that a handsome and by no means unimportant town is thus formed by the beautiful church, the rectory, the school, and club-house. It all looks thoroughly comfortable, too, and with its air of simple but substantial grandeur, free from luxury or affectation, but impressing one with its air of dignity, contentment, and happiness.

A private dynamo in a separate building provides

steam heat and electric light in a most economical way. The theatre for lectures and entertainments, the club-rooms, the library, the gymnasium with its equipment for games and for baths, are all quite irreproachable; and I can well believe that reunions are looked forward to with eager anticipation. Thus religion, education, and recreation are all provided by the parish. It is like a return to the Middle Ages, but with greater perfection of detail, more independence, a wise adaptation to new conditions.

As in the good old ages of faith the Cathedral was built by the people themselves, so this church and all its dependencies have been erected by the voluntary contributions of the faithful, the whole costing over a million dollars. The Redemptorists did not enter Boston until 1871, and started the church only in 1876. Let me again insist on the fact that the parish numbers but eleven thousand souls, and add that it is in a district by no means wealthy. The entire expenses have been met by the offerings of people comparatively poor; and while we can well imagine the spirit of sacrifice and generosity implied in this, at the same time we must realize the strong bond of sympathy thus established between the parishioners — who, by the way, receive an account of every penny spent — and the institutions which they themselves have both planned and paid for; in a word, between the people and the religion which they are supporting.

Travelling by the shortest route, we arrived at Montreal after a railroad journey of eleven hours,

more than enough for tourists so pressed for time. Friends kept repeating how much more picturesque would be the route by Albany and the New York lakes; but we held to our first plan, although it cost us the pleasure of a visit to the Catholic Summer School at Lake Champlain. Nothing, it would seem, can be more inviting than the combination of study and innocent recreation afforded by this delightful institution, which gathers together from many different States large numbers of Catholics anxious to receive—or give, instruction. To me the attraction was all the stronger, inasmuch as I still retained most agreeable remembrances of my experience as a learner, and again as a teacher, at the Summer School of Edinburgh. To become well acquainted with the six or seven hundred Catholics at the Summer School would, however, require at least a fortnight, and so long a stay was simply impossible if our original itinerary was to be retained. Moreover, we found that the school was already on the point of adjourning; and this gave us another reason for continuing straight on to Canada. But though we did not find it convenient to go there ourselves, I shall venture to give this bit of advice to Europeans who are seeking to get acquainted with Catholic Americans: let them be enrolled as members of the Summer School. They will thus see more than the mere tourist can ever see; and the formation of numerous friendships will give them an opportunity of penetrating deep into the actual life of the United States.¹

¹ Last year's session — the twelfth — continued from July 6 to September 4. The address of the School is Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven post-office, N. Y.

By way of a substitute for the Adirondacks, we were given a sight of the White Mountains; and to our left at some distance we saw the Green Mountains, a range which the other route would have put close upon our right. Picturesque enough these mountains certainly are, but with no visible advantage over ours at home, Mount Washington itself being little more than six thousand feet high. To see real mountains, fit to be compared with our Alps, the tourist must go as far west as the Rockies, two thousand miles and more from New York.

During our long day on the cars we passed through scenery that for the most part looked like a duplicate of the country between New York and Boston; cultivation was scarcely more noticeable, and but for the various country-seats and the occasional towns nearly the whole territory seemed to be intended for the entertainment of travellers. The hills, however, had grown into mountains, the parks had become forests, and the ponds widened out into immense lakes. It recalled the scenery between Zurich and Chur, though there was anything but a resemblance in names. Here we had such picturesque titles as Lake Winnepesaukee (Smile of the Great Spirit), which for forty leagues bathes with its limpid waters the lawns of handsome villas; and Lake Memphremagog (Beautiful Waters), which stretches amid rocks and wooded hills from Vermont to Quebec, and ranks as one of the most popular watering-places in America. I smiled quietly as I thought how many Yankees and Canadians who had never even heard of Lemans would be stirred with

pity for the ignorance of people to whom the name of Memphremagog was unknown.

Night falls as we cross the frontier; but still we are able to discern the signs of our entrance into Canada,—a railroad station with a French name, the arrival of new passengers speaking our own tongue, a newsboy with an evening paper which turns out to be “La Patrie,” and which in immense headlines speaks of “*Les Deux Nations Amies, la France et l’Angleterre.*”

CHAPTER IV

CANADIAN IDEAS AND VIEWS

A Visit to Canada.—Montreal.—A Sunday with the Indians.—Analysis of Canadian Patriotism.—Iroquois versus Sulpician.—Ottawa.—The Canadian Parliament.—Colonization.—The Apostolic Delegate.—The University.—The St. Lawrence.—The Thousand Islands.—Ontario.—The Poem of America.

IN obedience to the principle of making necessary sacrifices, and consoled by the prospect of a future tour, we shall resign ourselves to seeing in Canada neither the gorges of the Saguenay nor the old French city of Quebec, and to missing the beauties of the Rocky Mountains. As our share of the picturesque, we shall be satisfied with that part of the St. Lawrence which flows by the Thousand Islands, and leads to Lake Ontario and Niagara. We shall gain our information in Montreal, at once the largest city of French Canada and of the entire Dominion, and in Ottawa, which is the political capital. In spite of ourselves, we shall have to forego Toronto, the principal English city. In giving the preference to Montreal, the desire of seeing some old friends there will count for much. "The heart has its reasons, which reason"—can sometimes understand. The best way to become acquainted with a strange country is to enter it by a friendly door, which will open others, and these in turn will give access to a whole series. One observes, listens, asks

questions, and in a short time reaps the benefits of experience acquired slowly by natives and immigrants. The personal part consists in selecting the witness, weighing and comparing the testimony presented, and as far as possible verifying it by observation.

No laborious research is needed to discover the charms of Montreal. Stretching gracefully between wooded hills and the broad waters of the St. Lawrence; interesting as a European city, which indeed it seems to be, with its history of nearly three hundred years; rich, spacious, bustling, with the conveniences of a New World city, which it certainly is, Montreal, the most important centre of French Canada and of the entire Dominion, is one of the most agreeable places in America. It has a delightful bracing climate, dry all the year round except during the few weeks of Spring when the snows are thawing. At the time of our visit, in early September, the sky was as blue as that of Tuscany, and its charm was heightened by our having recently come from the humid and somewhat depressing atmosphere of the Atlantic coast. But everybody assured us that the Winter here is the healthiest and most picturesque of all the seasons, and that especially between November and the month of April is life pleasant in Montreal.

One of our first visits was to Mount Royal, which has given its name to the town. It is one of the best situated parks in the world, and the view from its terraces embraces the city, encircled by the azure St. Lawrence and, beyond, the vast plains that stretch away toward the Adirondacks and the Green Moun-

tains. Leaving the park by the road, bordered with fine trees, which leads to the cemetery, we get a view of the Ottawa valley, Lake St. Louis, and the island over which Montreal is still expanding. But it is the cemetery itself, especially if it should happen that this is the first one seen in America, that arrests attention. There is no sadness here; the graves form little flower-plots, and the winding roads are frequented by carriages and pedestrians as if the place were a public garden. And, after all, is not this the part of wisdom? Why see in death, instead of a simple phase of our destiny, an irremediable catastrophe?

Montreal is more attractive in panorama than in detail; so I shall spare my readers further description, notwithstanding that devotion to duty led me to visit the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Seminary and the Preparatory Seminary, the two Universities, Laval and Mac Gill, French and English respectively, and many other monuments, churches, and institutions.

Of course the friends who received me invited me to the customary experience of shooting the Rapids of Lachine, the shortest (they are only three miles long) but also the roughest to be found in the St. Lawrence. Morning and evening, the railroad and trolley-cars carry to the town of Lachine tourists in quest of new sensations. They take the steamer which starts regularly from Toronto, and face their little danger. Soon the vessel approaches the Rapids; it has to make a descent of forty-five feet amid rocks level with the surface of the water; fortunately, the descent is made in several falls, but the passage from one to the other is

exciting enough. The repeated plunges through the foaming waters and over the reefs must in old days have given rise to serious disquietude, notwithstanding the skill of the Indian pilots. But for many years no accidents have occurred; and there is just a touch of absurdity in this gratuitous experience undertaken in the hope that there will be none. But I am far from regretting the hours I devoted to this expedition. Nothing could be more majestic than the sunset with which it terminated. On one side, the St. Lawrence looked like a lake of fire; on the other, Montreal showed in silhouette the vessels in the port, the frame of the great bridge, and the innumerable belfries from which the Angelus was ringing out. The twilight was full of beauty, sweetness, and religious peace. It was then that I began to love Canada. Every country has a soul; and until we feel it palpitate in ourselves, we do not understand it. The soul of Canada, to which I feared I might remain obdurate, entered into mine that evening. Canada is the land of immense lakes, virgin forests, and endless snows. Its river is the king of rivers. Its expanses are interminable. It touches the inert pole and exuberant America; its western ocean laps Asia. To the congested worlds it offers freely its new lands; and it owns the future. It owns the future, yet it guards, like a good genius, the traditional treasure of an older country called France. Nay, with its remains of primitive races, it awakens dreams of the dim ages that have no history. To the soul and to the eye, Canada is the country of vast horizons.

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The traveller through the frozen North, the forests of the East, the Central regions, and the Rocky Mountains will still meet with considerable numbers of Esquimaux, or of Algonquins, faithful to their ancient ways of living. To-day Canada contains more than a hundred thousand Indians—to give them the incorrect name which usage imposes. If the greater number of these are still in a state of savagery, certain groups, well protected by public authority, are little by little adopting civilized habits. Not far from Montreal, in a village called Caughnawaga, there is an important reservation of Iroquois Indians. When I expressed a desire to pay this village a visit, my friends concurred all the more readily because they themselves had never been there. We take the nine o'clock train on a Sunday morning, and quitting it toward ten, at a mere stopping-place, we start to look for our savages. An indifferent road passing between fields of vegetables leads us to a commonplace village, where the houses, separated from one another by little gardens, remind one of the ugliest outskirts of Paris. Is this Caughnawaga, or is it Bas-Meudon? Every door is closed. The few children who appear here and there make off at our approach. It occurs to us that it is the hour of worship, and we think of inquiring for the church. But to whom shall we apply, and in what tongue? Firmly resolved (for a very good reason) not to speak a word of Iroquois, we address in French the first person we meet, who replies in English that she does not understand us. Mutual explanations end in our going to mass. The priest is at the Preface. We

endeavor, as quietly as possible, to find places, and I am soon seated on a bench between two women absorbed in deep reflection. They are dressed like peasants in their Sunday clothes; but their faces seem to be quite of the Iroquois type. Pleased with this observation, I suppress my curiosity and join in the common prayers. Once again, as a Catholic, I feel the profound joy of finding my religion everywhere, the same here as in Paris, in Cologne, in Rome, the same as it revives in England and Norway, as it subsists in Palestine which saw its birth, and in Australia where it expands with the progress of the world. And when the half-savage congregation around me raises its voice in the liturgical chants, what matters it if the words are unknown and harsh in sound? I know that they express a thought which is also mine, and that these accents of praise and love are addressed to the same God whom I adore. And I am pleased that they sing in their incomprehensible tongue; our communion of prayer is all the higher and more ideal.

We came out from the High Mass mingling with the crowd. It seems a large one, yet somebody tells us that half the parish has gone on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Bellevue. The costumes are the same as among ourselves, with colors more gaudy and discordant; but the physiognomies do not disappoint our expectations. A mixture of races is everywhere perceptible, so that nowhere is any face quite European, and several exhibit the pure type of the Indian race,—coarse black hair, prominent noses and cheek-bones, thin lips, skin of a coppery bronze tinged with green,

and above all eyes deep sunken under the narrow forehead, with enormous pupils gleaming like carbuncles. It is by the expression of the eyes that I should classify people. As long as these particular men retain their present expression, so long will they easily be differentiated from us. Amid the rather ugly crowd I notice one young girl of striking beauty; a graceful figure, a fresh, gentle face, with eyes modestly downcast. Suddenly she looks at me, and instantly I see in her the ferocious Indian. How many more centuries of Christianity will be required to tame these terrible natures? and will the people last long enough to be absorbed by us? Thousands and thousands of years spent in a life of wandering through the virgin forest has graven an indelible stamp of savagery in the soul and in every fibre of the body.

Yet I fain would hope that my judgment is too severe. After the meal, which we take with the missionary, adding our provisions to his lunch, we visit some families with him. They receive us amiably and answer us with politeness; they show us their poor furniture, framed chromos, and some manufactured articles for sale; and they permit us to approach the children. But this *rôle* of Paul Pry is painful and awkward; I fear to be indiscreet — I see the wild eyes again!

Perceiving in the street a girl of about ten years leading her little brother by the hand, I leave my party in order to overtake them. They show no fright when I accost them; we exchange a few words in English, and some smiles. The situation is clearing.

It will soon become excellent, judging by the advances made to me by a great Iroquois fellow who appears in company with three young Americans. "Good morning, my learned *confrère!*" he exclaims, as he unceremoniously offers his hand. I take it, and return him his strange salutation. "Me, Big John; these learned *confrères*, Americans. And you?" In reply, I announce myself as a Frenchman from Paris, which is not without its effect. The young men who have doubtless exhausted the conversational resources of the big Iroquois, relinquish him entirely to me. "*Tu Français? Me speak Français,*" he begins in a breath; and, in the most astonishing jumble of French and English, he relates his history. In the first place, he has seen the Queen of England. "It is true, Big John *pas blaguer.*" The Queen has given him her portrait with her royal autograph. He has been a pilot on the Rapids. He has been taken to England,—why, or under what circumstances, I cannot very well make out. As far as I can learn, it was when he was young, and as a champion athlete. He was brought to Windsor; and his replies to two or three questions that I put on the subject show that it is a fact: "Big John *pas blaguer.*" The Queen has touched his hand; yes, this very hand! *Oui*, the Queen! So when him come back, him *modeste*, but him make great talks to the other Iroquois. It is a pity his wife is absent, nursing a sick daughter, for he would conduct his learned *confrères* to his house. He has been offered two hundred and fifty dollars for the photograph of the Queen, but he would not sell it. It

will be for his children when he is in Paradise,—“for if Big John does n’t go to Paradise, there will be a good many others not go either; *n’est-ce pas, mon savant confrère?*” This is too much for my gravity. Where did he pick up this fantastic title? In what discourse, or at the door of what assembly, has he caught it on the wing, and fixed it in his head as the distinctive designation for well-bred people? Big John wrongly interprets my laugh as a manifestation of scepticism. “*Viens* to home. Show you Queen’s picture.” Nothing could please me better; so I accept the offer, protesting the while my complete confidence in his words. Only, I should like to see other things as well as the portrait. “You did not go to see the Queen in that costume?” “Of course, *non.*” “You had your Iroquois dress?” “I had.” “You have it still?” “*J’ai.*” “You will let me see it?” “Yes, *mon savant confrère.*” “You will put it on for me?” “*Si plaisir à toi.*” Meanwhile we reach Big John’s house. It is the worst kept one that I had seen in the village; but let us not be severe—his wife is absent. Big John rushes off to look for the portrait; he does not find it. He rummages everywhere and upsets everything, but without success. He is pained by this discomfiture. “Big John no *blaguer,*” he repeats over and over; and he can scarcely repress his tears. I do my best to console him, telling him I do not doubt his word, that he is no “blower,” that he really has the Queen’s portrait, but that I have seen many of them before, and that I shall have no regrets if he will show me his fine costume. With one bound

he reaches the loft, and in about two minutes down he comes with his plumed cap and close-fitting jacket glittering with spangles and all sorts of ornaments. He draws himself up proudly. His look, the movement of his lips, everything, mark the distance between us. I feel that I am a very small boy, and perceive that now is not the moment for me, a poor "pale-face," to put myself on a level with him. Vainly does John resume his coat and straw hat. The current of sympathy is broken; we take leave of each other very civilly, but the friendship of a moment ago is gone.

I reënter the church as vespers begin. By virtue of a special privilege to the missions of Caughnawaga, St. Regis, Oka, and Oneida,¹ the services are sung in Iroquois; but this is a privilege which our ears scarcely appreciate. I have never heard anything so harsh and monotonous as this poor dialect; it seems to possess only about a dozen sounds, of which three-fourths are gutturals and the rest nasals. After vespers we inspect the church. It is large, handsome, and well kept; one might fancy one's self, as I told the missionary, in the chief parish of some French canton. He replies that it was, in fact, built by the French in the seventeenth century; and the main altar, the fine though rather heavy carvings of which attract our notice, was sent from Paris in the name of Louis XIV. We hardly expected to find here souvenirs of "*le grand roi.*" A souvenir of another kind, but equally interesting, is shown to us in the sacristy; it is the symbolic girdle sent to the Iroquois while yet pagans, by a converted

¹ The Oneida mission is in Wisconsin; the others are in Canada.

tribe, as at once a sign of alliance and an exhortation to embrace Christianity; a cross represents the true doctrine, while outlandish zigzag designs signify the ruses of the Devil which are to be evaded.

At length, when we were about to take our leave, the missionary showed us a portrait of M. and Mme. Botrel, who came to Canada this year; and, having announced in advance their visit to Caughnawaga, were received there with great pomp. Delighted with their fine voices, the Iroquois gave them expressive names which are written at the bottom of the photograph: "*Au cher curé de Caughnawaga, et à ses braves et accueillants paroissiens. Souvenir de Rohatico et de Ouikourico.*"¹ To this dedication the Breton poet has added: "*Vive Dieu, Vive la patrie,*" and the following quatrain, which is hardly equal to his best ballads:

*"Bien souvent avec ma 'bourgeoise'
Je parlerai du Canada
Et de la Réserve Iroquoise
Qui m'attend à Caughnawaga."*

The day advances. We cross the wide St. Lawrence in a ferryboat, and an electric car brings us back to Montreal. I am behind time as I reach the Sulpicians of Notre Dame, with whom I am to dine, but their welcome is none the less kindly. Our impressions of Caughnawaga are listened to with interest, and several elderly priests tell me of the times they passed among the Iroquois, when these people were entirely savage. My meeting with Big John drew from an

¹The first of these names signifies "the Gentle," the other, "the Fine Singer."

old priest the following reminiscence: "About 1860, shortly after the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada, as I reached a camp not far from Toronto, one of the Indian chiefs started to run in front of me, shouting with frantic gesticulations, '*Rakeni, Queen, son garçon raksatio, akwa raksatio,*' that is, 'Father, the Queen's son is a fine fellow, a very fine fellow.' The prince had shaken hands with this worthy savage." What impressed me most in the missionary's story was that it strengthened my conviction of the Indian's profound pride of race. On another occasion he saw one, who was a Catholic, draw himself up haughtily on being reprimanded somewhat sharply, and exclaim, in a tone of supreme pride, "You forget that I am an Indian!" But, indeed, where are the people who do not think themselves the first in the world? I have not found them among the Arabs nor the Laplanders; not in Italy nor Germany; not in Norway nor Spain; France nor England; and I have not found them in America.

Interesting as they seem to us, the Iroquois do not hold quite the first place in Canada. To whom does it belong,—the French element, or the English? To be frank, there is no room for the question at all, if we regard the whole of Canada.

Of the nine provinces which compose the Dominion (counting as one the territories of the Northwest), Quebec alone has a majority of French; and of the total population of the country, which is about six million, not more than a third part speaks French. The fecun-

dity of which our brothers beyond the sea are justly so proud fails to counterbalance the Irish, English, and American immigration. The city of Quebec and nearly all Lower Canada are securely French; but in Montreal the preponderance is now very slight, and in proportion as one goes west the country becomes more and more English. Even in the Province of Quebec, the French do not in every way enjoy an influence corresponding to their numerical superiority. While, for example, they occupy the liberal professions, they are not, generally speaking, at the head of the great enterprises, especially those requiring large capital. French is not understood by everybody; the English will not learn it,—their own language is spoken everywhere, at least in all the large towns. The old pastor of this parish—who, by way of an exception, does not understand it—admits that this is a great hindrance in his ministry, and is very glad that his assistants are not in the same fix as himself. Nearly all the French children speak English fluently. Does this mean that French is threatened with extinction? No; but, what is very remarkable, it holds its ground by a conscious effort. The French race in Canada wishes to speak French. Nothing indicates that it is changing its mind.

This fidelity to the French language does not affect the loyalty of the Canadian to the British crown. Numbers, time, necessity, and, let us add, the liberal rule enjoyed by England's colonies, have accomplished their work. And if, at a day which is still distant, the Canadians are to break the ties that bind them to that

country, they will not dream of returning to us. In such a contingency some would, it seems, favor union with the United States, which country would not decline the proposal; but an immense majority, practically all, would favor independence. We, English and French, are in their eyes "two friendly nations," and as I had occasion to note in the toasts, speeches, and newspaper articles called forth by the reunion at Montreal, during my stay there, of the representatives of our two navies. Nowhere, indeed, as a prominent journal¹ stated, did the Anglo-French understanding give rise to so much satisfaction as on this free soil of Canada, where France has left such profound souvenirs, and England counts so many loyal subjects. But the Canadians do not identify their country either with France, though they love her as a mother, or with Great Britain, though they respect her as a queen. Before both, as is quite natural, they place their own country. In Canada, patriotism is Canadian. On analysis, this sentiment will be found to be, by the force of circumstances, very complex. The inhabitants of English blood appear to be about equally devoted to Canada in general and to their own Province in particular; especially is this true in Ontario, which already possesses some traditions of its own. There is, beside, no wavering in their loyalty to England. As to the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec,—to us the most interesting of all,—there is no doubt that for them their country is their own Province, with its fidelity to their language, their religion, and their traditions.

¹"La Patrie" of Montreal, September 9, 1903.

Around this sentiment, the deepest of all, are grouped three others which neither resemble it nor each other. From motives of interest, certainly, and through love of independence, our Canadians value their federation with the other Provinces; and it pleases them to find Canada plays the part of a nation. Duty and reason lead them to acknowledge England as a suzerain, to-day beneficent. A sense of loyalty, pride of race, poetry, the more or less conscious persistence of a thousand subtle, generous, and ennobling influences, cause them to cherish an ideal devotion to France; to the France of yesterday, of which they consider themselves, not without grounds, the heirs no less than we; to the France of to-day, which astonishes, perplexes, and frightens them, yet which, even to them, is still France. It is, so to speak, a case of worthy and plain country-folk, who follow with interest the doings of their brilliant Parisian cousins, who have gone somewhat astray, but still belong to the same family.

The conviction that Canada is, and tends more and more to become, a distinct country, confirms my purpose of visiting its political capital. If sentiment prevailed Quebec would win; but I consider that Ottawa, which, moreover, is less known to my compatriots, promises me more information. Beside, it lies on my way to Niagara and the central cities of the United States.

Three or four hours on the Canadian Pacific railway will bring me straight from Montreal to Ottawa. But everybody advises me to make a halt half-way, at

Oka, a very picturesque station of the Sulpicians and Iroquois, on the Lake of the Two Mountains. So, in company with a professor from the Preparatory Seminary, I take the steamer at Lachine, above the Rapids, which no vessel can ascend.¹ On a superb morning we traverse Lake St. Louis, which is but an expansion of the river; and on reaching the point where the Ottawa enters, we turn into that river. It soon brings us to the Lake of the Two Mountains, which this river almost entirely feeds; and near eleven o'clock we are at Oka. Before lunch, we take a turn or two in the woods adjoining the village. The Sulpicians, to whom they belong, are unable to derive any profit from them, owing to the depredations of the Iroquois. There is here, I am told, and as I can see for myself, a virgin forest in the midst of civilization. The small value of wood here accounts partly for the indifference of the owners. But it must also be said that the Iroquois, notwithstanding their clothing and their dwellings, are still half savage, and show very slight respect for the indulgent proprietors. If some good Yankee should establish himself here, they would be obliged to change their ways very quickly. Just now their ambition seems centred upon giving trouble to the worthy congregation. Most of them have turned Protestant, and this year Saint Sulpice has had to witness the building of a Protestant church on ground that belongs to the society. The leader was formerly a Catholic, whom the priests had marked for his intelligence, and educated in the Preparatory Seminary. His

¹ The steamers which descend the Rapids return by canal.

case deserves notice as an example of atavism. To the age of sixteen, his piety and application had given his teachers complete satisfaction. But one day, as he took a trip from Montreal to Caughnawaga, he caught sight of the mountains of Oka in the horizon; and, seized with indescribable agitation, he left his companions, climbed a high tree, and there remained long in contemplation of his country. Two or three days after, without saying a word to anybody, he fled to his home, drawn by the insuperable attraction of primitive life. I have heard Norwegians say that they never could succeed in retaining beyond adolescence the young Laps whom they had provided with work, and who at first seemed attached to a manner of life so preferable in every respect to their own.

The naughty Iroquois do not prevent me from passing a delightful hour among the kind Sulpicians. Whoever has had the good fortune to be brought up in one of their seminaries is always received by them as a child of the family. After the meal, we drive over makeshift grassy roads, without at any time entirely losing our equilibrium, to within a short distance of Calvary, one of the two mountains from which the lake takes its name. As the trees now usurp even the middle of the road, we climb the rest of the way on foot, saluting an occasional station of the cross, and find ourselves repaid for our courage by the view from the top. Before us stretches an endless and splendid panorama of mountains, water, and forest; at our foot, the blue lake; beyond, graceful wooded hills; and farther still, long reaches of rivers—the St. Lawrence and several branches

of the Ottawa—now in view, now hidden by the irregularities of the ground; and in the distance the dark wall of mountains, so far away that one cannot say whether they are in Canada or belong to Vermont or New York.

Having, through excess of prudence, descended sooner than was necessary, I take the opportunity to visit an Iroquois family, who are friendly toward Sulpicians; and there is just time enough to mitigate the unfavorable impression of the race that I was taking away with me. These persons showed themselves most affable. There was no time for extended acquaintance; but we exchanged a few friendly words, and when, at the moment of departure, which came only too soon, I embraced a frank little Iroquois boy of five or six years, after making the sign of the cross on his forehead, there was, after all, some little enlargement of the sympathies. At least, this carried one out of the commonplace. But what did so still more, happened a quarter of an hour later, when two Sulpicians in shirt-sleeves rowed me across the lake. And—shades of M. Olier and M. Icard, forgive me!—I must say that they rowed as well as Oxford men. We soon reach the little flag-station, consisting of a cabin over which presides a gentleman whom I should call a gate-keeper if there were any gate. As the train comes, our official signals with a little flag, the engine stops, and in two hours I am at Ottawa.

Sometimes it is with cities as with chosen leaders. When, in 1858, Ottawa became the capital of the

Dominion, nothing recommended this city to the choice of the Queen except the necessity of putting an end to the rival pretensions of Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. Its population, which was then ten thousand, touches sixty thousand to-day; and in its composition it faithfully represents the general condition of the country. More than half the people speak English, and belong to various Protestant sects, chiefly the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Episcopalian. All the French Canadians and the Irish are Catholics,—the first with six parishes, the latter with three. The boundaries of these parishes in some cases coincide; and one may see two churches close to each other, serving congregations that do not mingle, as St. Joseph for the Irish, and the Sacré Cœur for the French. The Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is French, and a good Catholic; the other members of the Government are nearly all English.

Ottawa gives the impression of an improvised capital, with its immense streets, half bordered by bare lots, with its great parks, planted with small trees, and its brand-new buildings in the official quarter. These edifices have an imposing air, from the elegant gravity of their Gothic style and the warm tone of their granite. The Parliament House especially, and the Library, on the edge of a terrace which commands the river and a distant horizon of forests, give an impression of happily blended richness, strength, and beauty. The only error—a strange one for an English country—has been to build on too small a scale, and not to make sufficient allowance for future growth. No

one in 1860 expected that Canada would soon have a population of six million. How will things be a hundred years hence, when it has fifty or a hundred million? Humanity, having started late on American soil, is now making up for lost time. What an astonishing contrast with an age so little distant from the present! This struck me forcibly when, on the terrace at Ottawa, I looked at a pine log brought from British Columbia which measured eight feet in diameter by three hundred feet in length. As one could verify by the rings of its growth, it was a hundred and eighty-three years old when Columbus discovered America. Here is the slowness and calm of nature in the presence of our progress and ferment.

The parliamentary session this year had been prolonged beyond measure, and had, it appeared, been stormy. Here men wax hot over railroad affairs as we do over the question of anti-clericalism. I witnessed an afternoon session of the House of Commons, conducted by one of the clerks, the learned M. Gerin, and by M. Bourassa, a member from Montreal. Had it been a morning session, I should have seen it (if M. Brisson will permit me to mention the fact) opened with prayer. From the austere appearance of the hall, and the custom that the ministers have of speaking from their places, and especially from the language used, one might believe one's self in London. Either French or English may be spoken, and the reports are drawn up in both languages; but as all the French members know English, while the converse does not hold true, it is our tongue that is sacrificed.

At least, I did not hear a sound of it during the sitting.

It was long, and seemed longer to me. The debate was on electoral geography; and the question was whether or not the district represented by the Minister of Customs should have another member. The doubt had arisen because, perhaps (the Lord forbid that I should take sides!), the commission had unduly increased the number of voters by including the Indians. The arguments on either side made no impression upon me; but they had the strange result of causing all the conservative right to accept the amendment, and the entire liberal left to reject it in agreement with the ministers. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who during all the debate had been working as calmly as if he were in his office, raised his fine head for an instant to smile at this little triumph, and then resumed his writing. The Province of Ontario, therefore, counts henceforward ninety-three representatives instead of ninety-two. Nova Scotia counts twenty, New Brunswick nineteen, all the other provinces together only twenty-three; but the proportions will change before long.

From the Parliament to the Library,—which, by the way, is at the service of the members, as in Washington,—there are but a few steps. Its elegance and convenience are perfect, but it is already overcrowded with books. The superintendent, M. Decelles, did the honors as a scholar and a gentleman; and he gave us further occasion to appreciate his fine qualities, some hours later, during the evening that we spent at his home.

It is in conversation with this Canadian that I understand, that I feel, so to speak, what Canada really is. I am no longer surprised that its sons love it passionately, with the poetry and leisure of its long Winters, the absorbing and fruitful labors of its brief Summers, its solid comfort, its traditions, and its integrity. In the country districts there are no *gendarmes*, no rural wardens; the parish priest and the constable suffice to keep order; in extraordinary cases, the bailiff is called on. According to M. Decelles, the jailers alone are to be commiserated. He told me of one whose prison is distant from any urban centre, and who last year complained that notwithstanding his extensive territory he had no boarders. "Last Winter," he said, "at least I had one to play cards with." If he had known the history of the Madrilènes and the Mancanarès, he would have asked that either the prison should be sold or a criminal bought.

On that evening, too, with M. Decelles and some friends of his who were my hosts,—Oblates, professors at the University,—we broached the subject of colonization. To appreciate its importance, one must remember that the arable part of Canada, to say nothing of its frozen plains in the North, is as large as all Europe exclusive of Russia. The portion cleared by the French along the banks of the St. Lawrence, a few miles wide by four hundred and fifty long, represents perhaps a tenth of the whole area. Within the last twenty-five years, since the opening of the Canadian Pacific, which parallels the Northern Pacific, a region nearly four thousand miles long, from the

mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific coast, has been opened to colonists. The forest lands to which alone, up to 1870, the settlers had turned their attention, are several thousand miles in extent, and still remain almost intact. But beyond, that is to say, between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, lies a very fertile plain nearly a thousand miles across, which, under the names of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Alberta, offers to human energy facilities for expansion such as, probably, are to be met with nowhere else in the world. Young colonists possessing a little capital, who would go into stock-breeding, might raise as many cattle as they pleased on these boundless pastures. Facts are adduced to prove that with four or five thousand dollars to begin with, a hundred thousand might be made in a dozen years. All that is required is initiative, courage, and the power to endure cold. Such a prospect is well worth a journey thither, which is better than to enter into engagements from a distance, that one may afterward regret. If, by a rare exception, conditions on the spot should prove unsatisfactory, one will have enjoyed a splendid trip for his trouble. But ill success, we repeat, is altogether unlikely.

Among the interesting recollections of my stay in Ottawa is the visit which, at the suggestion of the Rector of the University, I paid to Mgr. Sbaretti, formerly Secretary of Delegation at Washington, and, after the Spanish-American War, for some time Bishop of Havana. It can be no indiscretion to say that he seems thoroughly satisfied with the actual conditions

of the Church in the United States and Canada, without discussing theories; and he considers these conditions preferable to those which prevail in European countries. His way of saying "We Americans" indicates that it is ten years since he first crossed the Atlantic. Perhaps the return to Rome of personages who have resided here for a considerable time will result in a broadening of views and a spreading of more accurate knowledge. The Church is Catholic, and therefore universal.

But could I speak of Ottawa without saying something of the University which gave me so kindly a welcome? A few months after my visit, a terrible fire destroyed this institution, which had already attained a high degree of prosperity. But there is no fear for its future, thanks to Canadian energy, Catholic generosity, and the zeal of the Oblates, who, under the present Rector, Father Emery, and his predecessor, Father Fallon, had won so much success for the University that it recovered very rapidly from the disastrous blow, and more beautiful buildings have already replaced the former ones, which, having been built as the necessities of the moment called for more accommodation, were not, if we except the Museum, noticeable for elegance or harmony. The students remained faithful to their masters; for they could not find anywhere else a system of education more complete or more suited to modern needs. For instance, Ottawa University is not obliged, as some other institutions are, to postpone science till the end of the rhetoric course, nor to employ Latin in the course of philosophy,

not alone for ecclesiastical but also for lay students. If it is earnestly to be desired that our Canadian brothers give more attention to modern culture, without compromising their Catholicism, it is to this flourishing young University that we must look for the realization of this hope. The universities of Laval in Montreal and Quebec, too, may strive in the same direction, with all the more reason that they are not obliged to give their courses in both languages; nor have they any longer to struggle for material resources, as their reputations are established.

Who has not dreamed of the virgin forest? Who has not, in imagination, set out with Indians armed with tomahawks and carrying canoes? Who has not fancied himself admiring giant trees, the climbing plants, the fantastic flora and fauna? Equatorial regions present such a spectacle. But the North is far from being so picturesque. From Ottawa to Prescott, where I am to take the river steamer, I pass by railroad, through considerable sections of forest, which are broken here and there by cleared settlements. I do not envy those who must endure this sort of thing for forty-eight hours on their way to Lake Superior. The Canadian virgin forest is one interminable tangle of green trees, decayed branches, rotting trunks, interrupted from time to time by marshes, or bare spaces studded with rocks. But when seen from a little distance, what a contrast! How much more beautiful it looked from Calvary on the Two Mountains, softening the hard outline

of the hills, and filling up the valleys with a sea of foliage! How much more beautiful still will it be presently, with its shadows thrown on the deep river!

They were wise counsellors who advised me to go up the St. Lawrence as far as the Thousand Islands, and then to cross Lake Ontario. To them I owe my initiation into the poetry of America. Certainly America has nothing to show like the ruins of Egypt and Greece, the legend-laden banks of the Rhine, the manors of England, the palaces of Venice or Granada, the museums of Florence or Rome. But Nature, in her own magnificent way, has compensated for the absence of the antique and the masterpieces of human art. I shall not speak of what I have not seen; so I shall say nothing about the frightful deserts of Arizona, the Colorado mountains, many of them higher than the Alps, the geysers of the Yellowstone Park, the mighty trees of Mariposa, through some of which a wagon-road has been made, nor of certain parts of California, milder than the Azore Coast, and even richer in tropical flowers and palms. But from what I have seen I have received impressions which, in their way, yield in nothing to those made on me by Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Scotland, or Algeria.

Merely to see the St. Lawrence is worth the trip across the Atlantic. From Prescott to its majestic junction with the ocean, it offers a delightful sail, with its numerous rapids (we have already said something about those of Lachine); with its cities of Montreal and Quebec, one gracefully seated and the other boldly perched on its banks; with the wild gorges of the

Saguenay, and the great Cape Eternity. In the portion which we ascend, it widens out frequently into lakes; its waters are clear and pure as a mountain stream; its banks, blending with the horizon, are protected by endless forests against man's desecrating activity; or if, at rare intervals, some towns appear, they cast on the green waters only shadows of elegant villas, tasteful hotels, and magnificent parks after the English fashion. Islands innumerable — no, they have been counted, they are over a thousand — dispel monotony, that wicked fairy that spoils the finest gifts. These islands rise in every direction, unexpected, diversified, big and little, mere rocks surmounted with two or three straggling pines, or plains covered with country-seats. Some of these repose along the very edge of the river, so that the branches of the trees and the stems of the flowers dip into the water; others perch on some peak with their towers rising above the rocks, and by the splendor of their architecture and of the surrounding vegetation recalling, notwithstanding the too modern names of their occupants, the Lago Maggiore and the islands of Borromeo.

But let us shun reminiscences and comparisons. The wonders here differ altogether from those of our Old World. I become once more conscious of this fact when I raise my eyes from the paper on which my impressions are being recorded, and begin to think of the great distances over which our vessel pursues its way. The waters on which we sail belong to the mightiest of rivers, after the Amazon. The lakes that we are about to enter are as so many seas. And for

six months of the year this is the most crowded interior waterway in the world. For the other six months, a polar cold ties up all shipping, and lays down for sledges an ample road of snow and ice. It was but yesterday that these regions were opened to civilization, and here to-day are cities surpassing in population and prosperity most of the old cities of Europe; here are accumulated fortunes that to us appear fabulous, whose possessors, when they turn to patronizing art or science, spend more in one year than a Medici in his entire reign. And the people of this New World claim that they have but just entered on the path of their destiny. Facing Europe, they have developed an Atlantic coast which in commerce and industry is overwhelming us; in the centre of their continent they are producing such quantities of cereals that our frightened farmers are begging our governments to protect them against this crushing competition. A further expansion of all these industrial and economic forces is announced. A new hemisphere enters the human struggle. The Pacific islands and shores noisily and painfully force their way into civilization. A world is in the pangs of parturition. Progress pursues her Western march, ready to dig an inter-ocean canal across an isthmus. Her purpose is, it would seem, to leave us Europeans behind, like another Orient, as she has already done with India, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and the Roman Empire. . . . Such dreams arise as one passes between the banks of the St. Lawrence, with Canada on one side and the United States on the other, before entering Lake Ontario. It is the fasci-

nation of Niagara and Lake Michigan; it is the wind which blows from the Rocky Mountains, after having passed over the greatest of seas, the Pacific Ocean, with its secrets so long impenetrable. Here all is too vast for the vision of eye or mind. Come to my help, O Sainte Chapelle! and ye peaceful lines of the hills of Fiesole!

It looks for the moment as if Kingston were going to bring me back to prose, notwithstanding what I know of the progress its colleges have made, and what I see of its fine spires. The ugly black masses of its high grain elevators, ready to pour their contents into ships, make art pay dear for the services which they render to agriculture. But soon the steamer enters Lake Ontario. The banks of the St. Lawrence recede and disappear, and, in the heart of a continent, we are on a boundless sea. It will take five hours of fast steaming to reach the port of Charlotte, near Rochester, in New York State, and almost eight hours to bring us to Toronto on the Canadian side. The sun is sinking below the horizon. From its disappearing disk to our boat runs a gleaming pathway of light, as on the real ocean. In the west the sky is purple, and soon it will be overflowing with gold, richer than the millionaires of this New World, and more assured than they of a to-morrow. Now the night is here, dark and mild, with its countless silent stars. I must withdraw alone to think and pray; companionless, as I have been all this day of blessed solitude; without as yet sharing my confidences with my future readers; alone with God and the recollections of those I love.

CHAPTER V

AN INVOLUNTARY VISIT TO BISHOP
MAC QUAID

Unforeseen Itinerary.—A Visit to Charlotte, New York.—An Unexpected Call upon Bishop Mac Quaid.—Reassuring Welcome.—A Model Seminary.—A Right Reverend Viti-culturist.—A Tireless Cicerone.—Difficulties with Archbishop Ireland.—A Visit to a Grammar-School.— Surprise of a European.

TOWARD ten o'clock at night, fatigued, I quit the deck; and when, a little later, we touch at the small port of Charlotte, I am asleep in my cabin. Awakened by the noise, I impatiently await our departure, which is fixed for half-past eleven; but up to midnight nothing stirs—at least not the steamer. In compensation, there is a frightful hubbub on the wharf to which we are moored. Through the porthole of my cabin I can see gangs of demons emptying barrowfuls of coal into our hold. I take up a book and complete my schedule for Toronto. Still we do not start. I rise in order to read more comfortably, and turn to the pages that treat of the West. Then I, who think myself very far already, make the interesting discovery that five-sixths of Canada would still have to be traversed before reaching the Pacific. We are scarcely yet in the middle of the Eastern forest region; there still remain the great plains of the Central region, and the vast Rocky Mountain region. It is nigh two

o'clock A. M.; I begin the history of the formation of the Great Lakes, and their geology as well.

So much resignation deserved a recompense. The first it received did not present itself under the most charming form. Just as I am about to return reluctantly to my berth, the stewards begin running through the corridors, ringing bells, and opening cabin-doors to tell us that the steamer is not going on to Toronto; that if we wish to do so, we must take another, but that we are at liberty to remain for the night on this one, provided we go back with it on the morrow to Prescott, our starting-point, to return the next day — a delightful prospect for travellers in a hurry! We have something else to do than to investigate the cause of this disappointment. In five minutes, indifferently dressed, and carrying my two valises, I am on the deck, not knowing what to do next. On one hand, there is the other steamer, which will reach Toronto, Heaven only knows when,—probably too late for mass (it is Sunday); on the other, there are some houses near by, in which lights still show, and where one may perhaps find a room. A wharf-porter, of whom I make inquiry, praises their accommodations, seizes my luggage, hurries me along with him, and before I can recover from my surprise I am in the front room of a noisy tavern. The proprietor, who is very civil, but busy with the sailors of the departing steamer, installs me in the plain private parlor, and begs me to wait. I begin to wonder where I am. Perhaps the best thing would be to take the boat for Toronto. But would I get there in time, or find it at all? And there goes a big bell

—it is the signal for the steamer to leave. Luckily, the sailors, who have been making a disturbance in the other room, rush out to catch the boat. The hotel-keeper, now at leisure, conducts me to a room that is almost clean, and I lie down half undressed, hoping that, though sleep is out of the question, owing to the stifling heat, I may enjoy at least a little repose and quiet. Alas, we are in the country; and everybody knows the quiet which that implies! An hour after my installation, a rooster under my window celebrates the joyous dawn, and—the irony of it!—I hear him chanting with all his heart, *to —Toronto!* After the rooster come other denizens of the farm-yard, and their human masters; so that there is nothing left for me to do but rise. At six o'clock I begin to explore the town, chiefly with a view to finding a way out of it. Fortunately, there are both street-cars and steam railways. I enter the church as soon as it is open; and having set my conscience at ease on this point, I return to mine inn. Two men, who do not impress me very favorably, scrutinize me, stop their animated conversation, and go forward to advise the hotel-keeper of my return. Resolving to give up the inaccessible Toronto, where, luckily, I have not announced my prospective visit to the Basilian Fathers who had invited me to their college, I inquire the quickest way to reach Buffalo, which I know to be somewhere near, and which is also in my itinerary. I learn that there will be a train in two hours. On this blessed assurance, I order breakfast; and in the meantime I seat myself on a hillock to view the lake at my feet and enjoy as

I may the unforeseen situation. So at noon I shall be in the friendly quarters of Buffalo College; and I shall see Niagara by sunset!

On entering the hotel,—let us for courtesy call it a hotel,—I learn that the train does not run on Sunday morning, but that this evening . . . No, sir! Lose a day in this oven? For no consideration. “Where do these cars go that pass the church?” I inquire. To Rochester. Then I am for Rochester. My decision may seem abrupt; but as Rochester is a city of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, there must be several daily trains from there to Buffalo. There is one, I am told, at noon. Rochester, I may add, is not a mere name to me. In it there resides an old bishop named Mac Quaid, who passes for one of the most remarkable men in the United States, having, among other things, established a Seminary whose renown has spread throughout all America. Almost everywhere I have been advised to call on him. But because, on account of some disagreement that he had with Mgr. Ireland, he used to be represented in France as hostile to that movement with which circumstances had associated me, I had declined all the introductions to him which had been offered me. I should not be sorry, however, to get a passing glimpse of his episcopal city.

But how, with my valises, can I reach the car? This country is short of porters. The two men whom a short time ago I had misjudged so badly that I was almost afraid of them, now came up to me respectfully. “You are a Catholic priest?” said one. Yes. “We



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BISHOP MAC QUAID

thought so, seeing you at the church so early. Will you give us your blessing, Father?" And they knelt down. "Now, Father, let us carry your baggage." And off I start between two Irish laborers, who tell me of their little affairs; I might be interested in the narrative if they would but speak more slowly and one at a time. They, too, advise me to visit St. Bernard's Seminary, which is "the finest in the world." As they take leave of me, I press their hands cordially; it is the only pay they will accept.

The car spins along with the speed of an express; I hope I shall not miss the Buffalo train.

We must be nearing Rochester, for villas, still somewhat scattered, succeed to the open fields. Here to the left is an immense building, severe and elegant, surmounted by a cross. Can this be the famous Seminary? A priest boards the car; I put the question to him; he answers in the affirmative. In turn, he asks me whence I come; and as the clergy of Paris are not in the habit of spending their vacations on the borders of Lake Ontario, my answer interests him. "You must come and see the Seminary." "But I am going to Buffalo." "You can go later." "My time is very limited." "Nevertheless, you are not going to pass through Rochester without calling on our Bishop?" Now we are in for it. I offer various objections, which are instantly disposed of. "Anyhow," I say, "I have no introduction." "Never mind that; I am the Superior of the Seminary, and I will present you. You have never heard of Bishop Mac Quaid?" "Oh yes, indeed; and that is just the

trouble. I appreciate him highly, but I fear—he does not reciprocate. Let us be frank; here is my card.” The effect was not what I expected. “Oh, then, Bishop Mac Quaid will be delighted to see you. I will answer for him. Here we are! Let me take your baggage!” No sooner said than done; and when the car stops, my valises are put off, so I must follow them. The episcopal residence is close by. The Superior goes to inform the Bishop, and leaves me alone in the parlor, where I am more than surprised to find myself.

Almost immediately the Bishop appears, and offers me his hand in the whole-souled fashion which I admire so much in Bishop Spalding. Nothing that I have yet seen is so thoroughly American as this old man of eighty years, straight, thick-set, vigorous, with a frank and resolute bearing. Far from allowing me a word of excuse, he declares in a tone that admits of no denial that he is pleased to see me, and is at my disposal. “You come to look for ideas, of course, and for information?” “Just so, Monseigneur; the encouraging example of what is taking place in the United States. . . .” “Your countrymen, indeed, might profit much by what is good here, instead of . . . They do not see things in the right light, your countrymen. How much time can you spare me?” “I meant to take the ten o’clock train for Buffalo. Is there one at noon?” The only answer is a frown. “Is there one at two o’clock?” “In that time we could do nothing at all; how many days can you stay?” “Well, then, frankly,

I will stop till to-morrow morning." "I am sorry the stay is so short. Well, then, there is no time to lose. Here is your room; make yourself at home. I will order the carriage."

Ten minutes afterward I was rolling along in an open landau with the man who is regarded in Europe as the most conservative prelate in the United States. The conversation, which the Bishop maintained in French, was soon on a footing of confidence, and did not lag for an instant the entire day.

"I am going to show you first my Normal School for sisters. They must receive a good education themselves before undertaking to teach others. A woman with some initiative, Marie du Sacré Cœur, tried to start that work among you; you did not understand her. When I founded this diocese, in 1868,—you know that I am its first bishop,—there were eight poor Sisters of St. Joseph here. I adopted them as a diocesan congregation. To-day there are four hundred. I get whatever service I desire from them, without having to apply to distant superiors, or to encounter regulations made for other conditions. They pass a State examination at Albany; this is not exacted by the Government, but I insist on it. You are going to see how they work."

We visit the laboratories, the library, the study-halls, where, High Mass being over, several young sisters are reading or writing. What I see and what I hear give me the impression that the work is solid, the methods up-to-date, the courses of study sound and proportioned to the aptitude of each pupil. Some

sisters are appointed to teach elementary and advanced science; others history, Latin, Greek, and various modern languages. Both sisters and novices are almost all from this diocese; a few are from other parts of America; two or three from Germany. "If you know," said the Bishop, turning to me, "of any young French women who have a true vocation as teachers, and cannot follow it at home, send them to Rochester." This invitation was seriously meant, and was seconded by the Mother Superior. In every room that we pass through, and in the kitchen, too, the Bishop is welcomed with evident joy. In his own blunt way he scatters jokes, counsel, and when requested, a brief blessing: "God bless you, God bless you." One feels that at a sign from him these good sisters would be ready to fling themselves into the fire, and that he knows it.

The Normal School is now at the entrance of the city, which continues to grow. The price of ground has risen a great deal since Bishop Mac Quaid purchased sixty acres here for the sisters; he has recently sold twenty acres of it for a sum sufficient to cover not only the cost of the whole property, but of all the buildings also. He tells me all this, as the carriage conveys us to the gorges and falls of the Genesee River. We descend at a very picturesque bridge. The Bishop invites me to admire the landscape, which is very pretty. "And all that," says he, "is as instructive as it is beautiful. These grounds are very rich in fossil specimens; and, you observe, the river has cut through and exposed the different stratifications. It is

a real geological museum which Providence has furnished to the seminarians of Rochester. We have gathered a fine collection from it, with abundant material for exchanges." He welcomed my offer of putting him, for this purpose, in communication with M. de Lapparent, who superintends our collection in the Catholic Institute of Paris.

"Now," said the Bishop, "you are going to see my Seminary." And one can guess from the tone of this simple phrase how much the good old Bishop's idea of *his* Seminary represents of work accomplished, of hopes still growing, and of conscience satisfied. Indeed, one quite understands, after having seen it, that it is something to be proud of. I am afraid of falling into the American abuse of superlatives; but, truly, nowhere have I seen a better plan, or a better adaptation of everything that may serve, materially, intellectually, and morally, to prepare young clerics for their great mission. From the very entrance, where you pass under the Gothic arches of the graceful tower which divides the building into two portions, you are struck with the harmony and amplitude of the general lines, as well as with the exact adaptation of all the interior details to the purpose in view. Everything must have been long meditated and settled by the founder before the construction was taken in hand. The Seminary has been built ten years; Bishop Mac Quaid spent thirty in planning it. In the execution, it is true, simplicity was everywhere consulted; but at the same time elegance and comfort as well. Electricity, steam-heating, scientific ventilation, numerous

bath-rooms, commodious furniture, a good door and window plan; a bakery equipped with machines for kneading; a refectory that is a real dining-room, with its separate tables, and its silver service; a reading-room, which is a *salon*, with newspapers and periodicals; students' rooms furnished with sober elegance; corridors which are galleries filled with photographs and engravings fit to develop the artistic sense; everything, in short, speaks of culture, and bears witness to a noble solicitude to bring up as gentlemen these young men sprung from the people, yet destined to serve them as guides in the higher life. Even in a recent letter¹ to his priests, recommending to them both the Preparatory and the chief Seminary, Bishop Mac Quaid vigorously insists upon the necessity of providing for the health and comfort of the students. "A mistaken notion prevails that only hardships and sufferings build up strong characters. This notion may have some force, but in a full estimation of the value of this system some account must be taken of the wrecks that line the road,—wrecks of ruined stomachs, disordered nerves, weakened lungs, and premature corpses, that have paid the penalty of disregard of the laws of health."

The Bishop of Rochester can well judge of the life which his seminarians lead; for he shares it. On arriving, without being received by anybody, we go straight to his rooms. These are no solemn suites of apartments, occupied but twice a year; they consist of a bedroom which has been used yesterday and is ready for

¹ Bearing date August 20, 1903.

use to-day or to-morrow, and a study where there is a desk covered with books that are being read and letters waiting to be answered. When we go to the refectory, the Bishop's entrance, though unannounced, is not an event. It is merely a matter of two additional covers; in fact, not even that, because there are vacant places, several of the professors being absent assisting in the neighboring parishes for the Sunday.

The only exceptional feature of the meal is the number of wines served,—four or five, unless I mistake, which is something in America, and above all in a seminary, that calls for explanation. It must be observed that, like the late Cardinal Lavigerie, whose characteristics Bishop Mac Quaid more than once recalled to me, the latter is a great viticulturist. He grows, I do not know how many kinds of excellent wine-grapes; and he is as proud of the diploma his wines won at Bordeaux as he is of his Seminary. He questioned me, not without a little quib, as to what wines we were then drinking; and I, who, despite his injunctions, had been drowning my wine with water, took a mouthful of meat, wondering what I should reply. At a venture,—or, to be frank, after casting a hasty glance at the oblong form of the bottles,—with the air of a connoisseur I pronounced it to be Moselle, or, more probably still, Rhenish. I hit it exactly; for the vintages of the Bishop of Rochester claim, perhaps not without reason, to rival the Deidesheimer and Liebfrauenmilch ones. I believe it was at this point that the Bishop's tone toward me passed from kindness to sympathy. My sentiments toward him had already

changed from fear into curiosity, then to respect, and next to admiration.

I should have no reservation whatever to make regarding him, if he had not, from one o'clock to three, during a terrible heat and after a sleepless night, led me, notwithstanding my timid hints, through all the marvels of his Seminary, from the well-filled wine-cellar to the top stories wisely arranged as gymnasiums and recreation halls for rainy days. Hence I have retained only a rather vague impression about many highly interesting things,—the library, museums, laboratories, and the chapel itself; all I can say is that many a university would be glad to see itself so well equipped. At last, however, as the hour fixed for a conference which the Bishop was to give to the students was approaching, I flatly declared that I could not take advantage of it unless I should first get a nap. The indefatigable patriarch looked at me with astonishment, but directed me to a sofa, upon which I dropped like a log. Waking up in time, thoroughly refreshed, I listened with the greatest interest to his talk of an hour and a quarter.

He spoke to a select audience, in which every face shone with intelligence, uprightness, candor, and health, both moral and physical. Doubtful and incapable candidates are got rid of without hesitation; vocations are surely numerous enough to permit of a rigorous selection, and the Bishop tolerates no mediocrity in the priesthood. Of the one hundred and thirty-four seminarians, eighty-nine come from here, there, and everywhere, on account of the high reputation which the

course enjoys.¹ To Rochester belong forty-five, a number sufficient for a diocese of one hundred and ten thousand souls. Between this fine body of young men and this wonderful old man who addresses them the current of sympathy is not for a moment broken, nor ceases to manifest itself. From the beginning to the end of his discourse, he remains master of all these souls, carrying them along with him from laughter to deep emotion, from lofty ideas to familiar ones, from reasoning to enthusiasm. Nothing could be more animated and picturesque. But who can give a summary of such an address? "The opening retreat," he said in substance, "finished yesterday, and hearts were opened to the love of God; now minds are to be opened to science. The students of St. Bernard's are fortunate in having such facilities for work; the collections, the laboratories, the latest books; the professors above all, the fifteen professors, who for their sakes have been sent to qualify themselves in the old universities of Europe. Ah! in my time it was not so. Learning Latin in America at the beginning of the nineteenth century was not an easy task. To do so, one had to go by boat and coach from New York to Montreal; and what adventures there were along the way! When you reached the seminary there were just two professors, who taught everything and knew nothing. There was scarcely time to study then; the year that I was born, there were in the State of New York just eight priests; now there are nine dioceses." And thus he continued to contrast the obscure

¹The professors, to the number of fifteen, are almost all doctors in the branches which they respectively teach.

past with the brilliant present, and to point out the resulting obligations; following throughout only what Pascal calls the order of the heart, but following it so well that when he had finished talking the students, much affected, kept looking at him proudly, as though to say to me, "This man is *our* Bishop, and you see how things go with us!" In the presence of a Catholicism so prosperous, I could scarcely believe that all this had developed within the lifetime of one man; and when the octogenarian Bishop was speaking of the humble beginnings of the American Church, I pictured to myself the first apostles of the Gauls assisting at the opening of our thirteenth century.

After the conference, a visitor having been announced, the Bishop intrusted me to one of the seminarians, and charged him to show me the gardens, orchards, and park, all forming one large estate stretching down to the banks of the Genesee River. It is needless to say that the young people here have the freedom of the entire domain for their recreations, without any of those restrictions which would indicate they were not treated as men. My companion told me that twice a week they took a long walk in complete freedom, through the country, or, if they chose, visited their friends in the city. When we were with the Bishop again, on leaving the Seminary, I complimented him sincerely on all that I had seen, without concealing that some of the usages, notably the free walks, differed entirely from our ways. "Still, it is very simple," he replied; "if I have confidence in

my seminarians, I ought to let them go wherever they please; if I have not, I ought not to ordain them. I treat them as gentlemen; they know it, and they do not abuse their privileges."

As we drove along, he pointed out to me the fields and vineyards which belonged to the Seminary Corporation, constituted by him. These do not, however, suffice to maintain the institution, even though there is no debt on the building and several chairs are endowed; the deficit is largely met by annual collections and a permanent subscription list. "We received for the seminaries in 1902, without counting special donations, over fourteen thousand dollars in small offerings in a diocese that is only thirty-five years in existence, and in which new parishes, with churches, presbyteries, and schools, continue to be established—all this without Government assistance. What do you think of it?" I thought, though I did not say so, that the Bishop was a wonderful man, that the clergy were zealous, and the laity generous; and that before finding fault with them, others ought to show themselves capable of doing what they have done. It is true that the Catholics here are free, like everybody else. A bishop, a priest, a religionist, enjoys here equal rights with other citizens, and religious associations are on a footing of equality with civil ones. Religious institutions, such as churches, seminaries, schools, asylums, possessing a character of public utility, are for the most part exempt from taxation. Without pushing our ambition so far as this, could not we, too, in case the budget of public worship were suppressed, fight on the same platform

of common rights, and win — I do not say receive, I say win — the liberties which are indispensable? Who shall dare say that in France Catholics are incapable of a similar effort? Energy and knowledge for occasion are born of necessity.

We reach the Catholic Cemetery, belonging to another corporation, which meets part of its expenses from the sale of flowers raised in gardens and hot-houses near by. Like the cemetery of Montreal, it is at once the abode of the dead and a place of recreation for the living. We drive through its shady roads, and get out of the vehicle only to pray at the mortuary chapel where the Bishop officiates on All Souls' Day. The cult of the departed is as fervent in America as in Paris; the graves are as well kept, but they do not offer the same aspect of mourning. Among this people, optimistic by nature, and confiding in God, death itself loses its desolation.

“What more can we see? Sunday is inconvenient.” Rested somewhat by the drive and the coolness which the approach of evening has brought, I do not protest. Beside, my cicerone must stop at nightfall. I am conducted to an academy for young girls, kept by the Sisters of St. Joseph. We arrive in time for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then follows some conversation with the sisters and the young girls. We recount our day's doings. As there are several teachers and pupils of the science course present, the Bishop invites them to visit the Seminary museum, and to start one of their own with the fossils and shells that they can gather in the gorges of the river.

Somewhat late for the dinner hour, we return to the Bishop's house. I do not say to the episcopal palace, for in America a bishop is not lodged with any special pomp; he resides at the presbytery of the cathedral, together with his secretary, the rector, and two or three assistants, and perhaps his vicar-general. During dinner, which, fortunately, was plain and expeditious, I was questioned concerning the religious and political situation in France, which everybody considered incomprehensible.

After dinner it is I who assume the offensive, and as soon as I find myself alone with my venerable host, of whom I have no longer the slightest fear, I ask him, without any beating about the bush, as to the facts concerning his disagreement with Archbishop Ireland, which has been talked of even in Europe. The adversaries of the Archbishop of St. Paul have indeed made much of the solemn protest addressed to him by Bishop Mac Quaid, after the Archbishop's attack upon Tammany in the New York elections. According to the only report within our reach, the old Bishop, from his pulpit, went so far as to use the following words, which are not the strongest of the discourse :

I maintain that in thus coming to New York to take part in a political struggle, the Archbishop of St. Paul has acted in a manner unbecoming his episcopal character, and has thereby given scandal to all right-minded Catholics on both sides. It was, beside, a piece of unwarrantable interference on his part to leave his own State and come here to destroy all discipline among the priests, and give our opponents an opportunity to say that priests are partisans, and use their influence for party ends. . . . It is no excuse to say that the Archbishop is working in the interests of reform. Every other

cleric aspiring to political honors would say the same. Beside, the city of New York is quite able to manage its own affairs without any help from outside, as the last election has just proved. And if we may believe the newspapers, the legislature of Minnesota stands greatly in need of purification, and his Grace would find there an ample outlet for his political zeal.

Bishop Mac Quaid would not be the American,—the energetic, straightforward man that preëminently he is,—if he felt any embarrassment in explaining his position with regard to a personal matter. “You must not take me for an enemy of Archbishop Ireland,” he said. “I have always admired his zeal; and at present we are on the best of terms. But at the time you speak of he meddled a deal too much in things that did not concern him. His interference in the New York elections raised trouble among the Catholics. It was intolerable, especially for me, who have always looked upon poor Archbishop Corrigan as my spiritual son. A protest was needed, and I undertook the burden of it. It did not please them in Rome. Cardinal Rampolla reprimanded me, saying that only the Holy See had the right to blame bishops. But all the same, Ireland gave up meddling in New York affairs, and left Corrigan at peace.” The recollection of the whole episode did not seem to be disagreeable to the Bishop; so I thought I might press a little further and ask him what he had done with regard to the proceeding of the Holy See. “I replied,” said he, “that I regretted having displeased the Holy Father, but that I was sending an explanation to the Propaganda, and they would see that if I was to blame I was not the only

one." After a moment's pause, he added: "Of course, you understand, I had to plead guilty."

Such was the conversation which brought this unforeseen day to a close. As I retired early to sleep under the hospitable roof of Bishop MacQuaid, I was more than consoled for not having seen Toronto.

Early the next morning, my host came to bid me farewell. "Since you insist," he said, "upon going this morning, it is useless to upset my plans. I am leaving on a short journey. I have given instructions that after your mass they shall show you the school; it will be well worth your while to see it. You will perhaps be surprised to find it a mixed one, and to see that here the sisters teach boys as well as girls. In Europe you have so many prejudices!" I bowed under this reproach, as if it had been personal; and I asked this holy old man for his blessing. "God bless you, God bless you," he said, almost with emotion; while I felt it very strongly. Then he went away. Providence had made me acquainted, involuntarily on my part, with one of the most illustrious pioneers of Catholicism in the United States.

The two hours between mass and the departure of the train I spent in visiting the parochial school, in company with the rector of the cathedral. There are eighteen Catholic parishes in Rochester,¹ and eighteen Catholic schools. This cathedral school numbers 560 boys and 566 girls. All the schools are

¹ Twelve are English speaking; four, German; one, French; one, Polish; and attached to the cathedral there is a chapel for the Italians.

not so large. In this one, twenty-two classes are pointed out to me. As usual, I am presented first to the sister, who responds with the customary handshake and "very much pleased," then to the children, who await this formality before rising and making their graceful bow. Although this is a primary school (grammar school) recruited from the masses, the dress, manners, and deportment of the pupils recall rather our colleges and convents. Our talk, very brief, and varying according to the ages of the children, turns on America and on Paris—a name which awakens almost universal curiosity. In each class-room there are both boys and girls, seated, however, on different benches. In the highest class there are seven or eight boys and girls of from fifteen to sixteen years, whom a sister is instructing in stenography and typewriting. The infant classes are not the least interesting; one in particular I notice, made up of little Italians, whose parents, recent immigrants, do not teach them English. They are not quite so neat and well dressed as the young Americans, but noticeably better than they would be in their native country. They are kept in a room by themselves until they understand English; afterward—that is, in six or seven weeks—they are distributed among the general classes, where very soon (for usually they are extremely bright) they learn to speak as well as the others. Here one sees, in almost mechanically perfect operation, one of the most effective agencies of assimilation.

It is needless to say that the school-work is preceded by prayer. It is the same almost everywhere

throughout the United States in educational institutions, both public and private. In the colleges, too, even in the universities, the day's studies open with a prayer or a hymn, usually followed by a lesson from the Bible. For this initial ceremony, all gather in the assembly-room or chapel. It is important to fix well in mind that America is a Christian nation, and that its neutrality consists, not in dissociating itself from religion, still less in antagonizing it, but in exhibiting a benevolent impartiality toward the different denominations. Let us add that in the Catholic schools the class begins daily with half an hour of catechism. The examinations testify that this practice does not injure the other studies, and it develops among the Catholics a religious tendency which is rarely to be found in so high a degree among other denominations.

The system of uniting in the same day-schools children of both sexes, and of having them all taught by women, is not peculiar either to the diocese of Rochester or to Catholics. If in the United States there are some exceptions, I have not met any among the grammar schools or the high schools which I have visited. Whatever Bishop Mac Quaid may say, I am not convinced that the opposition in France to the mixed schools rests entirely on prejudice. Education is not to be reformed on a point of this importance, without taking into account the habits and even the temperaments of different peoples. But what, for my part, I should accept without reserve, and what I think would be a very timely matter to submit to public opinion, is the idea of confiding to women the teaching of boys

much longer than we do, and especially for the entire period of primary instruction. Are not women, indeed, naturally better adapted than men for the work of educating children? And what is wiser than to leave to them this office which they are manifestly so capable of filling? The boys will be none the less well trained, if we may believe M. de Rousier's objection to be the only one found in America against the system,—namely, that there is some danger, not that the boys will disobey, but that they will obey from a sentiment of chivalrous delicacy rather than in response to the austere voice of duty. This plan would, beside, help society, at least partially, to solve the “woman problem,” by increasing considerably the number of situations open to that sex. Finally, it would be an immense benefit, on one side for the Catholic schools, embarrassed just now to replace the Brothers, who have been suppressed,—for they could easily find Christian schoolmistresses; and on the other, for the State itself, which complains, through its friends and officials, of an increasing difficulty in keeping up the supply of schoolmasters. Is this not, in truth, one of those reforms, very rare in our own wrangling country, upon which everybody might agree, since everybody would reap some benefit from it? Only let us hope that the different parties will take it up simultaneously, else those who hear it mooted first by the other side will not fail to fight it to the death.

On leaving Rochester at ten o'clock A. M., just twenty-four hours after my arrival, I do not observe that my stay with the prelate whom some people in

France represent as the most conservative and reactionary in America, has exactly led me to become much less progressive than formerly. But perhaps that may be due to the providential circumstance that I did not remain longer and visit a larger number of institutions. What might not have happened to my views about preparatory seminaries if I had closely examined Bishop Mac Quaid's, and found it excellent? For he deliberately turned his *petit séminaire* into a simple day-school. A pastoral letter explained his conduct in this audacious language :

Many bishops, like the Bishop of Rochester, are coming to the conclusion that it is in the elementary or preparatory seminary that the foundation of the clerical life should be laid. Some hold that this should be in boarding-schools; others, that the boy should not be removed too soon from family influences, provided that the family is truly Christian and keeps a home in which God is lovingly honored and revered. An experience of thirty-three years has convinced us that the latter system is the better. . . . From the above it will be noticed how great is the importance attached to home-training in the family. It is hard for a boy to become a worthy priest, who has not led the normal life of the family, in the world, but not of it; for a priest needs to know something of the life of those among whom he will have to live, often sharing in their sorrows and trials, with a soul of sympathy for the poverty of many and a word of encouragement for all. . . . In St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary, as a day-school and not a boarding-school, the conditions and experiences of the family life are found.¹

I finish the reading of this document as the train is approaching Buffalo. Before consigning it to my portfolio, I cannot refrain from reading again the very first sentence, "Another year of blessings and success

¹ The Pastoral is dated St. Bernard's Day, 1903.

inclines us to raise our hearts in gratitude to the Good Lord whose favors meet us at every step, and who responds to our endeavors by ever-increasing help." How many centuries have elapsed since our own French bishops have had occasion to begin their Pastorals in this strain? Many and ancient are the causes of this difference. But there is one about which, especially to-day, there can be no mistake: the aggressive irreligion of the public authorities. And I recall what Cardinal Perraud wrote to me *à propos* of the translation of Bishop Spalding's works: "One is tempted to envy him, as one reads his enthusiastic eulogies of the republican constitution under which he lives, and of the respect it shows for all rights and all sincere convictions. Our French pseudo-liberals sadly need to go to this school."

But it is high time to escape from the revolutionary atmosphere of this diocese. And to think that I shall not have an opportunity of going to St. Paul, in Minnesota, to strengthen myself anew in the good old traditions! However, I may count upon Niagara to erase any disquieting impressions.

CHAPTER VI

BUFFALO AND NIAGARA—NOTRE-DAME
UNIVERSITY

Beauty of Buffalo.—The Knights of Columbus.—American Broad-Mindedness.—Niagara.—A Growing Town: South Bend.—Father Zahm at Home.—The University of Notre Dame, Indiana.—A School of Journalism.—Latin and American Systems of Education.—St. Mary's Academy.—French Origin of Notre Dame.

BUFFALO is a beautiful and prosperous city. All day long its four hundred thousand inhabitants are at work on the quays of Lake Erie and in the huge business houses, and in the evening scatter into countless homes that stand amid gardens and lawns on the long avenues and boulevards. Nine-tenths of the city thus resembles a great series of country-houses. It is as though one or two Paris *arrondissements* were given up exclusively to shops and offices, and the other eighteen were transformed into lovely villages like Bellevue and Ville d'Avray, only without the walls which hide from the passer-by the trees and flowers and grassy lawns.

I stayed only three days in Buffalo, where I made my home with the Oblates of the French Congregation of Mary Immaculate. The fathers in this house, however, were all Americans; and their Superior, Father Fallon, a man of kindly disposition and great intelligence, made me feel thoroughly at home in this

busy little congregation, which comprises both parish school and college. Although it was only mid September, the classes had already resumed their work, and I insisted that no one should take up his time by showing me about. I half succeeded in my request; and after I had been taken on a long ride in the electric cars, and shown the principal buildings and parks, I was left alone. I found my way to the enormous coal and grain elevators along the wharves, and then to the great Ellicot Square Building, the largest and by far the most beautiful structure of the business section, a building with sixteen elevators constantly in motion and with offices for five thousand persons. In the evening my hosts took me for a walk under the trees of the great avenues and promenades along the lake, where the wild buffaloes that have given the city its name once came to drink. Then we visited the hall of a Catholic society, where I admired the library, with its circulating volumes filling one story of the building and its books of reference and study-rooms occupying another. Men and women were seated about, absorbed in reading; and the stillness was broken only by the low voices of patrons or employees asking or giving information. As we stepped into a fine assembly-room, I was told that it was the meeting-place of the Knights of Columbus. This is a fraternal secret order composed exclusively of Catholics. The organization is spread widely throughout the United States, and has kept itself entirely free from the danger so common among such societies, of pursuing a policy of selfish exclusiveness rather than

one of moral improvement. As the Knights count many priests among them, there is thus strong reason for hoping that they will always observe their present prudence, and will never arouse hatred or distrust. The existence of such a union of Catholics is sufficiently accounted for by the great number of secret societies in the United States, from many of which Catholics are barred. Among the prohibited orders are the Odd Fellows and the Free Masons, the former of which, I was told, is entirely neutral in the matter of religion, while the latter is not hostile to the faith, as it is with us. The microbe of intolerance cannot thrive in the moral atmosphere of the United States. Even in organisms where under other conditions it would wax numerous, it languishes and decays. The phylloxera of bigotry does not grow at the root of American freedom.

How happily distant intolerance is from America, this very city of Buffalo furnished a characteristic and not uncommon proof in the public reception given to its new bishop, Mgr. Colton, fifteen days before my arrival. From the railway station, where he was met with a distinguished ovation, to the door of his cathedral, Dr. Colton's carriage, escorted by mounted police, passed through streets that were hung with flags and thronged by enthusiastic crowds. Then, after the ceremony of installation, the prelates and clergy reviewed a great torchlight procession, which took two hours and a half to pass the reviewing stand, being estimated at thirty thousand men, fifteen thousand of them mounted, who marched to the music of thirty bands. During

the parade, there was a splendid exhibition of fireworks.

What, to my mind, lends the chief interest to this spectacle is that, great as it was, it did not take place in New York, Chicago, or Boston, where the number of Catholics is enormous, and we might therefore expect such a demonstration, but in a city where Catholics are comparatively in no special strength. In the whole diocese of Buffalo there are two hundred thousand Catholics. The people not only did not take ill this homage to a bishop, but were glad to have a share in it. It is true that Bishop Colton was a stranger to them, but they recognized that he was coming to do a helpful work in their city, and that, like all other members of the American hierarchy, he would on every possible occasion work for the general welfare of the community.¹

Near Buffalo is Niagara. To describe the marvel of the Falls, pictured by innumerable pens already, would be useless and out of place. But, on the other hand, if the traveller passes by in silence this most impressive of his recollections, he must needs feel

¹ How well Bishop Colton answered these expectations is seen in the concluding words of the discourse which he delivered in the Cathedral: "My heart goes out to you, beloved clergy and beloved laity; and happy and prosperous will be our work together. To all the people of this city, of which henceforth I am to be an humble citizen, I extend most respectful salutations. In many things our work will be in common, and I will labor side by side with all in everything that will redound to the honor and general good of the city of which henceforth I am to be an humble member. Love of country and love of God are synonymous to the Christian mind; and love of our fellow-countrymen and interest in their affairs, and a helping hand in their honest endeavors, is the Christian and practical way of carrying out both. For God and for country, then, and for the good he may do for his own and for all, stands, as did his predecessor, the new Bishop of Buffalo."

remorse, as though he had been ungrateful. If we had no truer description than the brilliant but rather fantastic one given by Châteaubriand in "Atala," and in the "Travels in America," one might be pardoned for a long digression on the great cataract, on the bold pretext that Châteaubriand needed to be corrected. But when so many famous writers have left us exact and eloquent accounts, what need is there of many words from me? Listen to Ampère, declaring that for him the greatest work from the hands of man are the ruins of Thebes, and the mightiest work of Nature is the Falls of Niagara. "Having seen," he added, "all the falls of Switzerland, Scotland, Norway, and the Pyrenees, I am sure that if all of them were put together they would be swallowed and drowned in Niagara. Compared with it, they are as pigmies to a Titan." And the caustic criticism of Dickens's "American Notes" passes into lyric exultation and religious fervor when the great novelist gives voice to his emotions before the majesty of Niagara.¹

One of the numerous books distributed in profusion by the steamboat and railway companies tells us naively, after having quoted Dickens's description, that "since the great novelist's visit, the surroundings

¹ Dickens wrote: "For the first time I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice; but I was soon at the bottom, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferryboat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before the cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked,—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my

of the Falls have been greatly improved." It seems that there was a time, fifty years ago, when man did his best to spoil this masterpiece of Nature, by scattering about such profanations as inns, mills, factories, and advertising placards. But for some years past public authority has put a stop to this vandalism, and wise legislation has extended its protection over Niagara in a similar way as over the National Park. There are still in the vicinity, though not along the edge of the Falls, hotels, restaurants, and souvenir-stores; but most people who are loud in complaint of all these would be the first to find fault if such conveniences were absent.

A part of the immense volume of water at the Falls is now turned aside in order to obtain therefrom some thousands of volts of electricity. But it needs a vivid imagination to appreciate the harm done to the cataract by diverting its water in so slight a degree. As for us, who have come from Buffalo so easily and rapidly, thanks to this same borrowed force, we are glad to find ourselves in some sense the guests of Niagara, and to know that it has itself brought us into the midst of all its wonders. I am quite aware that were it not for the alarming progress of industry, with its black boilers, —

Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one, — instant and lasting, — of the tremendous spectacle was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!"

the motive power of the transatlantic steamers and railways,—the Ocean would still guard the secret of its islands, America its virgin forest, and Niagara its wild solitude; but I also know that I should have seen nothing of all these marvels, and many who now grumble would have been in like case. At the same time, one cannot forbear asking why these sublime souls who are so horrified at all these changes condescend to profit by them. Who hinders them from crossing the Atlantic in a sail-boat, passing the Adirondacks through regions many of which still remain trackless, and traversing on foot the twenty miles that separate Buffalo from Niagara Falls? Frankly speaking, those who are not more than content with their visit to Niagara have really too complex souls. I own that for my part, having visited in the afternoon the rapids and the magnificent gorges formed by the foaming torrent whose boiling waters precipitate themselves into Lake Ontario, and in the evening stopping again to contemplate the immense cataract, almost a mile in breadth and as high as the towers of Notre Dame de Paris, I experienced to the full that emotion which a mighty marvel of creation is capable of awakening in the heart of man.

From Buffalo to Chicago one may have choice of several routes. I was told that as good a road as any other ran along the southern shore of Lake Erie, from Buffalo at its extreme eastern end to Toledo at its extreme western end, a distance of three hundred miles, and gave one an opportunity to visit Lake

Chautauqua, a famous Summer resort, "one of the greatest in the world," of course, where very numerous vacation courses of study are held. Wishing to stop at South Bend for a call upon the University of Notre Dame, I took this line as the most convenient for my plan.

I can give no description of the Lake Erie shore, as I traversed it by night, enjoying the luxury of a Pullman car, which waited at Buffalo until the New York Express should pick us up and start with us on a night ride of eleven hours. We delayed at Toledo next morning only long enough for breakfast, during which our obliging colored porter transformed our sleeping-place into an elegant *salon*. Not a sign of beds or berths or heavy curtains was left, and we breathed freely in a fine hall sixty feet or so in length and ten or twelve feet high.

Farther and farther we sped from the Atlantic. We had to set our watches according to "central time," an hour's difference from "New York time." And as we changed locations, we changed climate also. At Rochester and Buffalo, the heat had been stifling, even at night. But here the temperature was delightful, almost cold, in fact. A newspaper, comparing the Sahara heat of northern New York and the premature snow-fall in Dakota, exclaimed: "What a fortunate country we live in, where one can have whatever climate best pleases him, only provided one has the means of travelling!" Just then we were among those happy mortals, and during our run through Ohio and Indiana were enjoying a morning

air of delicious coolness, while elsewhere people were sweltering. Ohio and Indiana, — fine wild names, are they not? But from the car-window one sees more wheat-fields than virgin forests, and more sheep than beasts of prey.

We arrived in South Bend an hour late. Two new students for the University rode in the same carriage with us through the little town. Perhaps I am wrong in the phrase "little town," for although South Bend has hardly more than twenty thousand inhabitants, it is nevertheless, with its fine stores, remarkably wide avenues, and paved streets, like the beginning of a great city. Everything looks new and expectant. It is still, however, hardly beyond the uncertainty of a "boom town," of which there have been many examples in America. One could not assert positively whether South Bend will disappear or whether its carriage and wagon industry will raise it to a high rank in manufacturing. Frequently the "boom town" succeeds; when it fails, the land reverts to the cattle-raiser and the farmer.

The streets along which we drove toward Notre Dame — muddy enough they were from recent rains — lay amid a fertile and monotonous country. The two students looked glum, as though putting to themselves the question, "Into what miserable kind of a place are they taking us, anyhow?" But at the end of a weary half-hour we caught sight of the beautiful academic city, its varied buildings standing out picturesquely against a background of parks, parterres, wide prairies, and delightful lakes. Down a long avenue we passed,

between high trees and beds of flowers, and stopped at the central building, the dome of which brought to mind Val de Grace. Near by was a church, which I took for a cathedral. After a cordial greeting from Father Morissey, the President of the University, Father Zahm appeared, and took me to his rooms, from which he governs the American province of the Holy Cross Congregation, and where he has composed the scientific works and apologetics which have made his name well known in Europe and America.

With this superior man, whose faith is as ardent as his knowledge is deep, — truly one of the influential priests in the church to-day, — I spent three delightful days. They were days of rest, of companionship, and of useful conversation upon many questions, which, however, always led back to the central theme of religion. Father Zahm, though so simple a man, seems to know everybody and everything on both sides of the Atlantic. He is in correspondence with learned scientific investigators in Europe, the most eminent of whom he has visited in their homes; he has not only cultivated his specialty, the natural sciences, but has written a book on "Evolution and Dogma," and he is devoted to Dante. In fact, it was under his roof, in this little corner of Indiana, that I found the most numerous, most ancient, most rare, and best illustrated editions of the "Divina Commedia" that I ever saw. Truly, Father Zahm is a scholar and at the same time a missionary. He is a man of action as well as of thought.



FATHER ZAHM

On the day of my arrival, he was entirely taken up with the matter of finding places in the different American dioceses for several of the exiled French nuns. And as for his official duties, it is certainly no sinecure to rule a community of zealous and enterprising religionists scattered throughout America. It is characteristic of him that when he was notified in Europe last year of the complete destruction by fire of one of the Holy Cross colleges, in Austin, Texas, he cabled in reply that the college should be rebuilt on a grander scale in time for the following Fall opening. This was at Easter time; and in August the building was finished.¹

Beside Father Zahm, I met many interesting characters at Notre Dame. I was delighted with Father Fitte, professor of philosophy, a Frenchman from Metz, one of whose classes I attended with great pleasure. Mr. James Edwards, professor of history, loves and serves Notre Dame as the best patriot does his country. He is librarian of the institution, and his plan is to make Notre Dame a great depository of religious archives. Finally, I must give special mention to Father Hudson, director of the printing establishment, and editor of the "Ave Maria," which, if I mistake not, is the most widely circulated Catholic periodical in the English language. It is wonderful how this gentle and winning man, in his country abode, has at his fingers' ends the contemporary religious history of the world; even such facts as only the initiated few are supposed to know are familiar to

¹ I owe to the suggestion of Father Zahm the title of the present volume.

him. And his vast information is so easily grasped and dexterously handled that it flows with charming ease into his conversation; so that to listen to him is to lose all sense of the fleeting hours.

But in speaking of men, we must not forget their works. In America one does not find universities that confine themselves, as ours do, merely to higher classical education. As a rule, they are vast institutions, which, while commonly according the first place to letters, law, sciences, and medicine, endeavor also to produce engineers, business men, mechanics, agriculturists, and even theologians. The University of Notre Dame belongs preëminently to this complex type, and the widest variety of education is at the disposal of its nine hundred students. Its advanced course comprises four departments: letters, sciences, law, and engineering. Included in these schools are also such branches as pharmacy, architecture, business, and journalism. This last, which sounds strange to a Frenchman, is strictly a post-graduate course; it is restricted to those who have at least a bachelor's degree. The young journalist's course comprises political economy, history, a study of the principal journals of other countries, and the laws governing the press, the writing of advertisements and head-lines, and various matters touching the printer's art. The students carry out their practical exercises under the direction of an experienced journalist, and from time to time the metropolitan journals of the neighboring city of Chicago admit these efforts to their columns, compensation being given to the author in such cases.

Of course, in a university with this adjunct, I had to be interviewed. The outcome was no more inaccurate than I have encountered before, and shall doubtless encounter again. I suppose, if the interview was a little more laborious than usual, it was because I was set upon by three good-natured torturers at once, who took down my remarks each according to the needs of the particular newspaper he represented. Out of this coöperative effort appeared one article especially which went the round of the press, giving a fairly correct account of my views upon the religious crisis in France.

The collegiate department, which begins with boys at about thirteen and leads them on to philosophy or corresponding branches, is like our secondary education. It leads to one or the other of the baccalaureate degrees which is conferred by the institution itself. This privilege of giving degrees is granted generously by all the States of the Union to important educational establishments. Public opinion values a diploma according to the repute of the college that grants it. This is a sort of controlling influence upon the abuses to which so liberal a State system might readily give rise. Our own centralization of education has its abuses, too, which impose burdens upon the public finances and restrict the rights of parents and teachers.

At Notre Dame there is a Minim department, which consists of boys from six to thirteen years of age. These little fellows have their own house, St. Edward's Hall, and also their own chapel, play-rooms, park, and field for outdoor games. There are about

a hundred of them, and, with the exception of three or four courses reserved to the University professors, their education is in the hands of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The daily routine shows an almost maternal solicitude for their welfare. At least once a week they must write home.

It requires only a brief examination of the discipline of Notre Dame to bring out an essential distinction which exists between English and American education on the one hand, and French education on the other; it is that the former allows more freedom to collegians and less to advanced students than we do. Certainly it is not the least of the inconveniences of our system that up to a boy's eighteenth year we deprive him of all initiative, and then of a sudden fling him into absolute independence. There is not one boy in our secondary schools who would not feel like an escaped prisoner if he were to enter Eton, or an American college, or the similar school in France, the *École des Roches*. On the other hand, there is not a young man among our advanced students who would not feel disgraced if he were asked to submit to the discipline that governs the graduates of Oxford, Harvard, or Notre Dame. Undoubtedly surveillance ought to be proportioned to the age of the student, but it is unwise to make all surveillance odious from the very beginning by irritating restraints, and then when a boy's dangers are greatest to leave him absolutely to his own devices. The best education is that which is nearest to life. Now, the ideal life is not that of the barracks, where everything is done by order,

nor that of the hotel, where caprice holds sway, but that of the family and the home. The nearer to this ideal a college stands, the better it is. At Notre Dame I was pleased to see two fine dormitories with separate rooms for the students; Sorin Hall, a building where the older boys live, and which has accommodations for a hundred, beside containing a chapel, reading-room, and law library; and Corby Hall, which has room for a hundred and twenty-five residents, and possesses also its own chapel and recreation rooms. As there is abundance of ground left to build on, and as there are plenty of capable professors to manage new developments, this system of separate establishments seems bound to grow to larger proportions. The students' fees, which vary from seventy to a hundred and fifty dollars yearly, should furnish a good foundation for such a growth.

At Notre Dame, difficulties are looked upon as things to be conquered. How can a university like this, so far from a great centre of population, feed eight hundred mouths? Oxford can do it, for it has an entire town at its service; but how can Notre Dame? We are answered by being told that the university has telegraph and telephone facilities; its own post-office, bakery, slaughter-house, refrigerator and cold-storage plant, fishing-pond, and farms. It even produces its own electricity. And as for modern applications of science to the practical needs of life, from scientific fuel to the scientific washing of clothes, Notre Dame is the place to see them. The laundry and ironing rooms are a marvel. The good sisters in charge have

hardly anything more to do than keep count of the linen as it goes into the vat and receive it when it comes from the laundry, starched and stiff. One of them was complaining to Father Zahm, while I was present, that they were losing all the merit of labor through these fine inventions. "Oh," said he, "we are only in the barbarian stage yet. We are going to keep on with improvements until all you sisters will have to do will be to sit comfortably in a rocking-chair and look benevolently at the machine."

From all this one can imagine what the laboratories must be, chemical, physical, mechanical, and electrical; and the museums of biology, geology, mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany, not omitting the astronomical observatory. Everything is constructed for permanence and growth. Since 1842, and in America, that has no remote antiquity, the progress has gone on without danger or embarrassment. No graver misfortune has happened than an occasional fire, which has simply meant rebuilding and refurnishing on a grander scale. There has been no fear, and there need be none, of interference and oppression from the State. Such a tyranny will be impossible until the national character of America changes through and through. We in France have no security like this. And so when a rector at Paris complains because so little is given to his university he forgets that people are withheld from contributing by the inevitable question, "What will become of this money if to-morrow the always possible revolution breaks out?" Or, "Will the Government permit the universities to retain it?" This is why

our great schools have not the revenues received by the colleges of the United States. Notre Dame can ask for money with perfect assurance; the donations made now will still bear fruit two or three centuries hence, and will never be taken away by tyranny of any sort.

Bishop's Memorial Hall is interesting for its busts and portraits of famous prelates. Other illustrious dead also are here. In 1886 the remains of the glorious convert and copious writer, Orestes A. Brownson, were brought hither, and buried by the side of the early missionaries in the splendid Church of the Sacred Heart.

The future belongs to the free. Near the university are a seminary and a novitiate training up future masters. I shall never forget the affectionate welcome given me by the seminarians and novices. Among the scholastics, I beheld a little group of sorrowful-looking young Frenchmen just arrived in America and unable to speak a word of English, who seemed to be asking themselves anxiously if here at last they would be permitted to consecrate themselves to God. In recognition of the country of its origin, the Holy Cross Congregation, which counts in America three hundred and seventy-two members,—more than half of its entire number,—elected again at its last chapter a French Superior General. He has since been exiled.

A mile or two from Notre Dame is the mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, where novices are trained who will later assist in the colleges, or will themselves conduct schools and academies for girls.

Here, beside the novitiate, is St. Mary's Academy, which has enjoyed half a century of celebrity, and which, by availing itself of the advantage of the neighboring University, was, I think, the first Catholic institution to give the benefit of the higher branches to young women. To-day, with Trinity of Washington and Notre Dame of Maryland—to speak only of the establishments I myself visited—it proves by its splendid success how capable the Church in America is to perceive and to adopt such new departures as are useful and good.

Before saying farewell to Notre Dame, this great centre of religious and intellectual life, I find it consoling to reflect that the existence of the institution, and of many other useful foundations as well, is due to the zeal of our missionaries from France. Father Edward Sorin, of the little Congregation of the Holy Cross, left Le Mans on the 5th and Havre on the 8th of August, 1841, with four Brothers and two novices. On the 14th of September, after a month's voyage, not as a cabin passenger, but in the steerage, he landed in New York, and, as he wrote to his superior, "kissed with joy the soil of America for which he had sighed so ardently." On the 26th of November, 1842, one year later, he settled where to-day rise the towers and domes of Notre Dame. Here he wished, with God's assistance, to found a great college. Indians then roamed the country, and were its sole inhabitants. Some missionaries had previously passed through, however, and left behind a cabin crowned with a cross. Father Sorin, on his arrival, looked upon a clearing

covered with snow, two lakes frozen solid, and, encompassing all, a circle of unbroken forest. But there were resources. One who was a little better off than Father Sorin, Mgr. Hailandiere, Bishop of Vincennes, to whose jurisdiction this mission belonged, wrote him the following significant note: "My dear *confrère*, you will find enclosed, instead of the three hundred and ten dollars which you asked of me, a letter of credit on M. N. for two hundred and thirty-one dollars, twelve and a half cents. I think this is what he still owes me. Don't forget that the taxes on the Lake property have not been paid for this year. My hopes keep pace with my wishes." How fortunate that the faith and courage of the missionary were equally great!

Thus, of all that I saw at Notre Dame there was not a sign sixty years ago. Within a hundred miles of the desert-place of that day was a little city of 6,690 souls. It has gained renown since then, and I must pay it a visit.

CHAPTER VII

CHICAGO

My Fellow-Travellers.—Immensity of Chicago.—Solitude and Business.—In a Church of Colored Baptists.—Beauty and Ugliness.—The Two Chicagos.—Visit to a Public School.—A Great Bookstore.—Hospitality and Charm.—Hull House and Settlement-Workers.—Chicago's Wonderful History.—The City of the Future.

THE two or three hours spent on the train between South Bend and Chicago were not without interest. True, the country traversed exhibited nothing particularly striking until we neared Lake Michigan; but I found compensation in studying my fellow-passengers. There are at least sixty in our car, which is almost full. The majority are girls, rather fashionable-looking, who are travelling alone or two by two. One, sitting beside me, is reading a translation of "Electra"; on her lap is Lessing's "Laocoön." Others, less formidable, seem trying to beat one another chatting, yet in a subdued tone of voice.

We are on an "accommodation" train; at every stop new passengers enter, and soon all the seats are taken. I surrender mine to a woman, and, seeking a place on the platform, am soon deep in conversation with a Chicago tradesman. He is a German, native of Cologne. About 1880 he came to America, and has succeeded so well in business here that he has no desire to leave. That does not hinder him, however, from

speaking very severely of the city of his adoption. "Chicago," he said, "has magnificent parks, boulevards, and residences; but the greater part of it is dirty to a disgusting degree. One would think that with the twenty millions of dollars that we pay in taxes every year, the city would be able to present a clean and respectable appearance; but three-fourths of the money goes right into the pockets of the unscrupulous politicians who are keeping a tight hold on the city government. But of course they have to satisfy their followers; and how else can they be reimbursed for their heavy election expenses? Democrats or Republicans, one lot is as bad as the other; it is not worth while to turn the rascals out—their successors would be worse. In this country, everyone bends the knee in worship of the Almighty Dollar." And in fact, this severe critic seems as devout a worshipper as the rest; if the country is so disagreeable to him, why, except for his pecuniary interests, does n't he quit it for good? Beside, it is easy enough to see that a city which has increased a million inhabitants in the last two decades can hardly have everything in apple-pie order; no wonder certain streets are still unswept, unmacadamized, unpaved. If you add to the tirade of my German friend all that I had heard of "the city of pork-packers" in Europe and Canada, you will understand that I entered it without much prepossession in its favor. Some good people, indeed, had whispered into my ear that no one who had the faintest love of beauty or retained more than a shred of moral sense would willingly set foot on the streets of Chicago.

Were it not for the gracious welcome extended to me on my arrival by Father Riordan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church and brother of the Archbishop of San Francisco, my first impressions, indeed, would not have been of the happiest. Alighting at the Thirty-first Street station of the Lake Shore Railroad, I was brought by my host to Wabash Avenue, one of the most important of the city's thoroughfares. One might call it, in this section, the dividing line between a quarter that is wealthy, elegant, and finished, and another still in construction, where shabby frame-houses elbow palaces, and factories alternate with unkempt prairies. North or south, the street, avenue, boulevard—which ever you will—continues in a straight line till lost from view. Wabash Avenue, however, cannot be compared in length with Western Avenue, which is twenty-two miles long, and has a width in some places of about two hundred feet. Distances here, in fact, are somewhat disconcerting. I inquire of Father Riordan if I can visit a certain house before nightfall; I show him the address, and he replies that the place is twelve miles away. On one of my letters of introduction, he notices the address of a person living a little nearer. We go to the house together; but how could I ever hope to find it alone? No number is to be seen; the one on the envelope, however, is not useless, for at least it indicates the block in which the house is situated, each block beginning with the even hundred, though it may contain only a few houses. We rap and ring the bell at every door of the house where I ex-

pected to find Mr. X. Not a soul answers; not a porter or servant is in the house, although it is quite a large mansion. The family evidently are in the country, and we have had our long journey for nothing. Were it not for the trolley cars and the telephone, which one finds everywhere, American cities would be uninhabitable or would appear deserted. What would be thought if I said that one of the features of Chicago is that there is nobody on foot in the streets? The descriptions of all other travellers would be arrayed against me; and their testimony would no doubt be valid as to the business district. As a matter of fact, no corner of the globe is more crowded than the centre of Chicago,—and we may add, of New York,—with human beings on foot, in automobiles, on bicycles, in trolley cars, or crowded, thousands upon thousands, in the gigantic stores and office buildings. But in the evening they begin to disperse, and each seeks a quiet nook as far away as possible from this agglomeration. When two millions of people are all looking for tranquil spots, the immense stretch of land required to satisfy everyone, and the desert-like aspect of the outlying districts, can be imagined.

After mass the next morning, at which I gave communion for a full quarter of an hour, I started off to assist at services in a Catholic church for colored people. It is so near the rectory that I decline the aid of a guide. Soon, however, without perceiving it, I have passed the little chapel I am seeking, and am in front

of a large church toward which many negroes are directing their steps. We are in a negro quarter; that is plain. It was not so in former times,— which means here, about three years ago. The arrival of the blacks gives the signal to the whites to depart. A strange and cruel prejudice I would have thought it before my visit to America; to-day the question, to which I shall return, appears different and more complex. Even the most humble and most friendly Catholics find it only natural to build separate churches for colored people. Bishop Spalding, while he was still a young curate at Louisville, and wished to devote himself to mission work among the negroes, established and managed a special parish for them. The idea never seems to have occurred to him (or it would have been impracticable) to found special works for them in the local parish. Even with the best disposition and the greatest mutual good-will, it is a fact that blacks and whites cannot mingle habitually, either at church or at school, in the hotels, or even in the same neighborhood. It need hardly be said that this separate tendency is not peculiar to Catholics, as we shall presently see.

The negro of whom I ask the name of the church at which I have just arrived informs me that it is a Baptist church. He adds that services will not begin for some time yet, and offers to lead me to the Sunday school, which is in session next door. I take advantage of my mistake to learn something, and follow my guide. He shows me into a rather long, low hall, where many children and some adults are singing hymns to the tune of a merry-go-round. The music over, a colored

minister tells how happy he is to be present, and what a fine school they have; then more music. Next, a white woman tells what a fine school they have, and how happy she is to be present; then music again, and all is over. I leave the Sunday school without having learned much, I fear, but perhaps it is not always conducted in this manner.

I return to the church. The services begin, two white women and two colored men leading the singing. It would be unkind to speak ill of it. Seated in a little corner near the entrance, I watch the men and women while they join in their devotions, and I become very sad on feeling myself so remote from all those souls. Never before have I assisted at a negro service, nor been in a Baptist church. What takes place within their souls? Doubtless we adore the same God; but what barriers lie between us nevertheless! If I had the time, I should like to know these people a little better, to come in touch with them. Nor would it be impossible. At this moment, some one on the platform, seeing my clerical costume, has graciously invited me to come forward. Will I advance, and after they have finished accept an invitation to speak? But they are waiting for me at the Rectory, and probably I shall not be able to remain to the end. This is my excuse, and a sincere one, which they accept. Beside, as a Catholic priest, I do not wish to find myself taking part in ceremonies of which I am ignorant. What, for instance, is this negro, just rising, — a minister, probably, — about to do, while the audience bow their heads? In a loud voice, at times even crying out, he is invoking

the descent of the Holy Ghost; and some of the faithful, here and there, at unexpected moments, betray their emotion by sighs or groans or mutterings. It is a strange scene surely, and one which might excite ridicule in the ill-disposed; but their sincerity, on the contrary, touches me, and I feel sure that God, who looks into their hearts, is pleased with their simple devotion. I regret all the more that lack of leisure prevents me from penetrating further into this unknown world; but it is time to go, and in a dreamy, uneasy frame of mind, I quit the church, just as the colored congregation are beginning a new hymn.

At the Rectory I find some friends of Bishop Spalding and Father Riordan, who plan an outing for me in town for the afternoon. When they return, at two o'clock, I ask if we cannot go first to see a parade that is about to be given by the Germans in honor of the new Archbishop, Monseigneur Quigley. We are already too late, I am told, as the place of the parade is nine miles distant. That brings me back again to the realization of Chicago's immensity. For five hours we drive behind two fine trotting horses, with hardly a stop, and at the end have seen only one section of the city. So pleasant are both trip and company that I do not feel the time passing. We started only a few minutes ago, and now we are driving "down town," through avenues adorned with magnificent residences, each placed amid lawns and flower-beds. Some of the buildings, it is true, are rather fantastic, but the majority, I must say, despite the current prejudices to the contrary, are in

perfect taste. Only the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, or the outskirts of Hyde Park in London, surpass the avenues I here traverse; and, for that matter, we are about to see one or two boulevards fully equal to those just named. The architects of the United States have made wonderful progress of late; and we are the readier to acknowledge this, since many of them have studied at our School of Fine Arts. I am thinking of their good taste when I say this; as to their technical knowledge, it certainly is not slight, if it is they, though probably it is the civil engineers, who have charge of house-moving. We pass before a large church which was moved to its present location some years ago.

Now the aspect of the buildings changes, and shops and houses are rather interesting till we reach the business centre. As this is Sunday, the bee-hive is closed; no buzzing noise, scarcely a stir; the bees are on holiday, winging hither and thither on the lawns of the parks. Before us is the Auditorium, a fair example of an American hotel, too rich, too large, but at the same time pleasant and quiet,—yes, quiet for those who are acquainted with its peaceful recesses. You may take your afternoon nap there, undisturbed, in the corner of some oriental alcove; you may, if you like, give a concert there, or listen to one, or lecture, in a hall that seats four thousand people. We take an express elevator which carries us up seventeen stories, to the beginning of the tower, without a stop. We climb fifty steps or so higher, and overlook Chicago. Below us are some pygmy buildings of eight or ten

stories; farther off, piercing the sky, are the Masonic Temple, some banks, and an immense department store that would easily contain the Louvre and the Bon Marché of Paris put together. To the west, as far as the eye can see, is a dizzy stretch of houses. To the east, and nearer us, is Lake Michigan; but what a hideous jumble of warehouses and tracks and depots between us and the blue waters, hiding them from our eyes! What a disappointment it must be to a European who settles down for a stay in this neighborhood of elegant hotels, close to the great lake, and can see only its grimy approaches! May he do as we did, on quitting the high tower,—namely, drive through the enchanting parks, where Chicago, Sunday after Sunday, pours out its hundreds and thousands of working-people along the rich lawns, or under shady trees that date from yesterday, but seem ages old, or by the side of pier or beach where one may stop and listen to the beating surf of that vast inland sea. It is possible, without crossing the limits of the city, to drive sixty-six miles through its various parks. What traveller will brave all prejudice, and be the first to tell the world that there are very few cities uniting as much loveliness in their parks, their avenues, and their boulevards, as this prosaic city of Chicago? I would be the second to such a one; and I would add that I have hardly seen anywhere else so many people praying in the churches, or visiting the museums and galleries, or reading in the libraries. “What! Is this indeed Chicago,—beautiful, devout, æsthetic, intellectual? It cannot be. Chicago means business and material-

ism; slaughter-houses and pork-packers." What can be answered to that?

That side exists, too, I know; there is no soul without a body. To-morrow the body will be seen; to-day, on this happy Sunday afternoon, only the soul appears. Scarcely feeling the journey from Lincoln Park and the Lake Shore Drive on the North, through Michigan and Drexel Boulevards, we have come to Washington and Jackson Parks on the South Side. Here we are near the handsome university to which Mr. Rockefeller's millions have piped the Pierian springs; near also to the relics of the Columbian Exposition, which consist, happily, far more in pleasure-gardens than in gingerbread palaces. It is evening; the air is refreshing and invigorating; the serene heavens, unobscured by even the most delicate veil of smoke, shine with a clearness worthy of mountainous climes. What is this unknown charm in the air, felt in every living creature around me? They tell me, and later I begin to understand it better, as it will be my good fortune to enjoy it some time longer: it is a foretaste of the Indian Summer, that delightful but brief season which, every year toward the middle of Autumn, scatters joy through the Eastern and Middle States; it is dry but not dusty, warm without being oppressive, cool yet with no touch of frost; an African sky above a land that is as pleasant as France.

A few stars have already risen when I return to my indulgent host. After supper we go to visit a convent which has not less than a hundred professed sisters and novices, from which one may infer that the number of

pupils is very great. I cannot help admiring the spacious structure, and especially the magnificent chapel. We find the community engaged in recreation, celebrating some feast of the convent; everything is full of dignity and quietness. Only one sad note is heard: it is when, with the solicitude of sisters, they ask about the religious orders of France. Here everything goes on so well. It is known that Chicago, which yesterday did not exist, has now a million Catholics, almost all practical, and one hundred and forty flourishing parishes—more than double the number of Paris.

Things move in Chicago. I believe myself that I have not lost any time, for now that my day is over I feel what a crowded one it has been. And yet I have forgotten to state that on leaving the convent we went to spend the rest of the evening with a lawyer of the neighborhood; and that we found there, in the refined surroundings of this Chicago home, as much charm, good taste, and distinction of manner as one would expect to find in the old cultured cities of Europe, in Stockholm or Nancy or Florence.

Yesterday it was Florence: to-day the Stock-Yards! It is planned that in the morning I shall go to visit the packing-houses, from which hundreds of thousands of heads of beef and pork and mutton are daily distributed over the globe. I will not attempt, after the efforts of Paul Bourget and other exquisite artists, to describe the minutiae of the Chicago slaughter-houses. . . . I draw some comfort from the idea that if thousands of dumb

creatures must be sacrificed daily to supply our needs, it is there done with as little cruelty as possible.

A quarter of an hour after quitting the Stock-Yards, I find myself, by a happy contrast, in a really delightful primary public school. There is no bigotry dominating within its walls, for many Catholics are chosen as teachers. The instruction, of course, is not denominational; on the other hand, it is not irreligious,—far from it, for here all the truths and worship common to Christian churches may be freely honored. No one is surprised to see two Catholic priests visit the classes; and it would be difficult for us to judge, from the welcome we receive, whether any little boy or girl, or even the teacher, is a Catholic or not. Once, indeed, a photograph of the Madonna di Grand Duca attracted the attention of an inspector, who feared that it might offend certain Protestants; but he soon recognized that a masterpiece of art is in place everywhere. It is well known that Catholics, dissatisfied with this religious neutrality, sincere though it may be, erect free schools by the side of nearly every church; and the State, happy to be relieved of part of its burden, looks favorably on the work. Though the parish of St. Elizabeth is relatively small, I visited there a school where thirteen Sisters of Mercy instruct 365 girls and 247 boys. In the diocese of Chicago, with its million of Catholics, 93,388 children are being educated under Catholic care.

Many other memories still linger with me, of the luxuriously furnished banks, the mammoth stores, the masses of people, the overcrowded cars, the sixty

railroad lines which, with mighty rumbling, cross one another on the elevated tracks or run along the streets with little regard to passers-by. This is the Chicago known to the whole world; what need to speak of it?

One evening Father Riordan took me to dine with a family who are friends of his,—and, seeing the sympathies and ideas we share in common, I may add, of mine also. Nowhere have I found a more charming or more cordial welcome. I may remark, in passing, that the American, as a rule, is fully as generous in his hospitality as the Englishman, and tenders it with a more happy and cheerful grace; uniting the seriousness of the North with the gay manner of the South. It is this happy and cheerful spirit that presides at our dinner. The repast ended, we seat ourselves, in the cool of the evening, on the white-columned veranda, where we can breathe the fragrant air of the garden as one might do in a Tuscan villa. The conversation moves merrily along, all the members of this pleasant family taking part; the father's entertaining talk showing that the successful practice of a profession need not absorb all one's intellectual energy, the equally interesting wife and sister-in-law and children proving worthy members of such a family circle. Unconsciously they are giving me a delightful picture of American life, such as is not often drawn by the popular novelists, who seek their characters in the fashionable watering-places and other resorts of the gay world. Our conversation discloses such a community of ideas, of views, of tastes, as I, a stranger, had no right to expect.

An exchange of news, of bits of information, follows our discussions. In return for what I tell them about Paris, about Europe, I learn something of America and of Chicago. They tell me, in particular, about Hull House.

Hull House is a "settlement," that is, a centre in one of the poor quarters of a large city, where people of the better class take up their residence in order to get into closer touch with their less fortunate brothers, and be able to render them the greatest possible help. Paris and London have seen admirable efforts of this sort: who does not know, for instance, the names of Popincourt and Toynbee Hall? The establishment of Hull House dates from 1889, and since then its example has been followed throughout America. In 1895 there were no more than twenty of these settlements; now they are counted by the hundred. But the pioneer settlement of Chicago is still the most prominent, owing as much to the superior character and ability of its foundress, Miss Jane Addams, who is still the soul of Hull House, as to the extent of the misery which it relieves.

Is it then true that America has its poor and unfortunate class? Undoubtedly; it has those whom Europe sends to it, and they are numerous in all the large cities, especially in New York and Chicago. More than half the people of Chicago were born in the Old World, principally Germany, Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary. One Bohemian district of Chicago would

equal, for example, the third city of Bohemia in population.

Imagine a million foreigners, a large proportion ignorant of the language of the country, landing in America with an average fortune of twenty dollars each, and all settling in one of the worst quarters of this immense city. Does it not seem as if evils, like everything else, must be on a grand scale here? But the remedy will be in proportion to the evil, and that remedy is the charity of American women. Many of these newcomers in their strange surroundings need a helping hand; and America shows the spectacle of society women relieving their most pressing wants, sending the sick to hospitals, procuring employment for adults, gathering together little children, attracting, softening, civilizing all these poor barbarians. Such is the object of most of those women's clubs which we in France ridicule, judging them by peculiar and exceptional cases. Such is the object which Miss Addams set herself in creating Hull House, and it is carried out, in hearty coöperation with her, by the best men and women, from all ranks of life, and from all kinds of belief, — Catholic, Protestant, or non-Christian. Desiring to aid the foundress, who lives at the settlement-house, these devoted assistants come in turn to take up residence there, in this true house of the people, and so come to close quarters with the evils they are seeking to destroy. If anything touching the public health in the condition of the streets, the water supply, or what not, appears to be neglected, they recall the city officials to their

duty; they see to it that the streets are swept, the mud and snow removed, and proper bathing facilities supplied. But moral problems attract their attention even more. In the homes of the people they encourage temperance, secure employment, legitimize irregular marriages. At Hull House itself, which is open to all, they provide manual-training courses, reading-rooms, circulating libraries, free halls for meetings, musical concerts, and—how shall I express it?—lessons in the Ideal. The poor people, who, beside receiving there a more solid training, may listen of an evening to a bit of poetry, will perhaps carry home a new feeling of dignity. One boy, for example, was awakened to disinterestedness and to a higher ideal of life, who had been listening to tales of chivalry and quitted the hall in tears one day, declaring he would never return, “because Prince Roland was dead.”

These certainly are noble deeds. Added to the efforts of religious societies, which they are far from opposing, and which, on their part, increase the resources of charity with untiring zeal, they afford an uplifting and moral influence which almost suffices for the needs of immigrants, though their needs never cease, and they are arriving in ever-increasing numbers. When one sees what successful Americans do to relieve these newcomers, when one considers, not so much the royal gifts of multi-millionaires as the personal devotion of cultured people, especially women, one forgets and forgives the bitterness of the strife for success, and recognizes a certain justice in the praise given to Chicago by one of its newspapers, a eulogy

which is true, as well, of the United States in general. It says: "Her hospitable arms have welcomed, and will continue to welcome as long as the world is no better, the disinherited of all countries, the poor crushed beings who seek liberty and the right of existence, the fugitives of despotism, speaking perhaps fifty different languages, but all having the same cause. And the great city takes them all to her heart, and comforts them, and makes them the equals of her own sons."¹

This article is entitled "Chicago, the Story of her Hundred Years." One of its illustrations represents, beneath a reproduction of the present splendors of La-Salle Street, a half-naked Indian paddling his bark canoe amid the reeds, close to a few huts and a little wooden fort. This contrast of the city of 1903 and the newly created village of 1803 speaks for itself. Just at this moment, during my sojourn, Chicago is preparing to celebrate her wonderful centenary; to halt for a spell, as it were, in the course of her bewildering expansion, and look back over the distance traversed.

What a history is hers, and how representative it is of American growth! In 1803 a detachment of seventy men construct a fort there in the name of the United States; in 1804 the first family of settlers arrive; in 1812 the Indians burn the fort and massacre the 110 inhabitants. The following year the fort is reconstructed. In 1816 the population has increased to 150 souls; in 1830 to 500; in 1834 to 1,600. Many of my readers were born before Chicago, to-day the

¹ Chicago "Sunday Record-Herald" of September 30, 1903.

seventh city in the world, became a city. It was incorporated as such in 1837, when it had 4,170 citizens. By 1861 there were 120,000; by 1871, 324,290. During that year, when it was almost destroyed by a fire, the like of which the world has never seen, its progress was not even interrupted. As the fire lasted several days, the people began to rebuild one part of the city while the rest was still burning. Before the scourge had ceased to afflict them, the mayor of the city issued this proclamation: "Since it has pleased Almighty God, to whose will we humbly bow, to cast upon our city a terrible calamity which demands our most energetic efforts for the maintenance of good order and the relief of sufferers: let it be known that the word and the credit of Chicago are hereby pledged to defray all necessary expenses." Then follows the announcement of the measures to be taken to secure public assistance and good order, thanks to which, "with the help of God," the peace and welfare of all will be safeguarded. And the document ends with these words, which gives to so tragic an event a truly American character: "It is believed that the fire is diminishing in fury, and that all will soon be well."

All, in fact, went so well that the city arose from its ashes more prosperous and beautiful than before. In 1880 it reached the number of 596,358 inhabitants; in 1890, of 1,105,540; in 1900, of 2,010,000. The last figure, for 1903, is 2,231,000. To-day, probably, it is close to two and a half million, and still does not stop. Business is growing there day after day, with the continued progress of the West and Northwest. Rail-

road is being added to railroad. Thanks to the canals, ships may pass from Chicago to the Atlantic by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence; and now the deepening of the Illinois River will open a new and magnificent route to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

Assured now that wealth will come, the giant city is considering more and more the uses to which she shall devote it. The best of her citizens understand that there is another glory beside that which riches can give; they turn their eyes to a loftier ideal, and declare with Bishop Spalding: "It profits not that the country be great, if the men be small." Their fellow-citizens do not hesitate to follow them, once they see that the honor of their city is at stake; for she is loved by all with a strange passion, for her daring, for her success, for her immensity, for the good which they owe her. Without refusing to recognize those "imperfections," as they put it, "inseparable from a rapid growth," they are proud of her; they intend to make her first in everything; and since science, beauty, and morality are necessary to true greatness, they will devote to their acquisition that energy and that dogged purpose which have proved so successful in other fields.

CHAPTER VIII

A SMALL CITY AND A GREAT BISHOP
—PEORIA AND BISHOP SPALDING

Across Illinois.—Bishop Spalding at Home.—His Philosophy and Prestige.—A Typical American City.—Peoria, its Resources, its Social and Educational Advantages.—Administrative Simplicity in the United States.—A Bishop Beloved in his Diocese.

AFTER my exciting days in Chicago, the trip across smiling Illinois on my way to Peoria was a real rest. Hardly is one out of the great city, when corn-fields appear, which, like all things here, seem limitless. They alternate with well-ploughed and harrowed sections, verdant prairies where cattle graze peacefully, dense clusters of trees, scattered farms, small towns, or rather large villages of wooden houses, all of which serve to break the monotony of the journey. What strange names one finds in this region! Evidently men of many nations have left traces of their memories and fancies in their path. The five stations preceding Peoria are Fairburg, Chenoa, El Paso, Eureka, and Washington; the two last names being found in I know not how many States. In the same region, not far away, I noticed La Salle, Decatur, Berlin, Orleans, Carthage, Keokuk, and Muscatine, on the map. On another road, to the Northwest, one travels from Toledo to Frankfort by way of Durand and Cadillac.

The landscape becomes more interesting. Here are wooded hills, parks, residences, and with this added beauty come more noise and life. We cross the Illinois River and enter Peoria. The thought that I am about to see once more, to live with him awhile in the intimacy of his own home, one of those rare men in whose presence it is a happiness to feel insignificant, awakens in me a wealth of emotion.

Not that Bishop Spalding tries to impress one by any sort of outward show. American bishops are noted for their simplicity; and he is the simplest of them all. Like all truly superior minds, he respects in each the natural dignity of man, and treats everyone as his equal. I do not think he speaks in any other way to his friend President Roosevelt than he would to the youngest curate in his cathedral. It matters not where or before whom he may be, he is always simply himself, without precaution or reserve. If one inspires confidence in him, he says so, and thereafter it may be relied upon. In the contrary case, his manner is equally candid. I do not know,—or, rather I do know, but do not care to say,—who it was that one day asked his coöperation in a certain enterprise, and upon being refused point-blank, demanded an explanation. “Because I have no confidence in you,” answered Bishop Spalding, with the most natural tone in the world.

Bishop, orator, author, simple citizen, he goes about his work without ever caring for appearances; and thinks of what he ought to do, not what people may say of him. There is no more affectation in his



BISHOP SPALDING

mode of living than about his person. His dwelling, his speech, and his manner are those of an honest man, neither luxurious nor austere. It seems as if he considered external details not worth either magnifying nor belittling. For him, the picture, not the frame, is of importance. During our week of intimacy I did not remark a single striking feature in connection with this great bishop. We lived in the little rectory, with his family of three priests belonging to the Cathedral. We took long drives in a buggy, and when we stopped to visit churches or convents, the prelate, more expert in the matter than I, tied our horse to the hitching-post himself; we enjoyed long chats after meals,—and that was all. All? Yes, truly; but I sought no more; for those few days have left in my memory much light and peace. I shall not attempt to report these conversations in detail; if I did, I might be even less accurate than discreet. There was, indeed, nothing didactic in our talks. It is only when one is hurried, or not well acquainted, that subjects are treated *ex-professo*, in the manner of interviews. And, moreover, Dr. Spalding is not the man to formulate theories. His conversation, still more than his books, abounds in unexpected and profound views, flashes of light which suddenly illumine obscure questions, reflections of almost involuntary confidences which by a sweet contagion fill one with internal peace, charity toward all, and trust in divine Providence.

If the attempt be made to analyze the depth of his ideas, or at least the impression that they leave, a single word, one which, by the way, reappears unceasingly in

all he says and writes, would be found to express the kernel of his thought. That word is *Life*. Life is everything; it is the end and the means. God possesses infinite life in Himself, and when he creates it is a giving of life. Christ came to enlarge life. Life once received is ours forever; the great thing is to develop it and unite it to the divine life. Thought and action must be judged in their relation to life; that which broadens life is good; that which narrows it is bad. Whatever in human institutions is inconsistent with life, or does not make for its advancement, is useless, and is doomed. Again, if we wish to conquer obstacles, and to do away with things dead and inert, it is to life that we must look. That which no longer lives is crowded out rather by the natural struggle of the living than by any direct opposition. Let us oppose evil with good, error with truth. It is positive action, not negative, that is effective. Let us be good, whatever happens; and let us be patient. We must avoid irritation toward those who differ from us. We may try to bring them to our way of thinking; if we fail in this, we can put our trust in a possible growth of their minds, or in the gradual elimination of their errors. But we must not fall into weakness. Let us stand by the good and the true, even though others are unconscious of them. The important question is not, Are we approved by others? but, Are we in the right? The point is not whether we receive reward, but whether we are worthy of it. For the rest, God has so ordained that generally, even in this world, those who are in the right and who do right will triumph in the end. At

least their efforts are never lost to the cause they serve, and they should not be anxious though apparently defeated. Justice and truth, for which they have labored, are sure of final victory. No one can trouble the peace of the sage, the Christian; he knows that God always wins.

But I hesitate about speaking in this fashion. It is my thought which I have been giving here, and which I have dared to attribute to Bishop Spalding; my thought indeed, although influenced by his, although colored by the endeavor to recall again what his words, his books, his silences even, stirred up in my listening soul. How feeble and lifeless it all is, contrasted with what in him seemed so strong and ardent, while at the same time so measured and so nobly serene! I have met more competent specialists on many topics. But I doubt if there actually exists in the world another man with a better understanding of religious, social, and philosophic problems; and I do not know if there lives anywhere a more Christian thinker or a Christian who thinks more profoundly.

I am glad to find that Bishop Spalding is fully appreciated by his countrymen. Already famous for his numerous writings,¹ and for the important role he played in the foundation of the Catholic University at Washington, he has gained new prestige and authority through his appointment by the President, in 1902,

¹ See his "Socialism and Labor," "Opportunity and Other Essays," "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Means and Ends of Education," "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Aphorisms and Reflections," "Religion, Agnosticism, and Education," and "Glimpses of Truth." (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) "Lectures and Discourses," "Essays and Reviews," "The Religious Mission of the Irish People." (Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.)

as member of the Arbitration Commission which so happily settled the terrible strike of the Pennsylvania coal-miners. A detail not generally known, and which enhances the honor of his appointment, is the fact that after it had been decided that the commission should be composed of a military officer, a mining engineer, a coal operator, a judge, and "a man of prominence, eminent as a sociologist,"¹ Bishop Spalding was selected by the President, and accepted by the employers and workmen, as the man in the United States best answering to the latter description. Cardinal Perraud was not mistaken when he wrote to me, September 15, 1901: "The Bishop of Peoria seems called by Providence to exercise a great influence on the progress of Catholicism in his country." Beside this much-talked-of appointment to the coal-strike commission, evidences of his standing among the intellectual *élite* become more and more frequent. Not only the best minds in the Church admire him, but outside the faith his worth is recognized, notably by the great universities, where his books are used, his presence and his speeches are in demand, and a sort of friendly rivalry in giving him honorary degrees seems to be frequently manifested. When Columbia University of New York a few years ago conferred the doctor's degree on Alfred Croiset, the amiable and learned Dean of the *Faculté des Lettres* of the University of Paris, he was very much struck by the

¹ Report to the President on the Anthracite Coal Strike of May–October, 1902, Washington, Government Printing-Office, 1903, p. ii. I cannot help remarking that in the pages of this valuable work, John Mitchell, President of the Miners' Union, addresses the Chief Executive merely as "Dear Sir." There is democracy for us! And the odd part of it is that people in America will be astonished only at our astonishment.

extraordinary deference everybody paid to a bishop who at the same time received a like honor. That bishop was Dr. Spalding. I have rarely heard one man praise another with such warmth as President Roosevelt used with regard to Bishop Spalding, on the occasion of the interview accorded me at the White House.

I believe that Americans will, in their turn, be glad to learn that Europeans appreciate the lofty ideals of Bishop Spalding. The publication of a part of his works in French, Italian, and German has been a real success, as evidenced by the notices which followed the publication at Paris, in 1901, of a number of his most characteristic discourses under the title "Opportunité." "Le Correspondant" devoted a long article to the book. "La Revue des Deux Mondes" described the work as very beautiful, eloquent, and substantial, and added that "nothing could be better than to make known the original and daring talents of the Bishop of Peoria, who ranked with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and Archbishop Keane as a leader of Catholic action and thought in the United States." "La Semaine Religieuse" (of the Archbishopric of Paris) said: "How good it is to hear the account of the truly great and progressive works in the country of real freedom, works of which Catholicism will always be capable!" Several reviews, like "Science Sociale," "La Revue du Clergé Français," "Les Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne," cited entire chapters of the book. Two somewhat lengthier quotations will show what has impressed us Europeans most

in Bishop Spalding's ideas. Baron Angot des Rotours writes in the "Réforme Sociale":

We seem here to find a new echo of the great voices of Lacordaire, Montalembert, Gratry, Dupanloup; and the dominant theme to which Mgr. Spalding ever returns, the duty of Catholics to place themselves at the head of the intellectual and scientific movement, is one which Mgr. d'Hulst, initiator of the International Congress of learned Catholics, had very much at heart. Not that this very modern apologist is wanting in perfect and tender faith in Christ. But precisely because this faith is absolute and fully assured, he fears no scientific discovery, no progress, but permits and counsels men to go forward in joyful freedom.

Père Laberthonnière, Superior of the celebrated Collège de Juilly, a most competent philosopher, especially in questions of psychology and education, says:

Each of the chapters is a meditation and a song; it is a living stream which, welling from an inexhaustible spring, is broad, abundant, ever new, and yet calm, deep, impetuous, and strong. The soul revealed there is at once zealous and serene, uniting the tranquillity of faith to the effort of investigation. To him everything is an occasion, an opportunity to drink in truth and goodness. It can indeed be said that nothing of human interest is indifferent to him. We find in his pages evidence of an internal life very intense, very rich in experience and reflection, expressing itself in terse and penetrating sayings. One is reminded of the "Imitation," and at the same time one feels that this book belongs to another period of the universal Christian life. Clothed in language at once so simple, so deep, and so sincere, the old truths come to us from America, the country of business, of scientific and material progress, with a new and quite unexpected significance. I should be sorry for anyone who would not feel their charm and be touched by it. Our religion appears there in all its moral grandeur, in all its supernatural beauty, at once human and divine. It does not defend itself, nor answer objections, nor attack errors; it merely manifests itself in a soul that

lives, a mind that thinks, and, in being thus mirrored, it shines forth splendidly.

With the atmosphere of intellectual clearness and moral tranquillity encompassing this great soul, the serene sky and the gracious temperature that lasted during my entire stay in Peoria were in perfect harmony. The Autumn is truly an exquisite season in this part of the United States, for I have met nothing, even in northern Italy, to surpass this radiant sunshine, dry pure air, these warm days, and refreshing nights. We enjoyed this glorious weather, driving each morning through the boulevards and highways of the neighborhood. What a pleasure, while philosophizing on the progress of civilization, to follow along the roads just cleared in the immense though still uncultivated park but recently bequeathed to the city! Here has primitive Nature been invaded by man's ingenuity. Electric lamps peep out of corners of the virgin forest. A half-century ago, Indians hunted under the mighty trees where to-day a people,—the most industrious, perhaps the most advanced, in the world, come on Sunday to rest in the shade.

And what a view from the top of these hills! At our feet the pretty and energetic city,—the smoky chimneys of its distilleries and factories redeemed by steeples, towers, villas, and gardens,—nestles coquettishly on the banks of a fine river broadening into a lake. Beyond, on the opposite shore, the verdant mantles of another line of hills are reflected in the water. We can understand why, two centuries ago, heroic Frenchmen, missionaries and explorers like

Marquette and De la Salle, found a pleasant resting-place here, and why a little town should have arisen on this charming spot. In spite of constant misfortunes, repeated destruction by Indians or by soldiers, its settlers persevered until Peoria's future was assured. At present, this city, numbering no more than 60,000 inhabitants, is reckoned among the richest of towns because of its industries. Its distilleries, glucose and other manufactories, though of limited size, yield a public revenue second only to that of New York.¹

Fourteen railroad lines cross the city, or border upon it, and the traffic on the Illinois River, even now important, will be much extended when the proposed canal connecting Chicago with the Mississippi is completed. Soon boats of heavy tonnage, plying between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, will touch at this point.

Peoria is not altogether engrossed in material cares. That she values art and taste is shown in several of her public buildings, and especially in St. Mary's Cathedral. This church is comparatively small, like most places of worship in the United States, where, not wishing to run the risk of empty pews, it is thought preferable to build a small church, and to erect another when the congregation needs it; but the interior is a perfect ogive, and its two spires are most graceful in outline. Let us reflect that only sixty years ago a missionary came here once every six weeks to say mass in a room for a handful of nine or ten faithful! Now the city has nine churches, and the diocese

¹ In 1901 Peoria's distilleries sent to the United States Treasury \$30,296,764.

217, with 181 priests, and 123,500 faithful, though only twenty-five years ago Mgr. Spalding became its first bishop. The annual report, from which I took these figures, gives others which deserve comment; there were 1,190 deaths, 3,647 baptisms, 962 marriages. Notice that there are almost as many marriages as deaths, and three times as many baptisms. Need one say, then, that Catholicism grows only through immigration in America?

But this encouraging bit of statistics has led us away from our subject. The inhabitants of Peoria give what is perhaps the best proof of their good taste in their care to make the streets, which stretch away from the business quarter into the country, resemble shady park walks as much as possible. We mentioned before that this is one of the characteristics of the typical American city, and we have already spoken of the beauty of the private residences. It seems to me—and this is a singular plaint, I know—that too much attention is paid here to styles of architecture, and too little to the rules of comfort. After all, why this passion for the archaic, the Egyptian,—for building porches, windows, and balconies so low that scarcely any air or light can find access to them? I prefer imitations of Greek porticos, Italian loggias, and I like the English cottages best of all.

However, the greatest luxury in Peoria, as in all other American cities, is the costly system of public education. Some details concerning what a medium-sized city, one not endowed by philanthropic millionaires, accomplishes in this matter, will show

better than a treatise the desire for instruction and cultivation pervading the American spirit. Half of the municipal revenues and taxes is devoted to educational purposes. Each district has its public schools, almost palatial without, practical and perfectly comfortable within. There is a business school, founded by private individuals, but supported by the city, which conducts both day and night classes, and gives a commercial training to about 400 boys and girls; a Polytechnic Institute, where the sciences are taught and students are prepared for the various professions, the gift of a generous and enlightened woman, Mrs. Lydia Bradley. The Lutherans have built five primary schools accommodating 250 children; the other Protestant sects have no schools of their own. The Catholics have five schools which educate 1,500 children, and have two higher-grade schools beside,—the Spalding Institute for boys, conducted by the Marist Brothers (who in France have been driven from Stanislas College), and the Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur, managed by twenty religionists belonging to the Sisters of St. Joseph, originally a French order, but having now a Mother House at St. Louis. In how many parts of what was once Louisiana are found traces of the good deeds of our countrymen! Religious faith and freedom were introduced here by French explorers and missionaries. They have prospered; they offer us a consoling welcome.

The library at Peoria has not the royal proportions of those I admired in Chicago and Boston. Nevertheless, though sedate and modest in exterior, it pleased

me more than the others; for this building represents, not the munificent gifts of some steel or oil king, but the meritorious contributions of private citizens, the spontaneous generosity of a people eager for instruction. The directors of the library must calculate and economize on every hand, like the father of a family; they must hold meetings, and render accounts of their stewardship; they must raise money by private subscription, and obtain the electors' approval for city grants. They have had to proceed slowly (slowly, that is to say, in comparison with other Americans), and to spend twenty years in making a collection of 337 periodicals and 90,000 volumes. The librarian seemed ashamed to give us these figures, respectable though they were. He added immediately that there was room for 250,000 books in the present building, and that they owned enough ground adjoining to double this capacity when needed.

It is noticeable how extensively these works are consulted. According to the last report, 132,760 volumes of fiction and 50,140 works of instruction were loaned for home use, without mentioning the books used by the large number of persons who, especially in the evening, after work, come to read in the library; for there is no further formality than to select and take from the shelves the books they want. However, the works which are dangerous or useless to the average reader are kept apart and issued only on request. The priest who accompanied me, having noticed in the public reading-room a work rather violently prejudiced against Catholicism, pointed it out to the head-librarian,

who apologized, and had it removed at once. The books left at the disposal of the children are also the object of special supervision. Aside from these wise precautions, the library of Peoria knows, so to speak, no red-tape. Everybody there follows his inclination, looks for and chooses his reading-matter just as if he were at home. Recent publications, for instance, before being classified and put in place, are left for some time in easy reach of the public, who are expected to see, handle, and become familiar with them, and thus take a greater interest in the acquirement of knowledge. "We do not wish," says the report of 1891, "that the least constraint or discipline be felt in the library; but that there be a home-feeling instead. We trust to the good sense and manners of the public." And this year the directors, after having called to mind the confidence and liberality displayed by the management in the past, add: "This policy will be continued and enforced in the future. Fears were entertained by some that free access to books on the shelves would result in the loss of many volumes by theft or carelessness. The test of experience has proved that, while some loss may occasionally occur, the greater attraction given to the public by allowing books to be seen on the shelves, handled, tasted, and examined, more than compensates for any occasional loss." Not to restrain legitimate use in order to prevent abuse, is characteristic of this land of liberty. The sacrifice of the welfare of the best and most capable because of a probable need of precautions against the fool and the fashion, is a conception which, although partly

reasonable, never enters the American mind. Before I left the library, its custodian, a cultured man who has travelled a great deal, told me a good anecdote about an experience of his in Paris, after a day's work in the National Library. "As I went out," he said, "carrying a book belonging to me, I was stopped, and—would you believe it, sir?—was obliged to get a permit to take away my own property." I did indeed believe it.

On the same order as the schools and the library, I must not forget to mention the Scientific Association, instituted in 1895, "to increase scientific knowledge among its members, and to awaken a spirit of scientific investigation in the people." Since its organization, the Society has founded a museum, which has grown rapidly, and instituted conferences, almost always free, which are held by the most competent scholars in the country. Beside the lectures on a great variety of subjects, given usually in Winter, there are scientific courses for the Summer months. There is never a lack of visitors in the museum, nor a want of an audience at these public lectures. Every earnest mind tries to contribute to the success of these educational projects; it enters no one's head to oppose them, or to make them an instrument of attack against any faith whatever.

The same breadth of spirit governs the relations of two musical societies, an artists' league, two clubs for men, and one for women. The women's club numbers no less than four hundred members, who do not meet each evening, nor at times that would interfere

with family duties, but only whenever it becomes necessary to promote the improvement of the home, of education, literature, music, art, social conditions, the protection of women and children, or any other of the ends for which they are banded together. Beside the above-named societies, there are of course numerous sodalities more religious in character, organized by the various creeds for every age and need.

A word now about Peoria's charities. Although the social machinery runs as smoothly as can be expected, and there is plenty of work for all, misery directly consequent upon sickness, old age, death, and wrongdoing remains to be relieved. There is a good city hospital of two hundred beds, and a finer one of the same size, founded by Mgr. Spalding, in charge of a German religious order. The Methodist Deaconesses conduct a somewhat smaller hospital, and at an Electropathic Institute a female physician cares for patients free of charge. The Little Sisters of the Poor receive the destitute aged at St. Joseph's Home, and lay endowments support a similar establishment. A city orphanage gives an industrial training to destitute young girls. The Sisters of St. Francis bring up orphans on a large farm belonging to the Bishop, and frequently find them good homes and adoptive parents in the neighborhood — for there are never too many helping hands in a prosperous country. We recognize here the motive which at one time induced Bishop Spalding and Archbishop Ireland to establish agricultural colonies of the Irish in Nebraska and Minnesota. They succeeded both from a religious and social point

of view, and would have obtained the best results had not some men of short-sighted policy opposed this movement under the pretext that the faith of Catholics was endangered by removing them from city parishes.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who were called to Peoria by Bishop Spalding, carry on their work in behalf of the moral uplifting of unfortunate women. Their labor of love, manifesting more than any other the merciful spirit of the Gospel, is the constant admiration of Protestants, among whom, let it be said to their credit, it excites much generous emulation. "This religious institution," said President Roosevelt, regarding their establishment at Albany, "is under the direction of a faith other than my own; but few things have given me more pleasure than the signing of the bill extending its power and usefulness."

During my visit to the Refuge of the Good Shepherd, especially dear to Bishop Spalding's fatherly heart, I again had occasion to notice the pleasant relations which here exist between the civil authorities and the Church. "Well, Sister," said the Bishop to the Sister Superior, "you may start the water-system you have wanted so much." "But, Bishop, you can pay only a third of its cost." "I have obtained the city's promise to pay the rest." Do I need to add that in America charitable communities, instead of being burdened with extra taxes, are entirely exempt from all such obligations?

And since I have touched on these questions, I must say that though nothing resembling the *Budget des Cultes* exists in the United States, nevertheless the

State subsidizes a certain number of religious functionaries (chaplains of the army, navy, and military schools, for example), who are considered as rendering public services. Recently it seemed to Bishop Spalding that the number of Catholics in an establishment of this character in his diocese had increased sufficiently to warrant the appointment of a resident priest. In fact, he and his coadjutor¹ came to this decision the very night of my arrival in Peoria. "Take steps," he said to Mgr. O'Reilly, "to secure for him a sufficient salary. That will not be difficult. If it should prove to be so, let me know and I will write to the Board of Management." Then the two bishops decided three or four matters of equal importance, among others the creation of a new parish and the nomination of its pastor, in the short space of the first ten minutes we spent in the parlor after dinner; and the sitting of the council was at an end. Everywhere in the Church as in the State, and in their limited relations with each other, affairs are regulated with this entire absence of formality. All goes on as simply as possible. To each is left all the initiative compatible with good order; and civil or religious authorities are never more satisfied than when their subordinates know how to govern themselves. "It is your own fault," Bishop Spalding said to his clergy at a synod, "it is your own fault if every one of you is not bishop in his own parish."

¹ Mgr. O'Reilly, Bishop Spalding's vicar-general, and pastor of St. Patrick's parish, Peoria, was made bishop September 21, 1900, but still fulfils quite simply the duties of his two former offices.

CHAPTER IX

ST. LOUIS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

*The Louisiana of Châteaubriand and That of To-day.—Im-
mensity of American Cities.—Archbishop Glennon.—The
Louisiana Purchase Exposition.—Its Dominant Idea.—The
President of the United States at the Jesuit College.—
Religious Tolerance.—The Contemplative Life.—A Pioneer:
the Bishop of Wichita.—An Old French Family.—A Word
about Mexico.—A Fine Christian Brothers' College.—A
Grand Seminary of the European Kind.—The Living Church.*

WE have now to leave the sedate and prosperous little city of Peoria, and its broad-minded and large-hearted Bishop; and, despite my renewal of physical and moral strength, I feel sad as the train starts for St. Louis. As the Illinois River appears in view from time to time, while we pass through vast fields of Indian corn, I think of the Seine, and realize regretfully how far home is from this beloved place. I go over once more all the impressions of this happy week, and am so absorbed as hardly to be distracted by the extravagant series of names which are called out at the stations: Pekin, Manito, Bishop, Havana, Petersburg, Athens, Modesto, Palmyra, Jerseyville. Evening comes, calm and dreamy; and almost without perceiving that we have crossed the Mississippi on a giant bridge, we stop at the immense Union Depot, in which converge twenty-four lines of railway. It is said—and I think truly—that there

is not a larger railroad station in the world, nor have I ever seen one that presents as artistic a *façade*. Inside, of course, it is quite the modern station, with its bars, wickets, and innumerable platforms. But outside it is a Renaissance palace, surprising in its good taste and decoration.

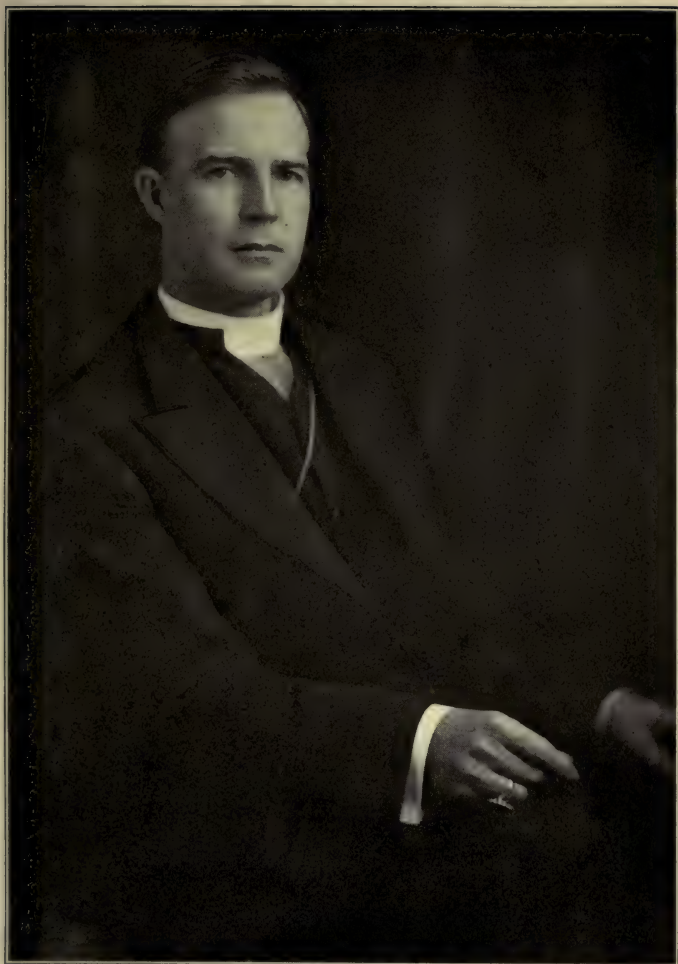
One would be very much deceived if he expected, on account of the name of St. Louis, and because it is only a hundred years since we sold it, to find here a half-French city. And one would be equally disappointed who in approaching the Mississippi should call to mind the Meschacebe and the charming descriptions of the prologue to "Atala": "On the Western shore, wide plains spread out in the far distance, in silence and repose; on the opposite shore, virgin forests perfumed with flowery trees, alive with strange beasts and birds of every color. The murmuring of waves, faint sighs, gentle lowings, soft cooings, fill the desert with a delicate yet wild harmony." This is not exactly the landscape that Europeans must expect to see on their way to the St. Louis Exposition. What they will find, bordering the river for a distance of twenty-one miles, is an industrial and commercial city of seven hundred thousand souls, once shaken for a moment in its prosperity by having given its adherence to the South in the War of Secession, but at the present day restored to the most brilliant prospects. Highly favored by its position near the confluence of four great rivers, it will receive a new impulse from the opening of the Panama Canal. Its flour-mills and its refineries, its breweries, its mirror manufactories, its foundries

and other iron-works, have made it the fourth city of America in wealth and population. Its interest in intellectual culture and the elegance of its architecture give it an equally honorable rank in the domain properly called that of civilization.

Once more I gain, and at my own expense, an experience of the immensity of American cities. My hotel being close to the depot, and almost in the centre of the city, I wish to go to say mass at the Sacred Heart Convent, the Superioress there being a sister of Bishop Spalding. I am directed how to reach the place, and am told the way is so plain that I shall only have to change cars once. I start in all confidence, but only arrive at my destination in an hour and a half. I am received like one of the family, and invited to remain as a guest. Everything persuades me to accept this hospitality,—the cordiality of the Mother Superior, the opportunity for an inside study of a very prosperous American convent-school, as well as the beauty of the view, for we are at the limits of the city, and from the terrace can be seen a magnificent extent of plain traversed by the Mississippi River. But being able to spend only two or three days in St. Louis, what could I see of it at such a distance? and would not all my time be spent in journeying to the city and back again? One must proceed with caution. The Mother Superior examines the addresses of the persons and institutions which I wish to see; three-quarters of them are eliminated on account of their distance, and I shall begin with those that are relatively in this neighborhood. Chance favors me, since by

doing this the first letters I shall present will be for Archbishop Glennon and for the President of the Exposition.

A half-hour of rapid progress over a very wide drive, bordered by parks, villas, fields, and hotels, brings me to the house of Archbishop Glennon, coadjutor and administrator of the diocese of which he is in fact the Archbishop, Mgr. Kain, the titular Archbishop, having been detained for a month in Baltimore, suffering from an illness which leaves no hope of his recovery, and of which the near issue is only too certain. I had not the honor of knowing Archbishop Glennon, but with the card of introduction which Father Zahm had given me to him, I counted on a friendly welcome of fifteen or twenty minutes. I was, however, not permitted to leave him until the end of my stay in the city. To this I objected strongly, being more desirous of avoiding indiscretion and of seeing a little of the city than of remaining in such interesting company. But with exquisite tact, the Archbishop gave me to understand that the indiscretion would be in refusing; and he added that all I wished to see would be shown me as well by himself as by another guide. No one gave me a better idea of American hospitality than he. Elsewhere I was undoubtedly as well received, but it was in the homes of old friends, or by friends of friends, and after an invitation; here I appear suddenly in the house of a person whom I do not know, who is very much occupied and preoccupied, and after a few moments he insists on



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ARCHBISHOP J. J. GLENNON

keeping me with him, and gives up to me almost all his time for two whole days.

If it gives me pleasure to see how an American archbishop treats a foreign priest, it affords me still greater interest to observe a type of prelate that I had never met on my side of the water. The bluff good-nature of the Bishop of Rochester, the charming cleverness of Archbishop Ireland, the shining candor of Archbishop Kain, are not the predominating qualities of Archbishop Glennon. He is very simple, but distinction is his dominant trait. Very young, very tall, very handsome, very eloquent, he begins by so astonishing you, evidently without any intention on his own part, with his external gifts, that you are inclined to regard these as excessively developed. Gradually, however, his qualities of mind and heart make themselves appreciated, and you yield to their charm. During my stay I perceived that he produces the same effect on everybody; and in what I learned of him later I became convinced that the Church in America considers him one of its future glories. I ought to have known this beforehand, from the way in which Father Zahm and Bishop Spalding spoke of him. Let the reader be less inattentive, and remember well the name of John J. Glennon, now Archbishop of St. Louis.

We start after luncheon to see the grounds of the Exposition, or "World's Fair," to be opened next year (1904). As they are to cover more than twelve

hundred acres, the great buildings alone occupying about two hundred and fifty acres, we are fortunate to be allowed to drive about in seeing the preliminary work.

It is well known from whence came the idea of this international exhibit. The Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 commemorated the centenary of the Proclamation of Independence, and in 1893 Chicago celebrated the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. The St. Louis fair is intended to commemorate the centenary of the acquisition of Louisiana. On the 30th of April, 1803, the United States, represented by James Monroe, delegate of President Jefferson, and himself a future president, bought at Paris, from Bonaparte, the First Consul, for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, a territory which now is worth in taxable property sixty-six hundred million, embraces a territory over twice as great as Germany and France united, and, extending from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, two and a half times as great as the whole original thirteen colonies, and forming to-day a fourth part of the great Republic. Had that purchase not occurred, it is probable that England, in its wars against Napoleon, would have seized and kept the French colonies, and thus the United States would not have become what they are to-day. Americans make no mistake in regarding this as the greatest fact of their history after the Proclamation of Independence, and we can well understand why they wish to celebrate the remembrance of it. In the life of even the freest

people there comes a moment when the decision of their rulers affects the future of the whole nation. The Constitution of the United States had not contemplated the acquisition of foreign territory, and Jefferson had given to his envoy nothing more than a commission to obtain for the American flag the free navigation of the Mississippi and harbor rights at New Orleans. When Bonaparte, who then had great need of money, and found himself unprepared to defend Louisiana against England, suddenly offered to sell the whole of it for fifteen millions of dollars, the American representatives had no time to consult their government. They concluded the affair on their own responsibility. President Jefferson did likewise; he forgot the Constitution, approved the initiative of his envoys, and asked Congress for a ratification, which was granted without objection. On the twentieth of December of the same year, the French colors which floated over the Cabildo, the palace of the Governor of New Orleans, were replaced by the Stars and Stripes. The officer to whom the French flag was handed wrapped it about him like a scarf, and walked away without saying a word, followed by a sorrowful throng. The inhabitants of the ceded territory then numbered a hundred thousand; they are now fifteen to twenty million, a quarter of them belonging to the black race. Not one out of a hundred now understands the French language. New Orleans, which was then the most important and almost the only city, although its population has increased to three hundred thousand, occupies only the second place, St. Louis being twice as

large. These reminiscences and reflections are not without a sadness for us. Americans, however, have not the same feeling about it; and it must be understood that it is without any unkind feeling that, in their discourses, their pictures, and their monuments, they honor at the same time Napoleon and Jefferson, the two contracting parties of 1803.

The initiative of this commemoration was taken in 1898 by the Historical Society of Missouri. At their suggestion, and in answer to the public wish, the governor of the State convoked for the tenth of January of the following year, at St. Louis, delegates from the twelve States and the two Territories comprised in the former Province of Louisiana. The assembly decided unanimously that an International Exposition was the most impressive and most fitting way of celebrating the great anniversary. It named an executive committee under the presidency of the Hon. David Francis, formerly Mayor of St. Louis, later Governor of Missouri, and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. The committee added to itself fifteen of the leading citizens of St. Louis, and immediately set to work to collect the necessary funds. The sum needed was fifteen millions of dollars;¹ this was, by an intentional coincidence, not wanting in fitness, being the price paid for the whole of Louisiana. The national government and the municipality were each to contribute a third, and this they did with a good grace. The other third was to be given by the citizens of St. Louis: in a single meeting, held at the Music Hall, they sub-

¹ This was an advance estimate. The final cost was \$50,000,000.—[PUBRS.]

scribed four millions of dollars; and then it became easy to find the final million. Since then, Congress has voted a million and a half dollars for the Government exhibit; the different States of the Union and the greater part of the foreign countries participating have also opened credits for their special works, so that the expenditure has already reached formidable proportions.

The result appears likely to correspond to the extent of the effort. Even in the condition in which I see them, almost a year before the opening of the Exposition, the buildings alone prove the magnificence that is to come. I envy those who will see as a finished work, in a half-circle around the central basin and grand cascades, modelled after St. Cloud, so many architectural marvels. I should like to find, as they will in the immensity of Forest Park, palaces of all styles and all epochs,—for example, that of France, which will reproduce the Grand Trianon, or the Rhine Castle to be built by Germany; and I should also like to walk in the ideal garden of fifty thousand rose-bushes in bloom, in which are to be represented in distinct fashion every State of the Union, with the form and color of its products,—the vines and fruits of California, the cotton of Texas, the pineapples and orange-trees of Florida.

But the Exposition will not tend principally to dazzle or even to charm the visitors. It is, above all, destined to instruct them; it will be educational, according to the idea which in America dominates all others. I do not know whether that end will be

attained, but at least it is what the organizers aim at. It is the dominant note of the innumerable notices and prospectuses which they have published. Thanks to the presence of Archbishop Glennon,—whom everybody seems to know already, although it is only a year since he left the diocese of Kansas City, where he was coadjutor,—I had the advantage of being immediately presented, without using my letters of introduction, to President Francis and to his principal associates. All, without exception, insist on that element of the Fair which I have just now mentioned. Even in the most material order, it concerns them less to show manufactured products than the process of fabrication. One can, for example, follow the mineral, from the time of its extraction, into the foundry, and can even watch the crude ore, which one has seen an hour before attacked by the pick-axe of the miner in the subterranean gallery, until it is fashioned into an ingot. In the Transportation section, one will not be shown new locomotives with empty boilers and cold fire-grates, but engines driven by the same motive-power and pulling in contrary directions on the same steel cable until one overcomes the other and draws it beyond a fixed mark. In the Educational section, all the school materials will be manufactured under the eyes of the visitor; the cedar-wood and graphite will be transformed into pencils before him. One can see books through the stages when their type is set, when their pages are printed, folded, sewed, and bound. All that concerns the physical development of man,—gymnastics, boating, swimming, flying, fencing, tennis, ball,

polo, athletic games and sports of every kind,—will be exploited in the way to be expected from Americans. This special exhibition will take place in the fields and stadia which are destined for the future use of Washington University, and to which larger uses will be given, since they are to be preserved permanently. The gymnasium is 182 feet long by 94 feet wide, and cost \$750,000; the field reserved for the Olympian games is 760 feet long.

The Educational section, properly so-called, is the first in order of classification, conformably to the theory on which the Exposition is founded. The building which is destined for it, although only a temporary one, will cover between five and six acres.¹ The first department will comprise high schools. Two other departments comprise the higher education of colleges, universities, lyceums, normal schools, libraries, museums, conservatories of music, schools of the fine arts, and of arts and crafts. The managers will not neglect schools of agriculture, or model farms, or schools of forestry; but they will give chief attention to industrial and technical schools, believing that a country's supremacy, in a matter of such prime importance, "depends wholly on the methods employed to prepare a citizen to be able to meet the many changes which are continually occurring in the processes of manufacture." The great concern of educators, in this order of things, should be, not to teach the young man in advance what are the best solutions and the

¹ The actual dimensions of this building, as finally completed, were 750 x 525 feet, making a total area of nine acres.— [PUBRS.]

best methods, since none are absolute and permanent, but rather to qualify him to discover for himself what will best suit the circumstances in which he is likely to find himself.

The national and international Congresses will be, as at Chicago and Paris, one of the attractions of the Exposition. All wishing to meet at St. Louis can obtain the places necessary for their assemblies gratuitously; and in relation to this I will also note, as an appreciable advantage over what has happened elsewhere, that none of the exhibitors will have to pay for the room they need. One last detail: the Democratic Convention for choosing a candidate of that party for the Presidency of the United States having decided to meet at St. Louis, visitors there will be able to follow closely one of the principal events in the political life of the Republic.

The Exhibition itself will open on the 30th of April, 1904. The 30th of April, 1903, one century to a day since the conclusion of the famous contract of sale, the preparatory labors of the Exposition were inaugurated—I was about to say blessed. The ceremony, presided over by the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and attended by the highest functionaries of the Republic, began with prayer; and Cardinal Gibbons, chosen by preference from the representatives of all other creeds, invoked Heaven in the name of the American people.

On the day before this ceremony, there occurred one of those incidents which are thought quite natural in the United States, but with us would produce no



PALACE OF EDUCATION, LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, 1904

small sensation. There was a public debate on questions of theology at the Catholic University of St. Louis, directed by the Jesuit Fathers, at which Cardinal Gibbons presided. Before the arguments began, a distinguished-looking personage made his entrance with an escort of civil and military officers. It was the President of the Republic. He hastened, in the midst of cheering, to take his seat beside the Cardinal, and to press his hand. Saluted by a complimentary speech of the Rector, he pronounced, in his own sympathetic and vibrant voice, the following response:

“Cardinal Gibbons, Reverend Father, and gentlemen: It is a very great pleasure to me to be the guest of the first and oldest University built west of the Mississippi, on the territory of Louisiana. I know your work; I have been a witness of its progress in the West. I have not only seen it among our own people, but also in the midst of the Indian tribes. I thank you for what you have said about myself. I should have considered myself violating the principles of my duty, had I failed in observing the provisions of our Constitution, which enjoin upon us to treat all citizens alike, without regard to the manner in which they choose to adore Almighty God. I think that your pleasure in seeing me among you is exceeded by that which I feel in finding myself here.”

The President followed the developments of the thesis and discussion with marked attention. We must add, however, that when he was called upon in his turn to offer objections, he preferred to excuse himself.

This was not at all an exceptional incident. As

Mr. Roosevelt continued his journey beyond St. Louis, on his way to Denver in Colorado, the Governor of Kansas, who was travelling with him, having told him that they were to pass near another Jesuit College,—St. Marie,—and that his visit was greatly wished for, he stopped the train in the neighborhood of the college, and left it to say a few words of encouragement and sympathy to the pupils and teachers. The rights are the same in the United States for every individual and every group of citizens, whatever may be their creed. “Envy, malice, hatred,” President Roosevelt has said before a very different audience,¹ “are quite as bad when they are directed against a class or a group of men, as when against an individual. What we ask of our leaders and educators is to help us to suppress sentiments directly opposed to them. Woe to us as a nation, if we follow the direction of men who seek, not to suppress, but to excite the qualities of the wild beast in the human heart. In political reform we can only carry out a healthy work, a work worthy of a free Republic, worthy of a democracy which governs itself, by walking in the footsteps of Washington, of Franklin, of Adams, and of Patrick Henry, and not in the steps of Marat and Robespierre.”

Doctrines of hatred are unknown in the United States.

Returning from the Exposition grounds to the house of the Archbishop, we pass by the Monastery

¹ Discourse given in New York before the Young Men's Christian Association (Protestant) 30th of December, 1900.

of the Visitation. I confide to Archbishop Glennon certain family ties that unite me to this order, and we cross the *grille*. The welcome is full of cordiality, filial toward the prelate, fraternal toward me. We pass a very delightful hour. I have seen the monastery in France in which my sister lived, and I found no appreciable difference. The contemplative orders are, and ought to be, everywhere the same. The happy lives which are spent in familiar intercourse with God have no need of change; there is only one attitude possible for them, which is to love Him and to tell Him so. It is in working outside that it is necessary to adapt our work to external conditions.

The Archbishop talks to me, while we are finishing our walk, about the prosperity of the religious orders in the diocese of St. Louis. There are no less than eight mother houses for the congregations of women, of which five are in the city. Out of 442 priests, there are 174 who belong to the orders, among them 93 Jesuits. There is only one seminary for the diocesan clergy, with 83 students; but there are six, with 324 students, for the congregations of men, the Company of Jesus possessing by itself alone as many as 128 young scholastics. The proportion varies greatly in different dioceses. In consulting the Catholic Directory, I find, for example, in Baltimore, 192 secular priests for 204 religionists; in New York, 528 for 226; in Chicago, 446 for 173; in Peoria, 146 for 40; in St. Paul, 220 for 38. Rochester counts 136 secular priests and six religionists only.

In everything except in discipline, which is ruled

by the general law of the Church or by the national councils in Baltimore, the dioceses of America may differ; the resemblance, for example, is not great, from a material point of view, between the opulent archdiocese of St. Louis and the poor diocese of Wichita, recently founded in Kansas by Bishop Hennessy, a simple and courageous apostle whom we met on returning to the house, and with whom we had the pleasure of finishing the day. Charged with this diocese in 1888, a year after it was instituted, he has had to create everything in it. We remember that Bishop Mac Quaid and Bishop Spalding had the same thing to do; and thus it happens that three out of the four bishops already met have been founders of their churches. Is anything more needed to make us feel ourselves in a new country? The diocese of Wichita has had sixteen years of existence; it includes 70 priests and 25,450 faithful, 112 churches, 5 hospitals, 29 parish schools. Alongside of that is the older diocese of Kansas City, which began in 1880 and still has its first bishop. Already it counts 95 priests, 104 churches, 15 ecclesiastical students, 40 parish schools, 10 academies for young ladies, and 5 hospitals, with a Catholic population of 52,000 souls. This is evidently not the prosperity of the great dioceses of the East; but we must agree that in order to create all this, without any previous help, in countries where very often the civil life itself is only on the way to organization, there is needed no small amount of initiative, intelligence, and religious zeal. Bishop Hennessy is quite willing to enter a little into the details of his labors,

his foundations, and his projects, his hopes and his difficulties. There would seem to be, from all that he tells me, enough obstacles to overwhelm any other soul than that of an apostle and an American. And yet how many French bishops, how many French priests, might envy the fate of these valiant pioneers! They have everything to do, no doubt, but they have liberty to do it; they do not feel their hands bound by either vexatious laws or suspicious prejudices, or by customs long since obsolete. They do all that is necessary to succeed, and they do succeed, practising by instinct and everywhere the motto of Bishop Mac-Quaid, *Salus animarum lex suprema*. Happy are the new countries, and happy those countries which renew themselves! But still more happy—for age counts for nothing—are the countries, the institutions, and the men who know how to place themselves, or to replace themselves, in the natural condition of things, to adapt themselves simply to facts!

After dinner we go to spend the evening with one of the few families of French origin still remaining in St. Louis. The Archbishop and the Bishop are welcomed as friends of the family, with that mingling of respect, familiarity, and above all, pleasure, that I have never failed to observe, during the whole of my journey, in the relations of American Catholics with their clergy. They wish to treat me as a compatriot, or as the compatriot of their ancestors; and so everyone begins to speak French, from the grandmother, whose father has seen the day of our domination in America, to the charming grandson, who does not need to be

persuaded to interrupt a very laborious Latin theme in our honor (I shall give him presently a helping hand which will make up for lost time). This gracious desire of transmitting from one generation to another the knowledge of the mother-tongue is at this day the only trait which distinguishes the Louisianians of French origin; beside, it is met with, as is natural, only in families of superior social position. This mixture of two cultures, French and American, also confers on them a character of distinction and energy which renders them, it seems to me, decidedly superior.

We speak of France, and we speak of Mexico, where these friends have just made a stay of several months. New horizons are opened to me with regard to unknown customs and countries. An interesting journey one could make among the tropical vegetation of the *terre chaude*, or even in the *terre froide*, near volcanoes surrounded by snow which answer to the picturesque names of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, but beyond all in the temperate zone, where, at an elevation of ten thousand feet, yet in an exquisite climate, Mexico unfolds its modern riches and its souvenirs of the times of the Aztecs. And the race would not present less interest, with its mixture of Spanish and native blood, with the half-civilized Indians who have existed more numerous there than in any other part of America, and still are very near, in spite of their baptism, to what they were before the discovery. How have they survived, when all others have disappeared? I should like to attribute it to the virtues of the conquering people; but it might also

come from the fact that the difference between them was not so very great... We know that the Mexicans were the most advanced of the ancient inhabitants of America.

That night I dreamed of Cortez and Montezuma, of volcanoes, cocoanut-trees, precious woods, and magnificent brigands, of whom we do not exactly know whether they are Spaniards or Chichimecs. And an absurd regret seized me,— which all will understand who have travelled long distances ; it was, that I must miss seeing Mexico, despite the fact of being only two thousand miles away from it.

I have forgotten to say that the Superior of the College of the Christian Brothers, having called to see Archbishop Glennon, had cleverly profited by my presence to arrange for a visit by the Archbishop to his young people. It was very important— was it not?—to give a professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris an idea of what an American college could be? We were to set out the next day at half-past eleven o'clock. I wished in the morning to make a visit to the other side of St. Louis. I started without misgiving, and really at a tolerably early hour; but it was so far that at the end of an hour of car travel, not arriving at the seemingly impossible address which my letter bore, I was obliged through prudence to retrace my steps in order not to miss keeping the engagement I had made. The incident has no special interest, but it may impress on the reader the sensation of the American city. This almost useless excursion made

me pass twice through the business quarter, with its high buildings, such as are in all the great centres. I rejoined the Archbishop early enough to enable us to arrive at the Brothers' College exactly at noon. The Children of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, according to statistics now two years old, have in the two Americas 182 establishments with 923 classes, 1,414 brothers, and more than 46,000 pupils. Even this number of Brothers does not suffice to meet all the demands that are made on them. Of this working force, two-thirds belong to the United States.

“It is,” said Baron de Courcel, our former Ambassador to London, in a report, March 13, 1902, “in the United States of North America principally that the work of the Brothers has been fruitful and has increased. There they have found a field of labor which is entirely propitious to their development,—liberal laws, a population which is utilitarian, and which does not believe that civilization, morality, and true intellectual culture can be departed from; in a word, a Republic strong enough to show itself equitably generous toward all, sufficiently raised above mean passions to have no fear of the rivalry of private associations, especially when they are formed among men who unite together only to do good. Under these favorable conditions, the work of the Brothers, as soon as they set foot upon this land of liberty, is sure to succeed. It spreads itself out in numerous and diverse foundations, conforming itself with remarkable ease to the varying needs of an industrious and inventive nation, eager to work, tenacious of commercial success.”

The adaptation of which M. de Courcel here speaks had gone to the extent of uniting the teaching of the classics with the primary studies and modern sciences, wherever the bishops and people had expressed a desire for it. A few years ago, a decision from Rome, and

from the Superior General in Paris, authoritatively forbade combinations of this kind, and suppressed those that already existed. The college which we visited was one of the number of these in which Greek and Latin were formerly studied. It therefore counts among its former pupils many members of the clergy, of Congress, and of the army. General Merritt, who distinguished himself in the Philippine war, was educated there. Even after this mutilation, the Brothers' College still counts more than four hundred pupils. It has received by charter, from the State of Missouri, the privilege of conferring University degrees. Three departments are organized there,—the scientific, having for ratification the diploma of a civil engineer; the business, having as ratification a commercial diploma; and, finally, the modern humanities, which lead to the baccalaureate of arts. The results of this teaching, and of the training which is joined to it, are very greatly appreciated by the Catholics of St. Louis, and even by a certain number of Protestants who send their sons to the college without misgiving. I have noticed this feature in all the Catholic educational establishments that I have visited; the families being, for that matter, informed in advance that no pressure will be brought to bear on the consciences of their sons or daughters, but that they will be required, with all the others, to share in the religious exercises.

The college is magnificently situated, at Côte Brilliante, at the gates of St. Louis, we should say, if American cities had gates. Côte Brilliante is one of the names, slightly transformed, which bear

witness to its French origin. Even more than by this uncertain orthography, our patriotism is flattered by finding among the Brothers and their pupils the best traditions and usages of France.¹ Our language, however, does not seem to be familiar to the majority of the students.

At the end of the rather formal reception which is given to us under the central dome, when the trumpet has blown its notes of welcome, when a pupil has made his complimentary address, when the Archbishop has responded by an eloquent discourse, my turn having come to speak, I timidly inquire whether I shall speak in bad English or in passable French. English is called for without hesitation. And, to tell the truth, I like that just as well; faults are more pardonable in a foreign language. For the rest, all is forgotten — the charming eloquence of the young Archbishop, and the solecisms of his companion — in the formidable clamor that at a given signal rises three times from all the ranks, and mounts with deafening noise into the cupola, which it seems might crumble from the sound. “Who are we? C. B. C.!” “Who are we? C. B. C.!” “Who are we? C. B. C.!” — the initials standing for Christian Brothers’ College. In France also many establishments have similar cries, and the ears that have once heard them are not likely to forget.

After breakfast, we look for a few minutes at the immense playground; the pupils put to good use the

¹The greater part of the Christian Brothers teaching in the United States have been born there and formed in religion. The society possesses four provinces, each one having its own novitiate, — Baltimore, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

holiday which the Archbishop's visit has granted them; and being pressed for time, we take the electric car to go far from here to the Grand Seminary. It is only half-past two. We buy the first edition of the evening journals; the reception at noon is recounted, with a very complete summary of the speeches made. The lady reporters whom they had shown me at the entrance to the hall have lost no time.

The Grand Seminary, which comprises eighty-four students, is directed by the priests of the Mission, most of them French. But there also it is not our language which is spoken; and in the hall in which they have collected all the pupils, I am obliged, after the Archbishop has spoken, to improvise a second address in approximate English. He who really dreads speaking in public should never travel in the United States. One is perpetually under the menace of delivering a speech, and any attempt to escape from it would be as ill received as a refusal to take a glass of wine in the house of a French peasant. As the blow generally falls at the moment when one least expects it,—at the end of a very tranquil repast, or during a visit to a school or university,—it would be impossible to get out of the difficulties were it not for the resource, always available, of first excusing one's self on account of an insufficient knowledge of the language, and meanwhile casting about for some subject to talk about. I had not, however, any trouble in finding what I wished to say to the Seminarians of St. Louis, and it seems to me that if I had been able to express myself without difficulty I should, from sheer

conviction, have spoken with eloquence of the splendid mission which awaits them as future priests, of the wide possibilities which they will have for doing good in this great and free country, and of the consolation and encouragement which they will give to their brothers of less favored lands.

I am now going to close this chapter with a few criticisms. Some Europeans, indeed, may reproach me with being too eulogistic; they forget that to speak of the praiseworthy things one has seen is not to deny the existence of objectionable things which have not been sought for, and, being quite negative, would hardly have been of use as examples. Thus, I confided to Archbishop Glennon, on leaving the Grand Seminary, the painful impression which has been made on me by the sight of the buildings, the narrow halls, the court devoid of grass, and the generally wretched condition of the place where the clergy of this great diocese are trained; while all the other establishments rejoice in the light, in the open air, in a healthy prosperity. The Archbishop was all the more ready to listen to the expression of these regrets, because he himself feels them, and is resolved to remove their cause. He explained to me that this convent, an old one of the Visitandines, has been adapted as well as could be to the needs of the Grand Seminary, but that this state of things is not to last. Now that he has full authority, I am sure that one of the first uses he will make of it will be to remove his future priests from a

lodging which is at best only suitable for our poor dioceses of Europe. To quit old buildings for new ones, without changing in the smallest degree the foundation of doctrines taught there, is what the Church has done in more than one case, morally and materially, during her long existence; and it is what she will continue to do. There are people within her fold who are unwilling to acknowledge this; but there are others who are proud of it, seeing in this a strong proof that, thanks to her living authority, she holds the just balance between the ever-shifting Protestant religion and the sleepy immobility of the Eastern schismatics.

CHAPTER X

THE CITY OF IRON AND FIRE

Returning to the East.—In the Manufacturing Districts.—St. Jerome and Pittsburg.—Andrew Carnegie.—His Apprenticeship.—His Social Ideas.—His Gospel of Wealth.—A Well-Bred Frenchman.—The Electric Works of Westinghouse and the Forges of Carnegie.—How Masters and Inventors are Formed.—With a Business Man.—Nocturnal Reporting.—A Club on the Twenty-second Story.—A Dantesque Scene.—Through Pennsylvania by Rail.—Irregularity of the Trains.—An Invitation to Baltimore.

I LEAVE St. Louis at a quarter-past eight in the evening, travelling by night in order to save time, my destination, Pittsburg, being 623 miles distant. To-morrow we shall put our watches ahead an hour. We are returning to the Atlantic coast; and we must leave unvisited Colorado, Arizona, California, the marvels of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope. It is tantalizing, having travelled over a quarter of the globe, to be obliged to retrace one's steps when it would be so simple to continue the journey by the other ocean to Japan and China, or by the Indies and the Trans-Siberian railway.

However, without heeding my regrets, the efficient negro transforms our Pullman car into a sleeping-compartment, and makes me realize that, though leaving the Pacific behind us, we are still far from the Ouest-Ceinture station of Paris. The beds are

excellent, but the frequent stoppages prevent our sleeping much.

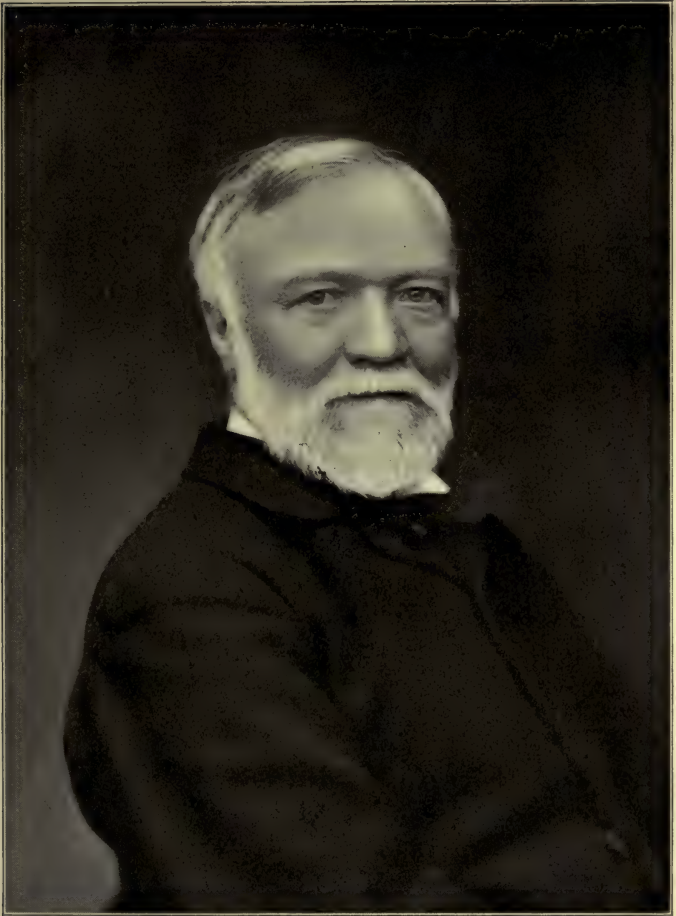
I do not think I have lost much in travelling by night through the scenery of Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana. In traversing Ohio by day we see the same monotonous and well-cultivated plain which I have grown accustomed to since leaving Buffalo. But on approaching Pennsylvania the scene changes: cultivated tracts become rarer, and at last disappear altogether as we enter the great industrial zone. Contrary to my expectation, the country is not ugly at all. Except on the side of the factories, it is covered with verdure, broken up by hills, watered by rivers, and dotted with little cottages where each family seems to live separately and independently. Nothing reminds one of the surroundings of Creusot or Montchanin, that barren country with its monotonous rows of workmen's cottages. As far as one can judge when passing through by rail, the little black building-groups that we see contain only the factories and shops; no one lives where he works.

We pass immense trains of coal in increasing numbers, and the air becomes thick, smoky, and almost black. We shall soon enter the city of Carnegie, Edison, and Westinghouse, that city of iron and steel, the greatest iron manufacturing centre in the world. I finish my breviary, that I may be free this evening. It is the office of Saint Jerome, the great hermit scholar of Bethlehem. At first, I am struck by the contrast; but then I remember that this same Book over which the solitary labored sixteen hundred years ago still serves

for moral rule and religious inspiration here as the ever-living, all-sufficing ideal, and one which, far from weakening its hold on the human race, is all the better adapted to its needs in proportion as civilization progresses.

One cannot cite a better example than Pittsburg to support the theory that the place creates the work, and in consequence property, and the whole organization of life. Here the nature of the soil could not fail to produce a manufacturing town. It is a spot between two navigable rivers, which, united, form a natural canal as far as the ocean; to the right and left there are mountains containing ore; on the southwest and the east is a regular bed of coal, a hundred miles wide and more than two hundred miles long, which furnishes coke for the mines of Colorado as well as for the factories on the Atlantic coast, and also the gas-coal for all the Mississippi basin. At some distance to the north there are inexhaustible sources of petroleum, and to the northeast marvellous stores of natural gas. Such are the subterranean riches of this favored region, and it must be owned that the Americans have known how to utilize them to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

In a chapter in his book, "The Empire of Business," treating of petroleum and the gas-wells of eastern Pennsylvania, Mr. Carnegie extols these treasures in an almost poetic strain, which is not surprising when one recognizes the marvellous forces which human genius has extracted from them. At the same time, the author, leaving poetry aside, speaks with legitimate complaisance of the great success of his first workings



ANDREW CARNEGIE

in petroleum. The well itself, purchased for forty thousand dollars, repaid in a single year five millions in dividends, "rather a good return upon an investment of £8,000." And rejoicing in this advantageous investment, he good-humoredly rails at human gullibility, which as long as petroleum cost two dollars a bottle attributed to it surprising medicinal virtues, but ceased to use it as a remedy as soon as the price fell to a cent.

Mr. Carnegie tells with no less enthusiasm of the discovery and utilization of natural gas. Indeed, he was among the first to establish pipe lines through which it might be brought for the purpose of lighting the town and supplying motors. People have now become accustomed to its use; but it must have been a strange spectacle when for the first time, and quite accidentally, they burnt this invisible emanation of the soil. Perhaps it would never have been utilized if chance had not willed that some workmen, in boring a well to a considerable depth, had happened to come upon a reservoir of this gas, which produced a frightful explosion. The only thing to be done was to tame the monster, to coax it into solid pipes, and to put it to use as manufactured gas. One might rely upon the Pittsburg folk to accomplish this, as well as many another bold feat.

In speaking of and quoting from Mr. Carnegie in our notice of Pittsburg, we are by no means wandering from our subject. There are two summits from which this town must be seen: one is Mount Washington,

above the Monongahela River, and another is Andrew Carnegie, who towers high over all the other business men in this bustling city. And I do not say so simply because he has given Pittsburg a library which bears his name, and of which the edifice alone cost nearly a million dollars, nor even because it is here one sees his huge furnaces at work; but rather because it is here that his marvellous capacity has been trained and developed until he has become the most perfect type of business man that the United States has produced. You see this in reading the introduction to his "Gospel of Wealth," where he describes his apprenticeship; just as in the works of President Roosevelt, especially in his volume on "The Strenuous Life" and "American Ideals," you find the best example of the politician, while Bishop Spalding in his "Opportunity" is the interpreter of the highest religious thought.

Nothing is more interesting or instructive than the career of this little Scotch boy, whose father emigrated with his family to Pittsburg, having lost his fortune and occupation (that of a master weaver) owing to the introduction of steam factories in his native town of Dunfermline. But we need not dwell at length on his story, which is well known to his fellow-citizens. Briefly, then, he tells us how at twelve years he served as a bobbin-boy in a cotton-mill, and toiled incessantly for the magnificent sum of a dollar and a quarter a week. But before he was thirteen he found employment in the factory of an old Scotchman, and was assigned to run the small steam-engine that drove the

machinery. At fourteen he had a post as telegraph messenger-boy, and soon became an operator at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month—a sum which realized his childhood's dreams of wealth. He soon earned an extra dollar by copying the telegraphic news then shared by the six newspapers of Pittsburg. This brought him into friendly relations with the reporters, and was at the same time his first "business" operation, as the money so gained was not considered as revenue of the family. Having made the acquaintance of a Mr. Scott, the clever superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that gentleman engaged him as clerk and operator at thirty-five dollars a month, and he remained thirteen years in his service, at last succeeding him as Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the road.

It was by Mr. Scott's advice that he was led to invest five hundred dollars, the whole of the family fortune, in ten shares of stock in the Adams Express Company. This proved to be a paying concern, and young Carnegie prospered as well as his employer, while he was able to render a great service to the latter by persuading him to introduce the Woodruff sleeping-cars (so named from their inventor) on the Pennsylvania Railroad, long before the investment was absorbed by the celebrated Pullman. But the real basis of his present fortune was the organization of a company in Pittsburg to build iron bridges in place of the wooden ones which had hitherto been exclusively used on the railways. He thus realized his cherished idea of becoming his own master, of manufacturing something,

of giving employment to many men. "Even then," as he says in conclusion, "we cannot remain stationary, or satisfied with the results obtained. To stop expanding would be to fall behind; and even to-day the successive improvements and inventions follow each other so rapidly that we see just as much yet to be done as ever." Thus he and the companions of his boyhood continue year after year to extend their field of enterprise, "in order," as he says, "to meet the ever-growing and ever-changing wants of this most progressive country."

Mere money-making is for Andrew Carnegie but half the task; it is necessary to employ it well. Hence his book "The Gospel of Wealth." One may or may not share his opinions, but at least one must own that they are not wanting in a certain nobility. A man who, having risen from the ranks himself, thinks and speaks thus, is a man in a thousand. As his ideas are not exclusively personal, but are shared by many influential people, they are worth a moment's consideration.

Like that of most Americans, his philosophy is based on optimism. "The good old times" were not "good old times," according to him. The present state of things must be accepted and utilized just as it is. Communism is absurd; there is no alternative for the great employers of labor between ruin and an immense fortune. But they should consider themselves only as the trustees or administrators, and use their wealth for the common good. When they have expended what is necessary for the comfortable main-

tenance and education of their family, the surplus ought to be applied by them to public interests.

There are but three modes of disposing of surplus wealth: it can be left to the family of the decedents, it can be bequeathed for public purposes, or it can be distributed by its possessors during their lives. Parents should of course educate their children, and give them as far as possible the means of earning their own livelihood; and,—an important consideration,—it is also just to provide for them in moderation, if they accept the highly commendable mission of laboring for public ends, without regard to pecuniary considerations. Beyond this, he considers it most injudicious for men to leave great fortunes to their children, as great sums bequeathed often work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. On the other hand, to bequeath one's fortune by will shows that a man is content to wait until he is dead before he becomes of much use in the world; and he is not to be extolled for doing what he cannot help. For what merit is there in such forced benevolence? From all this, Mr. Carnegie concludes that a graduated inheritance tax is a wise and salutary measure. According to him, the third mode of employing wealth is the only one worthy of a man, a Christian, and a good citizen of the modern world.

In this we have the true antidote for the temporary unequal distribution of wealth, the reconciliation of the rich and the poor—a reign of harmony, another ideal, differing indeed from that of the communist in requiring only the further evolution of existing conditions, not the total overthrow of our civilization.¹

¹ "The Gospel of Wealth," p. 12.

The duty of the man of wealth is:

To set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which in his judgment is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community, — the man of wealth thus becoming the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren, bringing to their service his superior wisdom, experience, and ability to administer, doing for them better than they would or could do for themselves.¹

And, indeed, it seems to me I have read something very similar in the homilies of St. John Chrysostom, or in the sermons of Bossuet.

Still, the same principle may demand, according to the times, a very different application. Like the Fathers of the Church, our American millionaire extols the happiness of laboring for the good of his fellows; and he seeks his ideal in the teaching of Christ. But he desires that one should recognize the changed conditions of this age, and reproduce the spirit rather than the letter of the Gospel. Nine-tenths of the money spent in indiscriminate charity is wasted, and probably often does more harm than good. Everyone has, of course, met with individual cases where timely aid may be of real benefit; but it is society, and not the wealthy man, which has the mission of helping the really destitute. The individual administrator of his surplus wealth should aid those who are striving courageously, should assist those who desire to rise,

¹ "The Gospel of Wealth," p. 15.

but rarely or never should he do all. His *rôle* is to multiply, for those who wish to profit by them, the means of improvement, both physical and moral,—everything, in fact, which tends to develop the education of the people, such as public institutions of various kinds, parks, baths, medical schools, picture-galleries, universities.

But beside this, the wealthy man should devote himself, his time, and his experience to the wise administration of his gifts, so that they should not have a degrading or pauperizing effect on the recipients. In the case of a library or a park, for instance, he should insist on the community being taxed to maintain them, as an endowed institution is liable to become the prey of a clique. Such is the solution which Mr. Carnegie offers to the mysterious difficulties which seem to bar the kingdom of heaven to the rich.

The gospel of wealth but echoes Christ's words. It calls upon the millionaire to sell all that he hath, and give it in the highest and best form to the poor by administering his estate himself for the good of his fellows, before he is called upon to lie down and rest upon the bosom of Mother Earth. So doing, he will approach his end no longer the ignoble hoarder of useless millions; poor, very poor indeed, in money, but rich, very rich, twenty times a millionaire still, in the affection, gratitude, and admiration of his fellowmen, and—sweeter far—soothed and sustained by the still small voice within, which, whispering, tells him that because he has lived, perhaps one small part of the great world has been bettered just a little. This much is sure: against such riches as these no bar will be found at the gates of Paradise.¹

It has been objected by some that this gospel is not practical. Mr. Carnegie's reply is obvious: the Gos-

¹“The Gospel of Wealth,” p. 43.

pel of Christianity is also nullified by the acts of some, but that is no argument against it. Many names well known in Europe prove that a certain number of Americans act up to this ideal; and as regards public education in the United States, private generosity supplies funds which greatly exceed those which in our old countries are furnished by the enforced contributions of the State. To take but one instance: has not Senator Stanford given twenty millions of dollars in order to found a university upon the Pacific coast?

Thus far our excursions in Pittsburg have not extended beyond the social ideas of Mr. Carnegie. One cannot leave "the iron city," however, without visiting the foundries and workshops. So we made a hasty survey of the establishments of Carnegie and Westinghouse.

This latter "captain of industry," known all over the world by the railroad brakes invented by him, has among his employees a young Frenchman, twenty-four years old, my friend C——, whose presence at Pittsburg was the chief cause of my coming to that city. To have seen this well-bred boy for the first time in a French country-house fifteen years ago, and now to meet him again in charge of a gang of workmen in the United States, a thorough American though still French, a good Christian as well as a hard worker, and a perfect man of the world, sought after in the drawing-rooms, and highly esteemed by his fellow-workmen, knowing how to show himself the equal of all, and to have himself called "one of us" by all,—here is a meeting that repays

a journey of three hundred miles, and is of a kind to create confidence as to the prospects of well-educated young Frenchmen. On leaving the barracks, where, thanks to his diploma from the Commercial School, he had to serve but one year, this young man of good family entered, at eight cents an hour, a European branch of the Westinghouse company. Shortly afterward he was sent to the headquarters of the company at Pittsburg, as a common mechanic, sharing the life of his companions in toil. For two months, by his own desire, he was engaged in night-work, which lasted from 6 P. M. till 7 A. M., with a rest of half an hour at midnight. To-day, at the factories charged with the despatching of electric motors, he is engaged in giving orders oftener than in receiving them. Frequently, at the head of a gang of workmen, he is sent to all parts of the United States to install electric plants. But when the occasion demands, he can take a turn at manual work. Thus he is caught in the current of "the strenuous life," and neither he nor his friends would undertake to assign any limits to the possibilities toward which this current is bearing him.

Naturally, my friend conducted me to his own centre of operations. The Westinghouse works are in East Pittsburg. The train which brings us to them passes through Braddock, Bessemer, Homestead, all industrial cities, above which hangs, even in fine weather, a sky laden with strange clouds not unlike, in their lowering copper hue, those which announce the approach of a hail-storm. The red flames towering about the great furnaces of the Edgar Thompson works suggest

volcanoes in eruption. The Westinghouse factories, more peaceful in appearance, are about ten in number, comprising, among others, the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, which constructs all kinds of electric engines and equipment; the Air-Brake Company, which makes the famous brakes; and the Machine Company, manufacturing gas-engines, turbines, and steam-engines. The most important of all is the Westinghouse Electric Company, the buildings of which cover at least twenty acres. Without reckoning the twenty-five hundred persons engaged in office-work, it employs eight thousand two hundred men and one thousand two hundred women. The women receive about a dollar and a half a day, and the men from two and a half upward, a number of them reaching four and five dollars. There are many branch establishments in Europe, notably at Manchester, St. Petersburg, and Havre. In the latter place were built the electric motors for the Paris Metropolitan Railroad. We visit only the power-house department, in which are constructed machines with an alternating current of 5,500 kilowatts. The Central Station of the New York Elevated Railroad, and that of the Subway, contain ten units of 9,000 kilowatts. These two plants, probably the largest in the world, have been installed by this company. How some of my engineer friends would enjoy being in my place! Not being of the initiated, I admire chiefly the elegant simplicity of the distributors which conduct so much fearful force, and the ease with which, twenty feet above our heads, immense cranes transport burdens

of thirty tons, bringing, when necessary, finishing machines from one end of the workshop to the other, to obviate the labor of transporting the pieces of material, which are sometimes of enormous size. I admire, I say, without understanding very thoroughly, feeling all the while that if I understood better my admiration would be all the more profound.

The battery of Carnegie furnaces, though equally beyond the range of my comprehension, impress me still more. Admission is obtained only by special ticket; but this is the sole precaution taken on behalf of visitors, and I deem it insufficient, for there is scarcely any more dangerous walk than that which one takes without a guide through this hell. Dante was at least conducted by Virgil. We have scarcely entered, when we see shooting past us a long serpent of fire, a glowing bar of tempered iron, forty or fifty feet in length, which is escaping from the rolling-mill. Had we found ourselves in its path, we should not have had anybody to disturb us with the warning, "Look out for yourself!" In another direction we see majestically advancing great blocks of red-hot castings, as if wandering at random over the rails in order to get cool. Their vicinity sends toward us waves of stifling heat, and we are about to retreat; but we must beware of other blocks of the same kind, unexpected railroads, and machinery of all sorts which pursues its work with great dignity and without the slightest concern for the spectators. And everything works automatically, with a limited number of hands. Here it is man's labor that is dear. Every machine knows its trade by heart,

so to speak, and easily dispenses with direction. Nothing could be more orderly, but if my companion had not possessed a surer eye than I, we should have run a great risk of having to choose between being scorched, crushed, or flung, Heaven knows how far! When, however, one becomes accustomed to the noise, and can pick out the safe spots, one begins to enjoy the extraordinary spectacle of so much order and peace amid this play of titanic forces; once familiar with the monsters, one may even find them beautiful; one enjoys the glare of the furnaces, the transparency of the hot iron bars, the rapid change of colors—white, red, rose, and astonishing shades of violet—through which the castings pass from the moment they leave the crucible.

The foregoing description will not draw upon me, from either Westinghouse or Carnegie, the charge of having betrayed the secrets of their business. Beside, even competent visitors would be admitted with equal freedom. If Americans take out numberless patents,—Westinghouse alone has already registered about two hundred, corresponding to as many separate improvements in his air-brake,—they rarely trouble themselves much about throwing a veil of mystery around the manufacturing processes. The following absolutely authentic anecdote, told to me by my friend as we were leaving the Carnegie shops, explains the reason of this indifference, and displays an interesting side of the American industrial chief. Not very long ago two engineers presented themselves before the president of

the N— Engineering Company, and asked permission to visit his works. They were allowed to make a close inspection of everything, under the guidance of one of the managers. Then they returned to the president and thanked him warmly for his courtesy. "I have done very little," he replied. "Why make a mystery of things when anyone who is determined upon it can always manage to find out everything? As for you, all that I ask is that, should you ever be at the head of a plant, you will treat others as I have just treated you." The following year there was another meeting, this time, however, at the offices of the former visitors. The courteous president of the other company asked permission to visit the new establishment, which was engaged in the same kind of manufacturing as his own firm. He received a polite but peremptory refusal. Two weeks after, a workman of the new company presented his wage-coupon at the paymaster's window in the usual way. The clerk tendered him the cash. With a smile, he refused it. "Your employers," he said, "owe me nothing. Just tell them that during the past fortnight the president of the N— Company has obtained here all the information he wanted."

Mere will-power would not, of course, have sufficed to insure the success of this able enterprise. The president must have passed through all the grades of the profession, like my friend C—, and the greater number of engineers who receive their training in the employ of the Westinghouse and other great companies. The English Commission which, in 1902 and 1903, visited the American workshops and schools in

order to study in a general way the systems of education regarded as a preparation for practical life, has given us, in one of its reports, which records many facts observed in the Westinghouse concern, some interesting details of the relations existing between the workshop and the school or university. The profession of electrical engineering is not absolutely closed to non-technical apprentices, and a certain number of them reach it; but in general "a student engineer in a workshop ought to have followed a college course,—and a college professor ought to be actively engaged in the profession which he teaches."¹ Formerly, to have followed a college course was counted rather a disadvantage in these practical pursuits. Now, on the contrary, two chiefs on the Westinghouse staff visit every year the leading universities and technical schools of the country, to select students whom they judge the fittest to enter the service of the company. These students are admitted on probation as student engineers, with the pay of fifteen cents an hour; the ablest succeed in reaching, within a year, a salary of from four to six dollars a day. But although they receive wages, the company's chief concern is with their training; and to complete it, they all change shops every three months.

Although the great companies tend more and more to intrust the management of their works to college graduates who have perfected their education in the shop, it does not follow that the ordinary apprentice

¹ Report of the Mosley Educational Commission to the United States of America. October-December, 1903. The Coöperative Printing Society, Tudor St., London, E.C.

must renounce all hope of attaining a high position. Every young American may aspire to become a millionaire, or President of the Republic. The obstacles between his dream and its realization are certainly not small considering the number and energy of his competitors; but neither the institutions nor the customs of the country put any difficulty in his path. If the college is necessary, at least it is open to all; and many attempt it who have begun by themselves earning the wherewith to open its doors. One of the most important men in the Westinghouse Company told the English Commissioners how, when during his early youth he was working on a farm, he had been encouraged by the village schoolmaster; how, in order to provide for himself and aid his family, he rose every morning at two o'clock to milk thirty cows; how he managed to save some money in a factory, and then went to the University of Ohio, without ceasing to work with his hands; how seven of his eight brothers were, at the time he spoke, with the Westinghouse people; and how (he certainly had a right to say so) it is the hard work of the farm that produces the race from which the American engineer springs.

Pittsburg has not left me recollections of furnaces and machinery only. One evening my friend C—— called on me at my hotel to take me with him to visit a family of his acquaintance. The Schenley Hotel, situated in the park given to Pittsburg by a lady of that name, is itself outside the city, which, owing to the noise and smoke, is scarcely habitable; still, it

takes half an hour's rapid ride in a street-car, through fields and woods, to reach the villa where the M—— family resides. It is from this distant residence that Mr. M—— goes every morning to his office in the city. All day long he is occupied in transactions involving thousands of dollars, as he occupies a position among the prominent business men of Pittsburg; every evening, and from Saturday to Monday, hidden in the peaceful country, in the bosom of his family, he is the savant and the artist. A devout Catholic, he has built a church near by in order that his family and neighbors may hear daily mass. Occasionally he takes a vacation, in order to visit some corner of Europe or elsewhere, with his wife and daughters; his sons are now passing through a period of active work. The greater part of the countries I have visited, he has visited, the important books I have read, he has read; and how many others he is acquainted with that I shall never know! He is well informed on everything that concerns religion, education, social progress; on all vital questions he has clear views, in conformity with those which I have heard maintained everywhere by the wisest and best informed minds. Now, I suspect that men like him are not over-abundant in the United States, any more than elsewhere; but I say that a country in which even a small number of such men can develop possesses a true civilization, and a tree capable of producing fruits of this quality is vigorous and sound.

It was almost midnight when I reached my hotel. There I learned that a reporter had been waiting since

eleven o'clock to speak with me by telephone, and that he desired an appointment. I named so early an hour in the morning that he asked for an interview at once; and with a Hello! Hello! I was immediately under fire. Finding it difficult to understand and be understood, I had recourse to the porter, who repeated the questions and transmitted my answers, all by telephone. On rising next morning, I was surprised to gain from the newspapers some unexpected information concerning my plans: for example, that I was to spend a month in Pittsburg; and the still more wonderful bit of news, that I was "one of the foremost savants in the world."

When my friend C—— rejoined me, we joked over my new-born glory; and concealing it under an impenetrable incognito, we turned toward Pittsburg. We sauntered along the busy streets of the centre of the city. We admired the fine Roman style of the Court-House, with its tower three hundred and fifty feet high. We visited the little block-house, a relic of Fort Duquesne, which became Fort Pitt in 1758, and Pittsburg seven years later, when the English took formal possession of it. Neither they nor the French had then even an inkling of the mineral riches of the country, but they appreciated the strategic value of the position, at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. The two *régimes* are, to the greater part of the population, but far-off and almost forgotten ideas. Nothing could be less colonial, nothing more independent or American, in the fullest sense of the word, than is the Pittsburg of to-day.

During the last day of my stay, I was again more than once strongly impressed by this forceful originality. The first time was when we went to the office of Mr. M——, who had invited us to lunch. One of the ten elevators that are almost unceasingly in operation in this great building carried us at a single bound to this millionaire's office on the fifteenth story. No Parisian notary, in his ground-floor in the *Plâce Vendôme* or *de la Concorde*, is installed more pleasantly and comfortably than is this Pittsburg lawyer up in his aerie. He took us to lunch at the *Union Club*, one of the leading clubs of the city. We had not far to go,—only to take the elevator to the twenty-second and highest story of a colossal building. After the meal we went out on the terrace, which is of white marble, like the rest of the edifice. It might have recalled the roof of the dome of Milan, were it not that, around and below, the disproportioned buildings, some fifty feet high and some three hundred, the two dark hills that compress the city as in a vise, the noise, the smoke, the movement of street-cars, vessels, factories, railroads, all made up the least Italian of panoramas.

Stranger still was the spectacle that presented itself to us from the top of Mount Washington, to which we were carried—I was going to say projected—by a cable more remarkable for rapidity than for elegance. All along the Ohio River, as well as the two rivers whose union here gives it birth, one sees, hears, smells, seizes through every sense and faculty, in its confusion and power, a life gigantic and superhuman, which thinks

and toils and calculates; which agitates and moulds, evokes and manipulates, with the ease of a god, the linked forces of mind and matter. Nothing could be more appallingly magnificent. And so strong was the impression made on me by the scene, that I returned in the evening to the mountain, to view again the landscape spread out beneath, constellated with the electric lights of the city; while farther on, under the low sky and amid the darkness of the night, as if from infernal caverns, streamed forth the red glare of the furnaces.

Have the railroad companies, like ungrateful or vindictive beneficiaries, turned against the city which manufactures their rails and bridges? Like the train which brought me, the one on which I am to leave displays a fine indifference to punctuality. A magnificent Pullman vestibule train leaves the East Liberty Street depot at 7:25 A. M., and arrives in Washington at 5:10 P. M. I should be very glad to take it; but our first street-car is not early enough for that. I resign myself to the prospect of slower transit; and of the two express trains, starting at 7:42 and 8:10 A. M., I choose the second. This schedule indicates the frequency of the service. It is destined to indicate also its irregularity. A few trifling details will help to bring out this feature. I reach the station at 7:45, when theoretically I should have only the third train available. But in about ten minutes I see the first one—the “Pullman Vestibule”—approaching, in two sections, a little apart; but I cannot board it, as my ticket is for the express. At 8:10, the time marked

for the third train, the second one passes, loaded with passengers. I get aboard it, not much out of temper, for I have lost nothing by the change, unless it be my respect for the American railroads, which is to disappear totally before long.

Leaving behind the smoke of Pittsburg, the eye is enchanted, especially on a fine Autumn morning, as it ranges over such a pleasant country as the gorges of Conemaugh; and one is tempted to pity those clear green waters that, without knowing it, are hurrying to lose their innocence by contact with the workshops that await them. How much happier they look in the rocky but limpid bed which they have worn for themselves between the abrupt ridges of the Alleghanies, amid trees of every variety, whose varied foliage they reflect. The river, the highway, and the railroad are compelled to elbow one another in order to pass abreast through the constantly narrowing defile. We approach the little industrial town of Johnstown, where, in 1889, took place a catastrophe far more terrible than that of Saint-Gervais. An embankment 1,000 feet long, 110 high, 90 wide at the base, and 30 at the top, gave way, owing to the excessive rains, and through a breach 300 feet wide in an instant there poured into the valley a mass of water half a mile in width and fifty feet in depth. Nothing was left of neighboring villages, nor of outlying buildings, nor of trees, nor even of Johnstown, which was twenty miles distant from the reservoir. The water, rushing at the rate of three miles a minute, destroyed four or five thousand human lives and damaged property to the extent of

fifty millions of dollars. Yet all traces of this catastrophe have disappeared in less than fifteen years. Johnstown has now a population of about thirty thousand,—double its former one; and the Cambria Steel Works employ ten thousand men there.

We ascend a thousand feet or so higher, the scenery becoming more and more interesting, except when the view is shut out, now on one side, now on the other, and again on both, by immense trains laden with coal; for we are still in the great coal-basin of Pennsylvania, "the largest in the world." A tunnel 2,160 feet above sea-level brings us past the "divide" of the great water-sheds. Now we are on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, and we observe that while the streams of the western slope sought the Mississippi to reach, three thousand miles farther on, the Gulf of Mexico, those on this side find a nearer outlet on the eastern coast, opposite Europe. We are certainly getting nearer home. This perspective somehow does not evoke in me a proper amount of enthusiasm.

We continue our descent, through charming scenery, which, however, is much like that to be seen in all mountain places, the only really remarkable thing being the Horseshoe Curve, where the trains almost seem to make a circle, as on the St. Gothard Pass. We cross many a river and many a hill, and wherever the valley is wide enough we meet with little industrial towns at which we halt. One of these, Altoona, with a population of less than 40,000, employs 1,500 workmen to turn out annually 300 locomotives and 5,000 freight-cars. The picturesque diminishes in proportion as we

approach the plain. Two rivers, however, possess some interest,—the Tuscarora, noted for its narrow gorges, and the Juniata, whose graceful banks are dear to writers of romance. Finally we cross an important river,—the Susquehanna,—and the mountains are gone.

The most interesting subject of study in connection with the country through which we have just passed would be the traces of the great Indian tribes that here united in their struggle against the whites. But this is not the place to recount the heroic deeds of Logan, the great chief of the Mingos; beside, I know no more about them than my readers, and during a long railroad journey one is more inclined to sleep than to read history.

Between two naps, I pick up a Pittsburg morning paper, and drowsily skim over its twelve large pages (it is only a local sheet and a regular edition). Out of a multitude of despatches, two only arrest my attention: one is dated at Philadelphia, where I expect to be shortly; the other from Paris, of which I have known nothing for the past six days. I learn that the new canal from Philadelphia to the sea, thirty feet in depth, is progressing rapidly, and will, it is expected, be opened in July, 1906. I have at hand no statistics except some that are fifteen years old, which very probably must be doubled. They show that the annual value of Philadelphia's manufactures was then nearly \$600,000,000, and the number of vessels entering and leaving the port annually was twelve hundred. The Paris despatch, the only news from France,

announced that the Government, after a sustained resistance by the Breton villagers, assisted by a few monks, had succeeded in taking possession of the convent of Amanlis in Ille-et-Vilaine. Decidedly, these Americans are unable to rise above material considerations! There remains now hardly anybody but ourselves ready to quarrel about our ideas—or do we rather pummel our neighbor on account of his?

We next reached Harrisburg, a city of 75,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Pennsylvania, notwithstanding that the larger cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg are both in this State. In many other States, also, the seat of government is not in the largest cities. The capital of New York State is Albany; of Illinois, Springfield, although Chicago is in that State. Harrisburg would doubtless deserve its preëminence, if I had the slightest basis for generalizing from some traits and manners that I observed in it. As I had to wait here an hour for my train to go on, and finding that hunger was beginning to assert itself in spite of the bananas with which I had deluded it until late afternoon, and judging that the “lunch-counter” at the station would afford little chance for observation, I started to find some restaurant in the vicinity. I found one, small but of decent appearance, and looking quite home-like inside. A venerable old fellow presented himself before me, and I asked timidly if I could, at that hour, get even a cold meal. “Not only a cold one, but a hot one,” he replied. “With beer?” I ventured, somewhat emboldened. “No, sir; you get

no beer here!" I felt profoundly thankful that I had not ventured to ask for wine. I resigned myself to the prospect of ice water. My boniface, however, of his own accord offered me a choice between tea and coffee; and this civility set me at ease. While the waiter was preparing the table, arranging on it half a dozen of those little oval plates which M. de Rousier, in his "Vie Américaine," has compared to a bird's bathtub, I examined the apartment, and was highly edified on reading above the door, "No smoking, no profane language." Those prohibitions did not, however, press heavily upon me. If I had wished to smoke, I had not the time; and if I had the time to indulge in profanity, I had no wish to do so. Seriously speaking, it is language disrespectful toward God, hence immoral, that is so positively forbidden. Whether or not it comes from the Quakerism of William Penn and his companions, may this prohibition long continue to flourish.

But whatever may be the virtues of Pennsylvania, they do not reach so far as to impose punctuality on the railroad companies. The train that brought me to Pittsburg was behind time; the train that brought me away from Pittsburg was behind time; the train I am to take for the District of Columbia is behind time. We ought to leave Harrisburg at 3:35 P. M. As soon as the train is made up, everybody very promptly gets on board. The hour of departure comes, but we do not move; four o'clock, but not a wheel turns; at 4:35, an hour after the time fixed, everything is still motionless. Five minutes after, however, the conductor

passes through the car, gravely announcing the start for York, Baltimore, Washington. The passengers, who hitherto have displayed much more silent patience than I should have expected from Americans, receive the good news with loud laughter, which rather disconcerts the herald of the company. In fact, ten minutes afterward,—that is, an hour and a quarter behind time,—after three or four false starts, which provoked the merriment of everybody, we were really under way. Where else have I seen such methods? Ah, I remember—in the north of Spain. But Americans show again their true character in the headlong speed with which they strive to make up for lost time. In spite of a delay at York and another at Baltimore, we have gained more than half an hour when we reach Washington.

But “All’s well that ends well,” and the only wearisome day that I spent in America finishes happily. From the little that I can perceive of Washington, its aspect seems more elegant and imposing than anything I have yet met with on this side of the ocean. At St. Patrick’s Rectory, Dr. Stafford welcomes me with his well-known charming cordiality. With him I find the companion of my voyage from whom I had parted so regretfully in Canada, and I learn from him that Cardinal Gibbons, having heard of my expected arrival, has been good enough to express a desire to see me on the following day in Baltimore, where in solemn ceremony he will give an account of the election of the new Pope. We are indeed far from the factories of Pittsburg.

CHAPTER XI

AT THE CARDINAL'S HOUSE IN
BALTIMORE

America Represented in the Conclave for the First Time.—Return of Cardinal Gibbons.—Public Reception in Baltimore.—A Popular Archbishop.—The Creed of Constantinople Sung in the Twentieth Century, in a Great American City.—A Walk with the Cardinal.—Conversations: Montalembert, Paul Bourget, the Catholic Press, the Conclave.—Cardinal Gibbons and the Election of Pius X.

THE celebration to which we—that is, my readers and I—are invited is not the first which has taken place since the return of Cardinal Gibbons from Rome. I shall not speak of the welcome given to him on his landing in New York, by delegates from many dioceses. But the reception offered him on this twenty-first of September, in his good city of Baltimore, deserves to be recounted. It will be further evidence as to the relations existing between the Church and the public authorities and the people at large. To grasp the significance of it, one must remember that Baltimore has a population of 600,000, of whom two-thirds are Protestants. The Cardinal is loved by all his fellow-citizens, and his return after any prolonged absence is always an occasion of rejoicing; but on account of his recent participation in the Conclave, the present welcome was more than usually demonstrative. On his departure from New York, the managers of a

large railroad courteously placed a special car at his disposal. He was escorted to the station by a number of prominent Catholics, and received by a high official of the Company. At Jersey City many priests were waiting to greet him. A deputation from his own diocese had come as far as Washington to receive him; and when he reached Baltimore he found the entire city awaiting him. Nearly three hundred policemen were present to do him honor, and — an easy task — to keep order. A hundred societies in uniform were waiting in the side streets to join the procession. The crowds that had been collecting for hours relieved their impatience by cheering the Washington delegation of three hundred men with a band of music, and next the Mayor of Baltimore and the civic authorities, who took their places in the waiting-room. When the Cardinal, in his black coat and high hat, stepped down, smiling, from the car, there was a storm of cheers. He entered the waiting-room; then Mayor McLane, to use the newspaper's phrase, said in part :

“Your Eminence has already received a most hearty welcome, most properly extended to you on your arrival in this country by the members of the society in which you have shown so much interest, and to whose success you have contributed so much. It becomes my pleasant duty to extend to you a wider welcome, which embraces the citizens of Baltimore generally, of all creeds and conditions, who, one and all, cherish the deepest reverence and respect for your great and noble character.

“When the news of the death of the late Pope reached us, it was received with a feeling of great apprehension by us on account of the arduous strain of your great responsibilities in a trying climate, and we feared its influence upon your health, and the sympathies of

the entire community went out to you. To see you return in good health is a great pleasure, and in behalf of my fellow-citizens of Baltimore, I extend to you a most hearty welcome, and the best wishes of the entire community for a long life of perfect happiness."

Then Judge Heuisler, a Catholic, spoke in the name of his co-religionists whose devotion to their Archbishop he proclaimed.

"It is true, your Eminence, and happy am I to say it, that all the people of America appreciate you, revere you, and love you for the work that you have done; and this greeting, while with us but local, will be heard with pleasure and with sympathy in all sections of our common country. In the presence of profound emotions all hearts must speak from out the windows of the souls; the eye must flash the welcome and the lips be dumb; and I will say no more. *Cead mille failte*—a thousand million welcomes."

The Cardinal replied briefly, saying that he would defer his response until he should reach the cathedral. The Mayor and the councillors then drove away in their carriages, preceded by a detachment of mounted police; the Cardinal's carriage followed, escorted by some police and the friendly Sons of St. Patrick. The other societies stretched along the line of march; the band of each one saluted the Cardinal, who resembled a general reviewing his army. Applause greeted him from every window, full of people. He bowed continuously, with a particular smile for the numerous persons whom he recognized. In front of the cathedral he was received by a group of young ladies in white, fluttering little American flags; and one of them presented him with a bouquet of sixty-nine roses—one for each year of his life. The Cardinal entered the



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CARDINAL GIBBONS

cathedral, and in a few minutes returned in his scarlet cassock, followed by priests in surplices; then he took his seat on the porch, the Mayor sitting beside him, to review the parade, which was an hour in passing. When the head of the line reached the cathedral, he arose amid a mighty shout and entered the church with the procession, while the bells of every steeple rang out. The Mayor and other civic dignitaries took seats reserved for them in the centre aisle, and the crowds poured in till the church could hold no more.

From his throne the Cardinal addressed his audience in the affectionate strain of a father who had just returned to his own. He had a friendly word for the Mayor and his family. He spoke of Leo XIII, of Pius X, and of the audience which the new Pope, at his request, had accorded to the American pilgrims, who were the first to be received by His Holiness. He announced that he would, at an early date, give his fellow-citizens a full account of the great events in which he had taken part. He related how, after the fatigue of Rome, he enjoyed a few days of repose as the guest of some fellow-countrymen in Switzerland and Normandy. "And now," he concluded, "I am most happy to be home again. While there are many beautiful places abroad, there is no country like the United States, no State like Maryland, and no city like Baltimore." Having recommended Pius X to the prayers of all, he gave the kneeling multitude his blessing, which was followed by solemn benediction.

The city officials and some friends then passed through the sacristy to the archepiscopal residence,

where the reception proceeded in a less formal way, while the bands of the various societies continued to play outside the door. The Cardinal was obliged repeatedly to appear at the window and thank anew the crowds that never wearied of his reappearance. "Our Cardinal" is the way in which everybody refers to him. An incident that was reported in one of the Baltimore papers affords a striking and thoroughly American proof of his popularity. A gentleman stopped in the office of this paper, and showing a one-dollar note, said proudly: "You see that dollar? Cardinal Gibbons gave that dollar in payment of an express package this afternoon, and I asked the expressman how much he wanted for it. He replied that he would take five dollars, which I gave him at once. Two minutes after a lady offered me twenty dollars for it, which I declined."

The celebration of October 4 was more exclusively religious. Leaving Washington at 9 A. M., I reached the Cardinal's residence at 10:30. He received me with that simple cordiality so characteristic of him. After assuring me, in terms which admitted of no refusal, that during my stay in Baltimore his house should be mine, he handed me over to his secretary, who conducted me to the stall in the sanctuary that belongs to the rector of the cathedral, who was to celebrate the mass. The stall is alongside the throne; and from it, half concealed by the red draperies, I was able to see everything.

There was not a vacant spot in the cathedral, and probably there were as many Protestants as Catholics

present. This immense edifice in Roman style, with its majestic cupola, its large nave with no side-aisles, the arms of its transept, its choir, and its altar visible from all points, lends itself perfectly to the carrying out of a grand ceremonial. Preceded by two hundred and fifty students of the Seminary—and this figure alone is an eloquent testimony of the vitality of American Catholicism—the Cardinal, in Cappa Magna, came round by the street and made his solemn entrance by the main doorway. The choir-boys, who, previous to the start, had been making merry over their office of train-bearers, without shocking His Eminence, now discharged it with the gravity of court pages. The choir and the seminarians brought out the grand religious effect of the plain chant. Even to its least details, the function was conducted with an air of piety and majesty that was really admirable. Those who, some years ago, heard Archbishop Ireland address a meeting at the Faubourg de Plaisance in Paris, and afterward, in the same week, saw him officiate pontifically in the church of Sainte-Clotilde, for the patronal feast, know how Americans, in everyday life the least ceremonious of mortals, understand the respect due to divine worship.

After the singing of the Gospel, the Cardinal mounted the pulpit, read the announcements, the Gospel of the day in English, and began his discourse. For me, the moment was an impressive one. For the first time in the history of Christendom an American cardinal had shared in the election of a pope; for the first time, the Church in America had, by this

sovereign act, taken part in the government of the Church Universal. And now her representative, a personage to be noted by history, was going to give an account of that event to the *élite* of the people. And Providence, tenderly attentive to what it knows to be good for each of us, had willed that without any prevision on my part, I should participate in the emotion of the hour.

The Cardinal himself began by remarking—so dominant is the idea—that the Conclave which had just taken place marked a new and important era in the annals of the American Catholic Church, since it was the first time in the history of the Christian religion that the United States, or any part of this Western Hemisphere, was associated with the other nations of Christendom in selecting a successor to the Chair of Peter.

“I should not be at all surprised if in the next Conclave the Catholic Church of the United States were to be represented by several members of the Sacred College, so that the number of cardinals from our country may be commensurate with the population, the grandeur, and the commanding influence of the nation, and may be in keeping also with the numerical strength of our hierarchy and laity and the splendor and progress of our religious and charitable institutions.”

He then recalled the conditions and severe regulations of the Conclave.

“The cardinals,” he stated, “are not angels, but men, subject to the usual infirmities and ambitions of flesh and blood; hence these precautions. I was present at the Conclave, and, without revealing its secrets, I can most positively assure the American

people that the election of the Pope was conducted with absolute freedom, with the utmost impartiality, and with a dignity becoming the august assemblage of the Sacred College and the momentous consequences of their suffrages, a fact all the more remarkable that representatives of twelve nationalities took part in the proceedings."

After relating the election and the humble refusal of Cardinal Sarto, he said :

"We need not be surprised at the emotion of the Pope when his election was announced, for he was called to the most sublime position to which any man on earth can aspire. The Papacy is the most ancient of all existing dynasties. It had flourished for centuries when the oldest empire now existing was established. A Pontiff sat in the Chair of Peter when England was a Roman colony, and her inhabitants were a rude, uncultivated people, unacquainted with the arts and refinements of civilized life. Pius X is the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope who, under Christ, has been called to rule the Church of God.

"The empire of the Pontiffs is coextensive with the globe, embracing children of every clime and race and tongue, combining in one homogeneous body the most diverse national characteristics and temperaments. It has been justly said that the sun never sets on British possessions. It can be also affirmed with equal truth that wherever the British flag is raised there also you will find Christians who bow with filial submission to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. The influence of the Papacy is more far-reaching than that of any earthly ruler. Kings and emperors and civil magistrates exact external compliance with the laws of the land. They cannot control the sanctuary of the heart. The sovereign Pontiff, though he has no army to enforce his commands, makes and interprets laws which bind the consciences of men."

After the sermon, a magnificent bass soloist and the impressive choir of seminarians, joined by the congregation, sang the magnificent Credo of Gounod, in which the music, so perfectly in harmony with the

words, discloses the artist inspired by the Christian. Here was the Church in America, in her mother-sanctuary, joining with her highest representative in her profession of faith. Now I grasped the meaning of this Church, with its dioceses increasing at the rate of one a year, with its churches frequented by every member of the flock, and almost all strengthened by a school in which the faith is handed on, intact, from generation to generation. The Credo which I heard sung in the twentieth century, by hundreds of Americans, is the same which received its definitive form in far-distant Constantinople, in the last days of the Roman Empire, in the reign of Theodosius, before any of the present nations of Europe had come into existence, and more than a thousand years before America was discovered. What more striking manifestation could be conceived of the Church's sublime permanence and vigorous vitality? Never did the words of St. Paul come home to me more forcibly: "Christ, yesterday, to-day, and forever." The visions of discouragement fled from my soul, as, with tears flowing down my cheeks, I listened to the triumphant "*Cujus regni non erit finis* (Of his kingdom there shall be no end)."

The ceremony lasted more than two hours. It was half-past one when we sat down to table in the episcopal residence, which, as at Rochester and Peoria, is simply the presbytery of the cathedral, in which the chief pastor lives with the clergy of the parish. There are no canons, honorary or titular, attached to any church in America; but they will be established as

soon as they become necessary. The vicars-general (as a rule there is only one) have usually charge of a parish in the episcopal city. The administrative machinery is evidently confined to what is strictly necessary.

Two hours after lunch, I observed filing out of the parochial school, opposite the cathedral, an interminable line of boys and girls, wearing pretty badges, and preceded by choir-boys in surplices, going to the church for vespers. Another processional! What are the civic authorities thinking about? And what were they thinking about on the evening of the 12th of November, 1889, when, amidst illuminations and the music of bands, through the streets of Baltimore, filled with American and pontifical flags, 30,000 men, on foot and on horseback, passed in review before the Cardinal and a number of bishops assembled to celebrate the centenary of the Catholic episcopate in the United States.

At four o'clock we started for a drive. Usually the Cardinal walks, but to-day he takes a carriage, in order that I may see more of the city. Almost everybody salutes him. One day, in company with an English visitor, he passed close to a church just as service was over. His companion, noticing the general salutation, could not help saying, "How much attached your flock is to you!" "These are Protestants," replied the Cardinal.

We passed rapidly through a section of the city leading to Druid Hill Park, a large and delightful pleasure-ground. On its western side, Baltimore looks

almost like a European city. Its general aspect recalls the cities of England; but it is to Paris that the inhabitants, gracefully and very justly, compare its finest quarter, Mount Vernon Place, and its neighborhood; a very elegant square, the Washington Monument, the Peabody Institute, with its art gallery and library, the Walters Museum of Fine Arts, rich in the works of Corot, Troyon, Delacroix, Gérôme, Delaroche, Henner, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, and other good examples of French painting. But the American city gradually reappears as we pass from the centre toward the suburbs, where once more we are amid long lines of residences, exquisite villas, with lawns, gardens, woods, nowhere marred by enclosing walls in the European fashion.

But even amid these abodes of wealth we were reminded of other phases of social existence. We met a troop of two or three hundred little orphan girls returning from church in care of some Sisters of Charity. Both sisters and children seemed so pleased to see the Cardinal, that he gave orders to be driven to the asylum. He was standing at the door when the smiling band arrived. They all passed in front of him, which satisfied their curiosity; and they all saluted him with a "Good day, Father," which impressed me as familiar, certainly, but in a higher sense it was touching. The Cardinal took time to enter the great hall with them, to bless them, and ask them if they would accept a holiday; then he left. "We have there," he said to me, as we came away, "more than two hundred orphans whom the sisters bring up as best

they can. When they are grown we send them to the City Industrial School, from which they come out able to earn good wages. The State gives us some aid. Generally speaking, it prefers to make grants to the charitable institutions of the various denominations, rather than undertake such work itself. It finds that this plan is less costly, and gives better results." All this is in striking contrast with actual methods in France.

On our return we passed a former residence of a descendant of Jerome Bonaparte, which turned the conversation upon that family, one of the most Catholic in the United States; and one which, as well by its simple way of living as by the importance of the public services constantly rendered by it, has succeeded, amid the respect of all, in supporting without embarrassment the burden of a too famous name. The head of the family, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, resides habitually in Baltimore; but at that moment he was in the country.

We visited another Catholic family, very rich and very generous, at whose villa, called "Maryland," on Lake Geneva, the Cardinal passed some days when returning from Rome. Everybody was delighted to see the Cardinal. Memories of Europe and the morning's celebration were talked of. "I saw you there," said the Cardinal. "Ah, your Eminence," said the head of the house, who is president of several railroad and navigation companies, "how proud one felt then to be a Catholic!" I too had divined a wave of faith and enthusiasm passing over the entire assembly.

During our return trip we had time to talk of many persons and many things. A part of our conversation may perhaps be repeated without indiscretion. The Cardinal praised highly the piety of Father Hecker, and the devoted wisdom of Father Magnien, the former Superior of Baltimore Seminary, who was foremost in his confidence and friendship. He inquired about the Montalembert family, who have had some relations with him, and who bear a name that he esteems among the most honorable in the world. He asked news of Paul Bourget also, whose visit, some years ago, deeply interested him; he was astonished at the accuracy with which the author of "Outre-Mer" was able, without having taken notes, to reproduce their conversation. I turned the conversation on the Cardinal's celebrated work, "The Faith of our Fathers," and learned, without suppressing some respectful blame, that the author never received a cent from the three or four hundred thousand copies of the American editions sold. He readily conceded that instead of leaving all the profit to the publishers, he would have done better to secure some of it for the diocesan charities. During the nineteenth century there was probably no popular work published that succeeded better or did more good than this one. I have in hand a copy printed in 1883,—that is, seven years after the first edition; it is already in its hundred and fiftieth thousand. In it the author explains very simply the principal doctrines and practices of Catholicism, insisting particularly on those that are most misunderstood by outsiders. The Introduction, addressed to Protestants, is very touching:

My dear reader, perhaps this is the first time in your life that you have handled a book in which the doctrines of the Church are expounded by one of her own sons. I do not wonder that the Church is hated by those who learn what she is from her enemies. It is natural for an honest man to loathe an institution whose history he believes to be marked by bloodshed, crime, and fraud. Had I been educated as they were, in an atmosphere hostile to the Church, perhaps I should be unfortunate enough to be breathing vengeance against her to-day, instead of consecrating my life to her defence. . . . Should I not be better qualified to present to you the Church's creed than the unfriendly witnesses whom I have mentioned? What motive can I have in misleading you? Not temporal reward, since I seek not your money, but your soul for which Jesus died. I could not hope for an eternal reward by gaining proselytes at the expense of truth. This, friendly reader, is my only motive: I hold a treasure compared with which all earthly things are but dross; I long to share it with you.

Our conversation drifted to some more general questions. When the Cardinal speaks of America, his words breathe the warmest admiration for her institutions; comparison of them with those of other countries is not able to chill his sentiments. He rejoices in the splendid possibilities which the common freedom opens to the Church and to all well-meaning persons. He is pleased to see Catholics play the part of good citizens in the affairs of the country; he himself sets the example whenever occasion arises. His countrymen like to invite him to the great public ceremonies, at which a place is reserved for him next to the President. We have already cited the prayer which he offered, by invitation, at the inauguration of the St. Louis Exposition's preparatory works.

"The excellent relations existing between the Church and the State," he said to me, "as well as the

interior tranquillity of the Church herself, are helped by the absence of religious daily newspapers. We have a weekly press which does good service, and that suffices. Beside, it is better that we remain on good terms with newspapers of every shade. I should be surprised, for instance, if you were not to find to-morrow the celebration of this morning reported sympathetically and at great length. Is that not better than to be extravagantly praised by one side, and extravagantly blamed, if not ignored, by the other?" These were golden words; but they apply to a country where religion is not the butt of ceaseless attack and calumny; where good sense and toleration prevail; where an impious and rancorous press like some of our papers at home, would in a few weeks fall into ridicule and contempt, and incur the penalties of the criminal law. The idea, however, deserves the consideration of our religious editors. Is it not possible that our religious daily press would do more good, if, ceasing to confine its attention to a perpetual defence of the faith, it should treat the various questions of the temporal order as everybody else does, reserving the display of its Catholicism for matters in which Catholicism is concerned? Under no circumstances ought religion to be made an affair of party. It is not exclusively, nor perhaps chiefly, apologetics that even the best of Catholics want from their newspaper. In short, what we need is newspapers which, treating religious topics with a special competence, in other respects differ nowise from the best type of secular journals. They could, of course, treat of theological or controversial

questions in a weekly supplement, and then a much larger number of subscribers would listen.

The Cardinal confided to me, the same day, some further details regarding the Conclave, which at first I did not intend to introduce in these pages. But recent revelations having delivered this event unexpectedly soon to history, there can be no imprudence in relating the little that I have received from the lips of one of the electors. Beside, he has told the same things to others, and did not impose secrecy on me.

Though he took no hand in any intrigue or proceeding that would have been unworthy of his character and that of the Conclave, the American Cardinal exercised a considerable influence in the election of Pius X. The profound joy which he expressed over the choice of a man who had discharged so well the functions of the sacerdotal office is enough in itself to indicate how he voted; but a certain incident shows in addition, that he may have had more than his official share in determining the final result.

Our readers will recall the details revealed by "a witness" in touch with the facts, in his brochure "*Les derniers jours de Léon XIII et le conclave.*"¹ On Sunday morning, August 2, after the third scrutiny, which registered 29 votes for Cardinal Rampolla, 21 for Cardinal Sarto, and 9 for Cardinal Gotti, the Archbishop of Cracovia communicated the veto of Austria. The admirable declaration of the former Secretary of State gained for him, on Sunday evening, one vote more; he obtained 30, while Gotti fell to 3, and Sarto rose to 24.

¹ Lecoffre, Paris. The author is Cardinal Mathieu.

The latter had, however, at the opening of the session, in tones of unfeigned sincerity, implored the Conclave not to think of him: "*Sono indegno! Sono incapace! Dimenticatemi!* (I am unworthy! I am unfit! Do not think of me.)" Humility like this could not fail to increase the confidence of the Sacred College. So on Monday morning he received 27 votes, while Rampolla had only 24. "But," writes the author of the brochure, "there was still the opposition of Cardinal Sarto himself to overcome, who renewed his plaintive supplication."

"He renewed it so earnestly," (here we quote our own witness, Cardinal Gibbons), "that the assembly was convinced there was nothing to be done but to seek another candidate. We were much embarrassed," continued the Cardinal, "for the other prominent candidates having been set aside, it seemed as if we had to begin over again, and under less favorable conditions." He expressed this view very energetically to Cardinal X, who, after the sitting, had come to him to consult upon another choice. He persuaded this individual, who exercised great influence in the Conclave, to approach the Patriarch of Venice, and appeal to his conscience by pointing out to him, with the utmost insistence, that to persist in his refusal was to run the risk of going contrary to the indications of Providence, the wish of the Church, and his own manifest duty.¹ Remonstrance and appeal to the highest motives, at last carried the day; and Cardinal

¹ The brochure of "Un Temoin" states that this appeal to Cardinal Sarto was made "by his personal friends." The Cardinal referred to by Mgr. Gibbons may have gone in the company of others.

X returned to announce the good news to the Archbishop of Baltimore. "God be praised!" cried the latter; "but this consent must be made known to all, for many remain under the impression created by the former refusal. Say a word to the Conclave at the opening of the next sitting." This was done, and at the proper moment—we return to the text of the brochure, whose author inserts a proper name where Cardinal Gibbons had employed an X—"Cardinal Satolli declared that Cardinal Sarto, yielding to the pressure of his colleagues, had resigned himself to the disposition of Providence. He received thirty-five votes, seven less than the necessary majority. The election was assured."

That drive, I need scarcely say, seemed very short to me. Yet the moon was up as we reached the house. Dinner with the Cardinal and his priests, in simple, everyday fashion, was over in time to allow me to catch a train at a very respectable hour. The Cardinal did not say good-bye without exacting a promise that I should pay him another visit. From Baltimore to Washington, peacefully ensconced in my "Royal Blue" car, I reviewed the events of this red-letter day, and felt that I had abundant material for the act of thanksgiving in my nightly prayers. But Providence had more in store for me. On reaching St. Patrick's, Dr. Stafford informed me that he purposed to obtain for me and my friend an interview with the President.

CHAPTER XII

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The President at Home.—The Man of the Strenuous Life.—His Conversation.—A Representative American.—The Character and Ideas of Roosevelt among Catholics and among Protestants.—Sermons of a President.—Opposed to all Abuse and all Prejudices.—National Act of Faith.—The State, Religious and Neutral.—“Look upon This Picture, and on This.”

HERE is the White House, a fine specimen of chaste Grecian architecture. In this palace,—no, the word palace is a sort of anachronism in this case,—in this house resides the head of the American people, the chief executive, chosen by itself, of one of the foremost nations of the world. And his authority is a real authority. He enjoys more power than any constitutional sovereign in Europe: he has the right of veto; he appoints to all offices; his ministers are not responsible to Congress. His fellow-citizens have turned over to him, with full confidence, the public affairs of the nation. This very year, when he saw England and Germany push their demands on Venezuela too far, in the name of the United States he invited them to withdraw their fleets and submit the question to arbitration; and both England and Germany acquiesced. He is as powerful as the Czar,—not as a hereditary autocrat, but as the executive of the greatest democracy known to history.

How is such a personage to be approached, and with what ceremony will he be surrounded? Yesterday my friend Dr. Stafford inquired at the White House if he might present to the President two French priests, of whom one is about to quit Washington. In reply, a messenger brings an invitation for this morning, at ten o'clock.

Ten minutes before the hour fixed, we arrive at the Executive Mansion. No sentinel is before the gate, not a soldier is at the entrance, not a uniform is visible in the vestibule. Two or three reporters, as many ushers without any badge, constitute the court. We are escorted to a little waiting-room, and send up our cards to the chief of the Republic. "The President will be with you presently," is the answer. Precisely at ten o'clock, Mr. Roosevelt opens the door and walks in. When Dr. Stafford announces our names, the President shakes our hands, bids us welcome, and leads us into his office. The pastor of St. Patrick's then presents Abbé Sicard as a French historian several times crowned by the Academy, and me as a friend of America and translator of the works of Archbishop Ireland and of Bishop Spalding. The President excuses himself for speaking French poorly, although he says he keeps in touch with our literature, and he shows us the "Revue des Deux Mondes" on his table. So we turn to English. But for this preventing my friend from taking part, I should be delighted; for I prefer to see Mr. Roosevelt at his ease instead of being preoccupied about grammar and searching for his words.

The man of the Strenuous Life is indeed before us. My seat is quite close to his. I miss no movement of his countenance or of his entire body, no inflection of his earnest and resonant voice. A magnetic current radiates from his whole being and affects everyone about him. I understand what was meant by a writer in one of the American reviews, who compared him to a dynamo, and said, "He seems to *explode* his words." He is of medium height, but robust and muscular. His round and somewhat full face, his fine light mustache, his fresh, animated complexion, his hair in its original abundance, his vivacity of manner, give him, notwithstanding his five-and-forty years, a youthful appearance which the cartoonists do not neglect. To this energetic, almost restless, make-up, a pair of blue eyes add that attribute, without which all the rest were nothing, which is called *charm*.

I remark that I have just spent some days as the guest of Bishop Spalding, who asked me to present his compliments to the President. "I admire him so much!" he replies. "He rendered us great service in the coal-strike commission; his advice, always wise and always listened to by other members, contributed a great deal toward the happy solution of that struggle. And then what literary talent! He has the gift of style, which so many of us lack. He is a master of composition."

Dr. Stafford informs Mr. Roosevelt that I purpose publishing my impressions of America; to which I add, briefly, that I should like to take back to my compatriots some object lessons of energy in private



Photograph by Frances B. Johnston, Washington

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

and of tolerance in public life. The President approves and encourages. "We are not perfect, but we love liberty and respect it in all." I hesitate to ask a question which circumstances render delicate, knowing, beside, the sentiments of my illustrious interlocutor on the subject, and the statement that he had made in reference to the arrival of so many French nuns in America. "Let them send us as many as possible; we can never have too many immigrants of that kind."

I tell him the title of my book will be "In the Land of the Strenuous Life"; and, as Father Zahm has assured me would be the case, he is delighted with it. So I venture to ask permission to dedicate it to him, to which he cordially consents.

He asks me if I have seen Dr. Egan, Professor of English Literature at the Catholic University in Washington. On my replying that I am to lunch with that gentleman to-morrow, he says, "Tell him that I am now plunged in Celtic." "How can you find time for so much reading?" asks Dr. Stafford. "Oh, it is a disease with me!" In fact, he has also the disease of writing, as witness a dozen volumes from his pen. A man like him, whom all forms of activity attract, could not neglect one so potent as the book. Beside, whether he publishes a collection of discourses, like "American Ideals" and "The Strenuous Life," or the "History of New York," "The Winning of the West," "The Naval War of 1812," "The Rough Riders of the Cuban War," or even his reminiscences of hunting and ranching, he has always the same end in view; and whether it is through the emulation of

heroic examples, or by actual deeds, or the beauty of moral ideas, his purpose ever is to elevate and stimulate to higher effort the souls of his fellow-citizens. The theory of "art for art's sake" does not seem to him worthy of discussion. We may be sure that when President Roosevelt leaves the White House, Mr. Roosevelt will resume his pen.

The overwhelming occupations of his present position restrict his utterances chiefly to public speaking; but every one of his addresses, if not remarkable for graces of composition, which he has little time to think about, contains some strong exhortation to virtue and courage, and abounds in concrete ideas, the very antithesis of that empty phraseology in which most heads of states willingly or necessarily envelop themselves. He delivers, on an average, at least four or five addresses a month; and in each one he says enough important things to make the address notable, even if it had come from the lips of a mere private citizen.

But to come back to our conversation. *À propos* of reading and books, he inquires, pencil in hand, the titles of the books written by my friend and me. Naturally, I say that these works will be sent him by the authors. I tell him of the success that the French translation of his work on "The Strenuous Life" met with; and as I happen to know the translator, we spoke of her. "Would you like," I ask him, "that I should have some other of your works translated?" He consented freely, reminding me, however, that several other translations are in progress; and he

showed me a new volume just received,—“*La vie des ranches*,” as far as I could make out.

I was not, I believe, playing the flatterer, in telling the President that France takes a great interest in him and his ideas. He then spoke of his personal sympathy with our nation. He mentioned the French descent of Mrs. Roosevelt,—formerly Miss Edith Kermit Carew; and he added, with evidently sincere satisfaction, that he himself had French blood in his veins. That was why, he continued, he had given the unusual name of Quentin to the youngest of his four boys. As everybody knows, he belongs to an old Dutch family that settled in New York in its early period, and has distinguished itself continuously in commerce and public affairs. Something less generally known, though worthy of observation for the light it throws on his many-sided character, is that several of his ancestors married daughters of French Huguenots; that his paternal grandmother was Irish; and that his mother, a Bullock of Georgia, was of Scotch and French descent. So there is a good dose of the Celt in this New York Dutchman. But we must remember that above all there are two centuries and a half of American education.

Dr. Stafford congratulated the President on having just escaped from an attempt on his life by a lunatic, who succeeded in making his way into the White House. He was easily arrested; but one cannot but experience a shock on learning that the fellow, the day before, on returning from church, had actually shaken hands with the President. “But,” Dr. Stafford and I

simultaneously protested, "ought not the head of the nation to provide better for his own protection?" Our advice, I must confess, seemed to make but little impression on Mr. Roosevelt, who said he did not wish—and who shall blame him?—to spoil his life by precautions against hypothetical dangers. "That fellow," he said, returning to the recent attempt, "is a fool! I do not want him injured. But how I should have liked to kill McKinley's assassin!" This memory gave a movement of anger; and one felt that this moralist, orator, writer, statesman, was quite capable of coping physically with any antagonist. He has done so, indeed, during his presidency, when twice he personally overthrew assailants; and several times, also, during his bear and buffalo hunting expeditions. He is a complete man, in whom mind and muscle, soul and body, are harmoniously developed, the realized ideal of the nation to which he belongs; who by years of ranch-life turned an originally weak constitution into one of robust health; who in politics never hides his convictions; who in foreign affairs, perhaps like others, has exaggerated the rights of his own country; but who, if we judge him by his intentions and acts as a whole, regulates his conduct, as he says, by the motto of Lincoln: "Do the best; but if you can't do the best, then do the best you can."

But the precious moments pass, like all others. I had to take leave of this great man of action, with Cardinal Lavignerie, the most interesting that I have ever met. The Secretaries were announced; and Mr. Roosevelt gave orders that nobody else should be admitted that forenoon. He accompanied us back to

the waiting-room, repeated with greater emphasis his whole-souled "Delighted to see you," and gave us a vigorous parting hand-shake. In the corridor we passed the members of the Cabinet, some of whom had arrived on foot, others in carriages whose drivers wore no liveries. Dr. Stafford shook hands with them hastily, and we left the White House just as the President and the members of his Cabinet were entering the council-chamber.

In the course of the day, Dr. Stafford and I spoke more than once of President Roosevelt. I have a sort of presentiment that my readers too will willingly do so, and prolong the interview of the White House. They know that Mr. Roosevelt is not only an eminent American, but also a typical and thoroughly representative one. From his antecedents, he is a child of his country; all the races commingled in it have contributed something to his veins. He has passed through the whole national system of education, from the common schools to the university; from the conduct of public and private business to the free, half-wild life of the plains; from the struggle of politics to that of war itself; and finally to the highest political office. All that an American can do he has done, and done well. He has resolved for himself the grand problem which he states in striking terms in the preface to his "American Ideals," namely, that if it is relatively easy "to be virtuous in a cloistered and negative way, or to succeed by a sacrifice of principle, it is, on the other hand, by no means easy to combine honesty and

efficiency, and yet it is absolutely necessary in order to do any work really worth doing." His adversaries, and even his friends, may sometimes have had reason to reproach him for not exercising sufficient caution in his fight against abuses and prejudices; but nobody can insinuate that he has ever failed in honesty, in frankness, or in the courage to risk everything for duty. Without any of that optimistic spirit which sacrifices the good that is attainable for some unattainable better, he has always shown himself faithful to the maxim of Franklin, which the American child copies as he is learning to write, "*Honesty is the best policy.*" No example has inculcated more forcibly than his the truth of an observation which deserves to be meditated by us, as by everybody else, according to which the happiness of a country would be assured if the good people in it were as courageous as the others.

Though a part of the population condone illegal violence and homicide, he protests against this barbarism, and lynching has no stronger opponent; these summary executions, aggravated as they frequently are by torture, inspired him to write this tragic sentence: "Anybody who has ever put a criminal to death by the horrible torture of fire must carry ever afterwards in his brain and in his heart the frightful spectacle of his own act. He can never again be the same man." If he judges that the nation makes a mistake in its treatment of the negro, he speaks in the negro's defence. And he does more than speak: one day he receives at the White House the most prominent

representative of that despised race; without considering the probable protestations of his own party, or asking himself whether the action may not alienate the entire South, he invites Booker T. Washington to sit at the President's table. Just as, when Commissioner of Police in New York, he personally conducted his subordinates in the investigation of the most dangerous slums, so to-day, as President of the Republic, he is first to raise his voice against every form of vice and prejudice, against corruption in private and public life, against false ideas, dangerous doctrines, irreligion, immorality, and anti-social or anti-patriotic theories.

It would not be easy to tell how often the following passage from one of his works has been reproduced:

When men fear labor, or fear a just war, when women fear the burden of maternity, they tremble on the brink of damnation, and the best thing they could do would be to disappear from the earth, where they are the scorn of all the men and women who are themselves strong and brave.

Here are some others: "Because a courtier is a knave, it does not follow that a demagogue may not be a scoundrel." "The worst enemies of America are the enemies of that orderly liberty without which our Republic could not exist, and the popular agitator who excites the people to disturbance is the most dangerous foe of the workingman." "But," the writer proceeds, "such an one can do no more harm than is done by the narrow-minded, grasping, selfish employer, who deliberately endeavors to keep his employees in a condition of dependence, so that they may be incapable of uniting against him." The force of the following declaration is obvious:

"We cannot blame too severely the wealthy who sacrifice everything to the accumulation of wealth. There is no more ignoble type in the world than the American seeker of millions, who, insensible to every duty, indifferent to every principle, thinks only of

amassing a fortune, and uses that fortune in the basest ways, either by speculating in the stock market, or in wrecking some railroad company, or allowing his son to live in costly idleness and gross debauchery, or buying for his daughter some good-for-nothing foreigner with a title." Elsewhere he denounces those who do not fear to disparage patriotism as an egotistic virtue, and he declares that, "However things may be in a future impossible to foresee, at present the man who loves other countries as much as his own is as injurious to society as the man who loves other women as well as his wife."

Finally, when a small number of fanatics, who were destined to meet a speedy discomfiture, formed a league against Catholicism as a foreign ("Roman" is the word in France to-day) religion, he was among the first to rise, and, with admirable force, to protest against this return to the ages of barbarism:

"We are equally opposed to any discriminations against or for a man because of his creed. We demand that all citizens, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, shall have fair treatment in every way; that all alike shall have their rights guaranteed them. The very reasons that make us unqualified in our opposition to State-aided sectarian schools make us equally bent that, in the management of our public schools, the adherents of each creed shall be given exact and equal justice, wholly without regard to their religious affiliations; that trustees, superintendents, teachers, scholars, all alike, shall be treated without any reference whatsoever to the creed they profess. We maintain that it is an outrage, in voting for a man for any position, whether State or National, to take into account his religious faith, provided only he is a good American. When a secret society does what in some places the American Protective Association seems to have done, and tries to proscribe Catholics both politically and socially, the members of such society show that they themselves are as utterly un-American, as alien to our school of political thought, as the worst immigrants who land on our shores. Their conduct is equally base and contemptible; they are the worst foes of our public-school system,

because they strengthen the hands of its ultramontane enemies; they should receive the hearty condemnation of all Americans who are truly patriotic."

The virtues which Theodore Roosevelt recommends to others he does not fail to practise himself. Optimistic and active, with confidence in God and in the future of his country, he certainly deserves the credit (to use his own expression) of regarding without apprehension the present and the future of his country, turning his eyes to the light wherever the light is visible, and bravely playing his part among men. This preacher of energy is the most energetic of Americans. He does not glorify the family without being a model husband, and he lives sufficiently under the public eye for everybody to know whether he lives up to his professed ideal, which presents father and mother united as friends with equal rights, children attached to parents by the bonds of affection and of obedience all the more strong because they are treated as rational beings with rights of their own, which involve a change in the family organization with the passing of the years,—an ideal in favorable contrast with the old one of a family ruled by a benevolent tyrant. If he proclaims military virtues and patriotism to be indispensable to the life of nations; if he says that war is an evil, but not the greatest of evils, and that there are some things which are not to be sacrificed to the desire for peace,—it is to be remembered that at the age of twenty-six, when he was already a Member of Congress, he enlisted in the Eighth Regiment of the New York National Guard, to fit himself to fight for his country in case of

need; and that on the outbreak of the Cuban war he resigned the assistant Secretaryship of the Navy to put himself at the head of a regiment of heroes like himself, the "Rough Riders," and showed himself a model of enterprise and daring. In vain did his friends urge that he could render more service by remaining at his post in the administration; in vain did they speak to him of his wife and children. He replied that he was among those who judged that a war with Spain was necessary, and who urged and promoted it, and that he was not going to carry out his policy by sitting at his fireside while others were fighting for that policy.

We might prolong the parallel between Mr. Roosevelt's words and deeds, were it not that the subject might lead us upon ground where a stranger might easily fall into error. One thing, however, that I learned with certainty during my visit, is that when a scandal was discovered in one of the departments involving some high officials belonging to the Republican party, he permitted neither threats nor prayers to prevent him from ordering a rigorous investigation and insisting on the punishment of the culprits. At a ceremony — the unveiling of the statue of General Sherman — which I shall have to describe, I heard him exclaim, with an energy almost ferocious, in tones that I can now recall: "We can as little afford to tolerate a dishonest man in the public service as a coward in the army. The murderer takes a single life; the corruptionist in public life, whether he be a bribe-giver or bribe-taker, strikes at the heart of the commonwealth. In every public service, as in every army, there will be

wrong-doers, there will occur misdeeds. This cannot be avoided; but vigilant watch must be kept, and as soon as discovered the wrong-doing must be stopped and the wrong-doers punished."

But it is to his attitude on religious affairs that we would draw further attention, both because it is a crucial subject, and also because it is the one in which my own country stands most in need of examples and of education. The citation given some pages back, in the account of the President's visit to the Jesuits of St. Louis, sufficiently attests that he is a faithful observer of the principle mentioned first in the Amendments to the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This tolerance seems to Mr. Roosevelt an essential point of the national character; he enumerates it among the dispositions which all the immigrants who wish to enter into the national family must exhibit. "We must," he says, "Americanize them in every way,—in speech, in principles, in political ideas, in their way of regarding the relations between Church and State. . . . Whatever his religion or birthplace, we welcome sincerely and cordially any one who comes here resolved to become a good citizen of the United States; we have, in return, the right to demand that he shall not embroil the questions that occupy us by introducing among us the quarrels and prejudices of the Old World. There are certain ideas which he must abandon. For example, he will learn that the American

spirit is incompatible with any form whatever of anarchy, or of secret societies having for their object murder, either here or abroad; he will learn also, that we insist upon complete religious toleration, and the separation of Church and State. . . . The lesson is the same for all the peoples who come here, whatever be their race. It is the same for all the churches. A church which remains alien in speech or in spirit is destined to disappear."

The conduct and language of Mr. Roosevelt will throw still more light upon the sentiment of Americans. They hold fast to the reciprocal independence of the civil and religious domains. But this does not mean that among them Church and State are antagonistic, nor even that they ignore each other. The State is sincerely neutral toward all denominations; it is not indifferent to religion; it is bound to no church, but it is religious; and its religion is composed of the principles essential to all real worship; its religion is made up of a belief in God, and the observances which this fundamental dogma entails. Nay, more, the State is Christian; without antagonizing the Jews or the representatives of beliefs more or less pagan, it takes its stand upon the Gospel truths acknowledged by all Christians. When it renders public honor to God it selects a Christian minister—sometimes a Catholic, sometimes a Protestant—to offer prayer on solemn public occasions.

Let us now observe Mr. Roosevelt, no longer in his writings or in private conversation, but as President of the United States, speaking of religion on three

characteristic occasions, twice as a guest at Christian gatherings, the other time when in the exercise of his supreme office he addressed the entire nation.

On the 16th of August, 1903, two thousand members of the Holy Name Society, whose object is the suppression of profane language, assembled at Oyster Bay, Long Island, the home of President Roosevelt. The President was invited to the meeting; he accepted, and took his seat on the platform amid a score of priests. He began by saying how fortunate he was to have the chance of welcoming the society there, a privilege to which he claimed some right, since he had been the first man to put down his name for a subscription toward the erection of the local church. Then he delivered a spirited impromptu address, on the excellence of the society's object, on the necessity of courage and of decency, in which he said :

“I am particularly glad to see such a society as this flourishing as your society has flourished, because the future welfare of our nation depends upon the way in which we can combine in our men—in our young men—decency and strength. Just this morning, when attending service on the great battle-ship ‘Kearsarge,’ I listened to a sermon addressed to the officers and enlisted men, in which the central thought was that each American must be a good man or he cannot be a good citizen. And one of the things dwelt upon in that sermon was the fact that a man must be clean of mouth as well as clean of life, must show by his words as well as by his actions his fealty to the Deity and to the Saviour, if he is to be what we have a right to expect from men wearing the national uniform. We have good Scriptural authority for the statement that it is not what comes into a man's mouth, but what goes out of it, that counts. . . . I expect you to be strong. I could not respect you if you were not; I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings. I want to see it a

moving spirit among very young men, and among boys who are not quite young men as yet, who think that to be wicked is rather smart; it shows that they are men. Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to see life, meaning that part of life which is a thousand-fold better if it remain unseen. I ask that every man here constitute himself his brother's keeper, by setting an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false estimate of life as that.

“Example is the most potent of all things. If any of you in the presence of younger boys, and especially of the younger people of your family, misbehaves himself, if you use coarse and blasphemous language before them, you can be sure that these younger people will follow your example and not your precept. . . .

“I have told you that I want you not only to be decent, but to be strong. These boys are not going to admire virtue that is of a purely anæmic type. If you are to be effective as good Christians, you have got to possess strength and courage, or your example will count for little with the young. . . . We expect of you that you will show in actual practice the faith that is in you.”

Evidently this is not a carefully prepared piece of artistic composition. But the head of a nation who expresses himself with this simplicity, in an assembly of young Catholics, urging them to honor the name of God, can claim admiration of a higher order than that which is awarded by the literary critic.

Such as he shows himself among Catholics, Mr. Roosevelt is also among Protestants. On the 25th of October were held the closing exercises of the Pan-American Congress of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. An audience of eight thousand people was present at the services, which were held in the open air. The Marine Band, with cassocks and surplices over their uniforms, led the procession, followed

by five hundred choristers, the Protestant Episcopal clergy of Washington, and many of the visiting bishops. President Roosevelt took his place on the platform among the bishops. The services opened with "Our Father," which was followed by liturgical prayers. Bishop Satterlee of Washington, in some introductory remarks, referred to the President as "His Excellency." Mr. Roosevelt turned to a gentleman beside him, and remarked in a tone loud enough to be heard by the bishop, "I do not like that; I wish he would not say that." A moment later, Bishop Satterlee, in referring to him, said "The President"; whereupon Mr. Roosevelt remarked, "I like that; that is right." Then he addressed the assembly; and if we cannot reproduce his sermon *in extenso*, the exordium at least may well be recalled:

"Bishop Satterlee, and to you representatives of the Church, at home and abroad, and to all of you, my friends and fellow-citizens, I extend greetings, and in your name I especially welcome these who are in a sense the guests of the nation. In what I am about to say to you, I wish to dwell upon certain thoughts suggested by three different quotations. In the first place, 'Thou shalt serve the Lord with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind'; the next, 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves'; and, finally, in the collect that you, Bishop Doane, have just read, 'That we, being ready both in body and soul, may accomplish the things which thou commandest.'"

The discourse itself, which had little more than a nominal moral connection with these texts, insisted upon the necessity of serving God and of accomplishing one's duty with energy and hearty good-will. It was not logical, like one of Bourdaloue's sermons, and

it would almost defy analysis; but two or three especially characteristic passages will indicate its spirit, if not its general tenor:

“In the eternal war for righteousness, the friends of the good need to remember that, in addition to being decent, they must be efficient; that good intentions, high purposes, cannot be a substitute for power to make these purposes, these intentions, felt in action. We must have the purpose and the intention. But in addition to being guided aright, we must cultivate the power also. . . .

“Small is our use for the man who individually helps any of us, but shows that he does it grudgingly. We had rather not be helped than helped in that way. . . . So in the service of the Lord, if we serve him, if we serve the cause of righteousness in a way that impresses others that we are sad in doing it, our service is robbed of an immense proportion of its efficacy.

“I call your attention to something that is especially my business for the time being, and that is your business all the time, or else you are unfit to be citizens of this Republic. In one of the hymns, in the last line, you joined in singing ‘God Save the State’; do you intend merely to sing, or to try to do it? If you intend merely to sing, your part will be small. The State will be saved if the Lord puts it into the heart of the average man so to shape his life that the State shall be worth saving, and only on these conditions. . . . I do not ask you as practical believers to take part, one way or the other, in matters that are merely political. There are plenty of questions about which honest men may and do differ very intensely. . . . But there are also certain great principles concerning which no man has a right to any but one opinion. . . . Honesty in public and in private life should be the foundation of everything; not merely the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty which is according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law; the honesty that is aggressive; that not merely deplures corruption,—it is easy enough to deplore corruption,—but that wars against it, and tramples it under foot. I ask for that type of honesty: I ask for militant honesty.”

At the close of the ceremony, an Anglican bishop from India, speaking in the name of his English colleagues, said that he saw in Mr. Roosevelt "the militant Christian," a eulogy which drew forth thunders of applause. As a final proof that this title is well deserved, and accurately renders the ordinary inspiration of the President's words and deeds, one might cite the profoundly religious sentiments expressed in his Thanksgiving Proclamation of 1903. Here, however, Mr. Roosevelt has but followed in the footsteps of his predecessors.

It is usually best to leave facts to suggest their own lesson. But at the close of this chapter, in which we have clearly seen the attitude of the President of the United States toward religion, I may perhaps venture to draw a comparison which will forcibly illustrate the present crisis in my own country. While the modern world seems moving on toward a condition of things in which the State, though continuing to render public worship to God, will refrain from any intervention in the affairs of the different sects, treating all with perfect neutrality, in France the State contrives to show itself aggressively hostile, and at the same time maintains its close connection with the churches; while refusing to honor God, or even to recognize Him in any way, it yet claims the right of interfering in the election of the ministers of religion, whom it treats as mere functionaries. In a word, the future seems to belong to a State which shall be religious and neutral; France is atheistic and interventional. It is improbable that this condition of things can last long.

CHAPTER XIII

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON

A Capital City.—St. Patrick's Rectory.—A Clerical Orator, Dr. Stafford.—A "Mixed Marriage" Ceremony.—Catholic University of America.—Apostolic Mission House.—Discourse of Archbishop Glennon.—Higher Education of Catholic Women.—Trinity College.—Columbian University.—The International Bureau of American Republics.—Is a Pan-American Soul Being Formed?

SHALL I confess it? About the city of Washington, its general aspects, its monuments, its museums, there is nothing in my notes of travel, and in my mind I find but few impressions to revive. Perhaps that is because, having remained there a longer time than anywhere else, I became familiarized with the city, and felt so much at home that things ceased to impress me. Moreover, for a European, Washington is less disconcerting, and on that account in one sense less remarkable, than other American cities, as being less busy, less noisy, less disproportioned. A few extremes appear here and there,—for instance, in the excessive length of the wings and the exaggerated height of the dome of the Capitol, a building in other respects imposing and majestic. But on the whole the dominant characteristics of Washington are calmness and harmony. There is something of Versailles in the great avenues which spread out in every direction from the Capitol to the boundaries of the city; and something of the

Champs Élysées in the splendid squares which lie on one side of the little Executive Mansion with its Ionic columns, while on the other side, beyond artificial ponds and gardens, the view stretches out in distant perspective to the Washington Monument. Almost nowhere are there any industrial establishments; the commerce is no greater than what is needed to supply the wants of the luxurious city itself, and none of the buildings pierce the clouds because the height of no edifice can be greater than the width of the street. All this does not prevent Washington from attaining to a population of three hundred thousand. Of these, many are connected with the Nation's political and administrative life,—with Congress, with the Presidency, with the Federal ministries, with the diplomatic bodies, with the army and navy. Beside these, in ever-increasing numbers, we find fashionable people, artists, writers, more or less active representatives of the so-called liberal professions; finally,—two-thirds white and one-third black,—the people who live by all these, and who help them to live.

Politically under a special *régime*,—since the District of Columbia constitutes a sort of State by itself, directly dependent upon Congress for the administration of its affairs,—Washington differs from the other cities of the United States by its dignified and rather cold appearance (somewhat as that of a high-born matron), by its more national preoccupations, its wider range of politics, its more noble ideas, and its less material life. From all parts of the Union the people turn to it, not with jealousy, but rather with pride and the generous

desire of making it a capital worthy of the country. Congress does not hesitate over the expenses necessary to embellish it, and when, for example, a few years ago, a National library was constructed, more than thirty millions were appropriated for the building alone,—so much gold and precious marble being used that at present the luxurious effect seems somewhat wanting in taste, and one must wait for the action of years to deaden the excessive brilliancy. It is pretty much the same, indeed, almost everywhere in the United States. What the Nation needs most, is to have aged awhile. But perhaps that is a lesser defect than to have aged too long; perhaps in the long run the want of a past is repaired more easily than the want of present vigor and of future possibilities.

I had the good fortune to pass my three weeks in Washington at St. Patrick's Rectory, or the "Red House," as the numerous friends of Dr. Stafford laughingly call it, wishing by this name—which is justified also by the bricks of the old edifice—to suggest a flattering relationship with the White House. It is a place where the dining-room is always open and the guest-chamber always ready; Bishop Spalding stayed there last year during the whole time of his investigations into the great coal strike. The pastor of St. Patrick's is forty-four years old, but appears to be at least ten years younger. Yet God knows how hard is the life he leads! The parish contains only five thousand souls, and at the time of my visit had two curates, the first of whom, a man of intelligence and zeal, a very valuable collaborator, had been there

for a long time; while the second one, also very well endowed, had only lately come from the University. But the parish works are numerous and important: two parish schools, excellently directed by the Sisters of the Holy Cross; two orphan asylums, one for one hundred boys, the other for one hundred and fifty girls; a Society of Saint Vincent de Paul and of Ladies of Charity for visiting the poor; a society for keeping the church in order and decorating it; a League of the Sacred Heart, open to all; a Eucharistic league, for solemnly celebrating the Perpetual Adoration on the second Thursday of each month; Sunday-schools for children between the ages of seven and seventeen; a club for men and boys, Carroll Institute, which counts not less than four hundred members, and owns a building worth a hundred thousand dollars, splendidly equipped with library, lecture-hall, and gymnasium, as well as a choral association and dramatic club. Not only is all this conducted without incurring debt, but a round sum has already been put aside for a project which will cost a quarter of a million, and which comprises the addition of a tower to the church and the building of a new rectory and school. As we have said, the parish counts only five thousand faithful; and one can well imagine that all this supposes generosity in them, and also much confidence in their priests. Their devotion is reciprocated, and the clergy not only satisfy with zeal all the spiritual needs of a fervent population, but occupy themselves also, whenever they are asked to do so (and that means very often), with their temporal affairs. There is no sort of counsel, of encourage-

ment, of active aid, for which they are not called upon; and I believe hardly ever does a quarter of an hour pass without someone calling at the rectory. For this reason, the priests' house resembles a sort of moral agency, where telephone, mail, and typewriter are perpetually in evidence. I asked myself if Dr. Stafford and his curates ever rest. Even in the evening, after dinner, they teach the Catechism twice a week to Protestants who wish to embrace Catholicism, and there is perhaps no work more laborious than this. There are always some neophytes preparing to enter the Church, and the baptisms of adults in this parish alone are at the average rate of a hundred a year. At the last confirmation service, the Sacrament was administered to eighty-seven converts, of whom several occupy important positions in the city.

I believe that the American priests ignore all normal demands for repose. When they are at the end of their strength, they go away for a long journey, and their parishioners, coming to bid them good-bye, force them to accept, or even slip into the pockets of their overcoats, without saying anything to them about it, little notes which facilitate a good use of their vacations.

The work done by Dr. Stafford as pastor I have no reason to believe exceptional, having seen it done in several other parishes in the large cities. But that which is peculiarly his own, and which accounts for the reputation he enjoys widely in America, is his fine talent as preacher and lecturer. To fill the church, it is necessary only to let it be known that he will

speak; and when he is invited elsewhere, there are almost always people standing, even to the doors. His excellent early studies, and his efforts to give the little spare time that he has to useful reading, insure a real solidity to his sermons. But above all, he has a brilliancy of style, a strength and beauty of voice, and a charm of manner, which no audience can resist in a country where eloquence accomplishes whatever it aspires to.

The great success of Dr. Stafford is in lecturing. There are subjects which he treats almost every year, and sometimes repeats before the same public: the American citizen; Dickens; the struggle of Ireland for life and liberty; eloquence in Shakespeare; Richard III; Macbeth; Julius Cæsar; Hamlet. These last subjects are the ones for which he is most often asked. A Washington newspaper has recently described him as having, for the benefit of some charitable work, expounded a tragedy of Shakespeare at a leading theatre before an audience including Mgr. Falconio, the apostolic delegate; Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University; the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, almost the whole Diplomatic Corps, ministers, admirals, and members of Congress; and together with these Mme. Bonaparte and the *élite* of fashionable society. The lecturer insists, very properly, on the art of the great dramatist. He sums up with fire the march of events, and recites the most pathetic passages; but he never forgets to bring into due prominence the moral and religious teachings of the play. If he has chosen Shakespeare as the nominal theme

of his eloquence, it is for the reason that perhaps in no other writer can be found such moving examples of the struggle against evil, or such terrible lessons of divine justice. It is undoubtedly from this cause that these lectures, far from injuring the sacerdotal prestige of Dr. Stafford, have on the contrary only succeeded in augmenting the respect and influence which he enjoys with all, as I have several times had proved to me. From the White House to the most distinguished *salons* or the most humble institutions, there does not exist in Washington a threshold over which one cannot enter as a friend, if only accompanied by the pastor of St. Patrick's.

I shall not go into the details of all the acquaintances that I had the opportunity of making during the three weeks I spent in Washington. It would give me pleasure to tell of some of our evening visits to Dr. Stafford's parishioners and personal friends. I remember especially the smiling and interesting face of an old admiral, retired from service, who loved to talk to us, in his drawing-room or at his table, about his sojourns in Europe, his visit to the court of Napoleon III, his Pacific cruises, and his youthful journeys in the United States at a time, as he said, when the frontiers of the present East—Cincinnati, for instance—represented the "Far West." Although he had remained a Protestant himself, he had not been sorry to see his children become Catholics, and was unceasing in his praises of the name of Bishop Spalding—my talisman for being everywhere well received.



MGR. FALCONIO

One of my most agreeable recollections is of a marriage ceremony which was celebrated at a little distance from the city, in a charming suburban villa. The bride had relatives in France, the d'Oyleys, who were friends of mine, and the benediction was given by Dr. Stafford, who was an intimate friend of the family.

On this occasion we exchange the electric car for the open landau, and if the journey is a little long I do not feel like complaining of it, for the avenues which connect the city with the park are charming, and the park itself offers fine perspectives. The house, in the open country, is simple and in good taste, yet noticeable for a terrace with Ionic columns of dazzling whiteness. A number of well-trained negro servants attend the invited guests, receiving them as they leave their carriages, removing their wraps, and conducting them to the room in which the ceremony is to take place. The elegance of the toilettes and the presence of colored servants make me recall, although without much regret, the time when the rich planters were served by slaves.

It is a mixed marriage, the young woman being a Catholic and the young man a Protestant, and many of the ladies to whom I am presented have also Protestant husbands. They all seem ready to congratulate themselves on the religious liberty that their husbands allow them, and they have brought their children up as Catholics. The Plenary Council of Baltimore forbade mixed marriages to be blessed in the churches, and so they must take place in residences.

Cardinal Gibbons, it is said, would willingly see the Church in America relax a little of its severity on this point, partly out of respect for the Sacrament, and partly also to avoid what may give annoyance to the Catholic party and an occasion for ill-feeling to the Protestant one. But so far he has not been able to convince the majority of the Bishops, whose attention is principally turned to the danger—a very real one, it must be acknowledged—of diminishing the force of convictions and the spirit of faith. It is for the priests, according to circumstances, discreetly to temper the rigor of the law. To-day everything passes off with perfect smoothness. Skilful arrangements of plants and greenery have transformed the central drawing-room into a sort of chapel. A dome of flowers marks the place of the priest and of the couple to be married. Dr. Stafford stands between the rector of the parish and myself,—all three acting as clergymen,—and welcomes the young couple, who advance between two rows of ribbon held by the ushers and the maids of honor. The bride is well known for her beauty. At the Convents of the Visitation in Georgetown and of the Assumption in Paris she has acquired the dignity of a queen, or rather she seems to possess it by nature. As she passes before us, it is she whom everyone admires, and not the superb collar of diamonds which she has received from her betrothed, a California millionaire. The priest makes them a touching address on the greatness, the joys, and the duties of their new life. He then puts the questions of the ritual, which are solemn and impressive, but too short

to constitute a real ceremony, so he adds a few more words of exhortation, and finally asks the newly married ones, as well as all present, to recite "Our Father" with him aloud. At the end, he asks them to kneel on the two *prie-dieu* and gives them—who would object?—his personal benediction. During the interchange of compliments and the lunch which follows, these rooms, filled with flowers, with young girls, with groups of sympathetic friends, form a charming picture. And yet a sort of sadness hanging over all reminds us of the coming separation. The Pacific Ocean has beautiful shores, indeed, but at what a distance from Washington!

Before leaving, Dr. Stafford hands the married couple a certificate of marriage; he will send another to the Supreme Court of the District, and that will legalize the marriage. Every minister of religion is at the same time a state official for marriages. He has only to provide himself with a permit, never refused without good reason, which reads as follows: "The Reverend of the Church, having proved to the satisfaction of the Court that he is duly appointed or ordained as such, and that he is in regular communion with the religious society to which he belongs, is by these presents authorized to perform the ceremony of marriage in the District of Columbia." The details of legislation vary in the different States. Here, for example, engaged persons have to obtain from the court a "marriage license," and to send it to the religious minister, who must return it, with his endorsement, to the recording bureau within ten days after the

celebration of the marriage. In Maryland, on the contrary, this license is not required, and the triple publication of the banns is regarded as a sufficient notification. But nowhere in the United States is it considered necessary to require, as in France, a civil ceremony on the part of those who have already gone through the religious ceremony. Those who do not care for any religious rite may, of course, register their contract validly before a civil magistrate.

One of my first visits while in Washington was to the Catholic University. I had the pleasure of meeting there a number of the professors whom I had already seen in Europe; not the Rector, Mgr. O'Connell, who was detained in Rome by business, but the Vice-Rector, Dr. Grannan; the Abbé Hyvernats, a Lyonnais, greatly appreciated for his Oriental knowledge and his courtesy; the Abbé Gigot, an old friend of my seminary days in Saint Sulpice, now professor of Exegesis at the Seminary in Baltimore, as well as at Saint Austin's, the Sulpician College in Washington. I became particularly well acquainted with Dr. Shahan, the very brilliant professor of Church History, and with Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the professor of English Literature, for whom Mr. Roosevelt had charged me with his compliments.

The reopening had just taken place, but there were as yet only a few students, and the university life had hardly begun. For that reason, no doubt, my attention was attracted chiefly to the beauty of the buildings and grounds. A material comparison of

the Washington University with the old buildings and narrow courtyards of our Catholic Institute of Paris might not flatter my self-love very much; but I do not know, if, on the whole, our American brothers would not willingly yield their splendid buildings in exchange for our larger number of students. We must hope that time will give greater resources to us and more pupils to them. Organized on the European plan,—shall I say, rather too much so?—the University, unlike other American universities, lacks a preparatory college from which to recruit its body of boy-students; and as for the clergy of the country, they are too busy in the perpetual creation of new parishes to give themselves in any great number to serious study. The letter which the Rector had just received from Rome, recommending the work to the Episcopate and the whole Church in America, would, it was hoped, mark the point of departure for a new era of prosperity.

Although the Catholic University is outside of Washington proper, in the suburb of Brookland, the trolley service is so good that I was able to visit the establishment several times. It is already quite a city. Around the administrative and academic halls rise affiliated houses in which the religious orders have gathered novices and scholastics who can profit by the university courses: the College of the Fathers of the Holy Cross and that of the Marists, the College of the Holy Land belonging to the Franciscans, St. Austin College under the Sulpicians, and the College of St. Thomas Aquinas of the Paulist Fathers; this

last congregation—whose novitiate includes twenty-seven novices, under the very competent and intelligent direction of Father McSorley—is also much interested in the neighboring Apostolic Mission House, an institution of so important a character that it must be spoken of in some detail.

Statistics relating to the non-Catholic missionary movement show that in 1898 there were 64 converts for four missions among non-Catholics; in 1899, 212 for five; in 1900, 255 for five; in 1901, 390 for nine, making an average of forty for each of these missions. This result was so encouraging that it was resolved to do everything possible to extend it. In November, 1901, the Archbishops approved and promised to aid in every way the project of having an institution in which priests should be especially trained to give in their own dioceses missions to non-Catholics.

The Catholic Missionary Union—founded by the Archbishops of Philadelphia and New York, in conjunction with the Paulist Fathers, Father Dyer the Sulpician, and some priests—was charged with the work, and confided the direction of it to Father Elliott. Father Doyle was asked to collect the sum of \$250,000, which was judged necessary to meet the expenses. I do not know how many months it was necessary to wait before laying the corner-stone; but in the Autumn of 1903 I saw the edifice nearly finished, and on the 14th of April, 1904, it was consecrated by Cardinal Gibbons, in the presence of Archbishops Ireland, Keane, Messmer, Elder, Ryan, Williams, Glennon, and many other prelates. On that occasion, Mgr.

O'Connell set forth the advantages which the new work and the University could derive from each other. Father Doyle then reminded his hearers of the fact that the institution does not belong to the Paulists, but to the whole Church of the United States, and that the Episcopate which keeps the control of the Mission House proposes to prepare five or six secular priests in each diocese for the work of conversion among non-Catholics,—a ministry sufficiently different from the ordinary parish work as to need special vocation, a more thorough knowledge of controversial points, and the ability to give ready and accurate answers to the most common objections. The young Archbishop of St. Louis, who gave the principal discourse, spoke "in his usual felicitous vein" of the static force or principle of conservation, and of the dynamic force or principle of expansion, which are equally essential to the life of the Church. The Apostolic Mission House he considered as the highest development of the dynamic force of the Church. It is the fullest exemplification of the commission that was given to the Apostles, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"Go," said the Archbishop, "and while going, teach. Be filled with a restless activity to make the truth for which Christ lived and died better known to men. There comes in the history of every people a peculiar psychological moment when the opportunities are ripe for the highest advancement. If they are taken, they will lead to success. If they are allowed to slip by, degeneration and disintegration will set in. Such a moment seems to have arrived in the history of the Church in this country. The conversion of America to the Catholic Church may seem to many

something of a dream. Still, it is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, and if it be attained only in a small degree it will have a profound influence in the history of the modern world. There are many signs of the dawning of a brighter day."

To judge by this language, it would seem that the new Episcopate of the United States, of which Archbishop Glennon might be called the most remarkable personification, is declaring itself no less optimistic or courageous than the generation, now so celebrated, of Gibbons, Ireland, Ryan, Mac Quaid, Riordan, Keane, and Spalding.

But of all the establishments connected with the Catholic University of Washington, the most original and the most interesting is undoubtedly Trinity College. I do not believe that Catholics possess elsewhere, either in Europe or America, a better institution for the higher education of women. It is a well-known fact that in the United States the instruction of young women is on an equality with that of young men. It can even be said that the American woman, well trained by solid studies, with plenty of leisure, eager for reading and information, is ordinarily ahead of her husband in artistic, literary, and sometimes even in scientific culture. I am simply stating a fact now, and not discussing the question whether this is an advantage or not; although, to tell the truth, I for one should not hesitate to say that if the father and mother cannot both be well educated, it is better for the training of the children, and for the maintaining of public ideals, that at least one parent should be so.

In any case, Catholics have not wasted their time on this point, any more than on any other, by discussing the theory involved. They have accepted the fact, and have adapted themselves to it. I have met in many places,—at Notre Dame du Lac, at St. Louis, and at Notre Dame in Maryland, near Baltimore,—excellent Catholic colleges for young girls, in which nuns of the first rank teach Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics, without for a moment looking on this as a foolish effort, but on the contrary regarding it as performing a great duty for the glory of the Church and the good of the country. But nowhere have I seen this mission better understood or more thoroughly accomplished than in Trinity College.

Trinity College has not existed long. It was in January, 1899, that Bishop Spalding announced its approaching foundation, in his famous discourse on the superior education of women. In October, 1903, there were seventy-seven students, of whom sixty-seven were boarders, and the limit was not yet attained. We can appreciate the value of this figure, reached in three years, if we consider that the average age of these young girls is from eighteen to twenty-two years, and that they cannot be admitted until, beside having attended the grammar schools, they have passed at least four years at the high school. Of the number mentioned, sixteen were already graduates; the greater number were undergraduates preparing for the baccalaureate. The special students, or "auditors," do not try for diplomas, but are required to give, the first a minimum of sixteen hours, the second a minimum of

twelve hours, to class-work every week. All must prove before their entrance, and twice during the scholastic year, that they are capable of profiting by the general instruction. The entrance examinations, which can be taken in several of the large cities of the United States, comprise, in Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil; in Greek, Xenophon, Homer, and St. John Chrysostom; in English, Addison, Carlyle, Newman, Tennyson, and a written composition; in German, Schiller and Lessing; in French, a certain knowledge of literary history and the ability to translate at sight ordinary bits of prose and poetry. Three of these languages are required, and one can be replaced by physics, chemistry, or botany. Algebra and the five first books of geometry are obligatory, as well as the histories of Greece, Rome, England, and the United States.

Such a beginning gives an idea of the studies that follow. It is unnecessary to reproduce the programme which I have under my eyes, and which was actually followed last year; but I do not exaggerate when I say that the higher courses are equivalent to those of the ordinary curriculum of our French faculties for students preparing for licentiates in letters and sciences. We find, for example, in the Greek programme, Plato, Aristotle, Pindar, Theocritus, and the three tragic writers; in Latin, Pliny, Tacitus, Suetonius, Lucretius, and extracts from the Comedies. The physical and natural sciences are thoroughly taught, with the help of laboratories and collections which leave nothing to be desired. In the programme of mathematical studies, I find trigonometry, analytical geometry, differential

and integral calculus, the theory of equations and determinants. Of religion and art I need report nothing, for it will be well understood that in such an institution as this these subjects hold a privileged place.

I can see the astonishment of some of my readers, and their laughable dread of being married to women such as these. Let them be reassured. Young girls brought up in this way marry only the men who please them. They are quite capable, if need be, of going through life alone. If they are rich, they find many interesting ways of employing their wealth; if not, they earn their own living. Many are preparing to teach in the grammar schools and the high schools. The Mother Superior, who comes from Boston, told me that when she was a child there was not a single Catholic teacher in the schools of that city; whereas to-day from one-half to two-thirds of them are Catholics. But even for those who remain outside of teaching, I do not think that an advanced education will prove useless. A *femme savante*—with all due respect to that great railer Molière—has at least as much chance as an ignorant woman of becoming an agreeable companion and a good mother.

The young girls that I met at Trinity College were far from having a forbidding or pretentious air. Half of them were engaged in a singing-class when our visit interrupted them. They gathered around me as I was presented, and an animated conversation followed. One of them wore the university dress, or rather the gown so well known in Oxford. The cap was wanting, but at my request she went to get it; and this costume,

worn without affectation, took nothing away from her natural grace. Together with the Mother Superior, we visited the libraries, class-rooms, and several students' rooms, each one composed of two compartments, comfortably furnished by the college and decorated by the occupant with portraits, flowers, and hangings, which gave them the look of homes of good taste and elegance. In one of these apartments we found three young girls taking tea; at their invitation I willingly accepted a cup, and the conversation that followed enabled me to observe more closely the exquisite blending of seriousness and gaiety which had struck me at the first as characteristic of this fine college. The young girl worthy the name is the most delicate work of the Creator. Brought up as she is in a Christian country, she is a queen of grace and dignity; and ennobled still more by the pious influences of Catholicism, she may even become angelic. When without detriment to these gifts she joins those of knowledge and intelligence, and thus thoroughly equipped appears, as at Trinity, in groups, working, laughing, praying, and singing, amid the most appropriate setting of artistic buildings, of gardens filled with flowers, of green fields and shady walks, she leaves an impression of poetry, of charm, of dignity, which approaches very near to the ideal.

It is needless to say that Catholics have not a monopoly of the free universities. In this respect they are rather behind the other religions, although in the development of grammar schools they surpass

them very much, and in certain respects it pleased us to see our co-religionists preoccupied before everything else with popular instruction. The higher education is often neutral, in the very acceptable sense which this idea conveys in America; but often also it is connected more or less closely with some religious denomination. At the Cosmos Club, where I was presented by Dr. Egan, I met a very agreeable clergyman, the Professor of Philosophy at the Columbian University, who offered to show me this establishment. Columbian University¹ is one of the oldest institutions in Washington, since it dates back to 1821; and one of the most prosperous, since with 165 professors it counts, graduates and all, 1,298 students, a quarter of whom come from the city itself, and the rest from different parts of America or from foreign countries. Evidently it profits by the advantages which the Capital offers for scientific research,—Congress, by a resolution passed on April 12, 1892, having given students access to all the museums, archives, and libraries.

Columbian University was founded by the sect of Baptists, and remains attached to them, at least nominally, in the statistical returns; but it shows no trace of doctrinal solicitude, in all that I have been able to see while attending the classes, visiting the hospital, or reading the catalogue. This compilation tells us that work begins every day at nine o'clock, by a prayer in the chapel, but this is common to all or nearly all the institutions of learning; and although one finds a

¹ The name of Columbian University has since been changed to George Washington University.—[PUBRS.]

complete enumeration of the courses of letters and sciences, medicine and dentistry, law, jurisprudence, and diplomacy, there is not a single mention of theology. One is tempted to ask, In what respect, then, is it Baptist?

At the Cosmos Club again, while talking familiarly over a cigar, I formed the acquaintance of Mr. William Carlton Fox, director of the International Bureau of American Republics. His explanations, and a number of books which he sent me later, made me conversant with this institution.

In 1889 and 1890, a congress of different nations of both North and South America was held at Washington, and in 1901 another in Mexico, in order to recommend arbitration to the governments concerned, and to promote commercial relations between them. All countries profit by knowing one another better. Social and economic conditions, laws, customs, and needs, natural resources and manufactured products, statistics, custom-house rights, port regulations, means of transportation, ways of communication,—information on all these matters it is important to make known generally, if every sort of interchange is to be multiplied in the common interest.

This is the purpose which the International Bureau has pursued since August, 1890,—to the greatest advantage undoubtedly, as always happens, of those who are the most capable, but to the real advantage of all those who wish to profit by it. The impartiality of the Bureau cannot be doubted, since it has at its head a permanent executive committee of five mem-

bers, presided over by the Secretary of the Interior of the United States, the four other members being taken by turns from the diplomatic representatives of the different peoples included in the association.

It is impossible to see in what way this Bureau could injure the independence of the feeblest States, since it represents nothing more than an admirable agency of commercial information, and since its principal activity is the publication in different languages of books, charts, and monthly bulletins. I have before me the bulletin of September, 1903, which had just appeared at the time of my visit. In one section, which seldom varies, it gives the list of correspondents; the diplomatic and consular agents of the Latin-American Republics to the United States; the postal regulations and principal means of transportation; the tables of weights, measures, and money; finally, the list of publications of the Bureau. In a second part, which contains no less than 256 pages, are found in almost equal proportions papers in Spanish, English, Portuguese, and French. The subjects treated in the different languages are not the same. To give a better idea, I will name some of the subjects dealt with in French: the Argentine Republic, sheep-raising, sugar industry, commercial statistics for the first quarter of the year 1903; Brazil, exportations in 1902, movement of coffee in 1902-3, coffee alcohol, exportation of India-rubber from the State of Amazonas; Chili, budget of expenses for 1904, customs receipts in April and May, tariff conditions, industrial developments; Colombia, emerald mines, traffic over the Isth-

mus in 1901-2; Cuba, general conditions, budget for the fiscal year, shoe trade; United States, commerce with Latin America. These are followed by corresponding reports of Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

Beside this periodical bulletin, exhaustive works are published for each country by means of the Bureau. I did not—happily for my baggage—attempt to bring back the whole collection; but I have lists, more than a hundred pages long, of books and articles on Brazil, Chili, and Central America; a monograph on Venezuela in English, and another in Spanish; a volume of 187 pages on Paraguay; one of 233 pages on Brazil; one of 376 on the Argentine Republic; and one of 383 on Mexico. All of these works, be it noted, are accompanied with charts and engravings.

Were it only for the sake of our travellers and merchants, some of whom may chance to be ignorant of its existence, I shall not regret having spoken of this International Bureau and its work. We have met, in the course of our travels, institutions which were more interesting to describe; we have found hardly any which it seems more useful to know. Perhaps, also, one might with due prudence and reserve formulate a conclusion about its significance; for despite rivalries, which are often very violent, I believe that there exists, or that there is beginning to be formed, as if by antithesis to other quarters of the world, a sort of Pan-American soul, or at least a collective conscience built out of the special interests and the closer relations which unite the peoples of the New World.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EDUCATION OF WHITES AND
BLACKS

At the Bureau of Education.— Organization of Education in the United States.— Extraordinary Development of the Higher Education.— Statistics of Some of the Liberal Professions.— A High School for Negroes.— The “Æneid” Explained by a Colored Woman.— The Negro Question.— An Unsolvable Problem.— The Best Education.— The Ideas of Booker T. Washington.

THE most instructive hours of my sojourn in Washington were perhaps those which I spent at the General Bureau of Education, the Chief of which, Dr. W. T. Harris, upon my presenting a letter from Bishop Spalding, kindly consented to grant me several interviews and to place at my service the documents of his department. Such a source of information would in itself have merited several months of study. In the little time at my disposal, I tried to arrive at a better understanding of the rather complicated system, of the different kinds of instruction, and by means of authentic figures to obtain a more exact notion of something which had impressed me, in common with all other visitors to the United States, namely, the extraordinary enthusiasm of all classes of people toward whatever bears upon education.

The original organization of studies in America consisted only of “grammar schools” similar to our

écoles primaires, and of "colleges" corresponding to our *enseignement secondaire*, in which pupils never remain beyond their nineteenth year. Little by little, the richest and the most advanced colleges added to their programme several higher courses, with a view to the needs of graduate students, that is to say, "bachelors." These courses, in broadening out as they have done, especially within the last thirty years, have become really university courses, in the European sense; but they do not involve the suppression of the college. Even to-day, in almost all the universities the majority of the registered students are undergraduates.

Harvard and Yale were the first to follow this process of evolution from the college to the university. More recent universities, like the Johns Hopkins at Baltimore and Clark at Worcester, have reached the same end by a different path; founded especially for post-graduate students, they too have been obliged to receive undergraduates. The change of plan was almost an absolute necessity for their continuance; pupils destined for higher studies enter at an early age those institutions in which they can find the complete course, and there they stay. Post-graduate courses can be maintained only in those institutions that have undergraduate departments. The Catholic University of Washington is perhaps the only one which has thus far resisted the pressure of this necessity; and even that may be obliged to surrender at last. We may say, then, that, thanks to the absolute liberty of instruction and to the facility with which the right to confer degrees is obtained, the most prosperous colleges add

higher courses to their programmes as soon as they possess the means, and thus transform themselves quite naturally into universities.

But as the colleges broaden out into universities, they have usually felt themselves compelled to make their entrance examinations more difficult, and while raising their standard of graduation at the same time to raise the requirements of admission. To-day the student rarely enters before the age of seventeen, and he spends at least four years as an undergraduate, the last year being devoted in part to attending higher courses of lectures. University work proper, which is such as pursued by the graduate students, lasts three or four years after that.

Admission to the college having become more difficult and the age of the student more advanced, it follows that he can no longer enter college upon leaving the grammar school, or *école primaire*, which discharges its pupils at about the fourteenth year. This naturally gives rise to the necessity for an intermediate school, the high school, where the pupil remains from about the fourteenth to the seventeenth year. The high schools, much more numerous than the colleges and universities, place within the reach of a very large number of pupils an education half elementary and half secondary, which terminates equivalently on a level with our *class de seconde*. We must mention also the technical schools, which are about of the same rank as the high schools as far as the age of the pupils is concerned, but differ from them in their programmes of studies and in their failure to prepare

students for the university, granting, instead, special diplomas.

As a rule, girls attend the same day-school as boys, and on an equal footing with them; but boarding-schools for both in common are extremely rare.¹ The schools for girls, which are chiefly boarding-schools, are usually called academies when they correspond to the high schools. With a more advanced course of study they take the name of college, and keep that name even when quite worthy the title of university, as is the case, for example, with Bryn Mawr near Philadelphia, Vassar at Poughkeepsie, New York, and Smith and Wellesley in Massachusetts,—the four women's colleges which, as I was given to understand, are the most important. We shall visit the first two of these. Trinity College, which we described in the preceding chapter, bids fair to take rank in this list of superior institutions.

In short, then, it would be permissible to divide American instruction into four grades: the grammar school, equivalent to the French *enseignement primaire*; the high school, equivalent to our *primaire supérieur* and to the first two-thirds of our *secondaire*; the college, equivalent to the end of our *secondaire* and to the beginning of our *supérieur*; and the university, which corre-

¹ As an example of real coeducation, we must mention, before all others, Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York. This institution was founded in 1868. It comprises a collegiate department of 1,576 young men and 291 young women, a graduate department of 158 men students and 47 women students, and a professional department of 534 men students and 48 women students. There are 6 women professors and 321 men professors. These are the figures for the academic year 1900-1901, published in 1902.

sponds on the whole to our *faculté* and to our *grande école*. The colleges and universities together constitute what is called "higher education."

That which makes the system seem more complicated than it really is, is the absolute power left to the founders and to the chief officials to establish and to place in juxtaposition in the same institution, if they see fit, all these kinds of instruction.

The eagerness of Americans for education, and the readiness with which they favor all benevolent means of extending it, are well known. Public money and private gifts make libraries and museums and laboratories spring up as if by magic.

But it is, after all, the number of schools and of scholars which is the most convincing proof of the deep interest taken by the American people in education.

In the United States, on the average, one person in every four gets into a school of some sort in the course of a year. The statistics for the elementary schools not being very complete, except for villages of upwards of eight thousand inhabitants, we shall not consider them; beside, they are not the most significant. Suffice it to say that, generally speaking, all children attend school. Thirty-one States have made school attendance obligatory, and very soon it will be so in all the States. It is interesting to note the proportion of young people who raise themselves above the first grade. The record of progress in higher

education is still more remarkable. In ten years the proportion of the population to advance their education beyond the elementary grade has increased by more than fifty per cent. What is perhaps more remarkable still, when one thinks of the reputation for utilitarianism which is universally ascribed to them, is the fact that Americans are turning more and more toward the classical studies. The higher education of the colleges, universities, and post-graduate departments shows a marked preponderance in favor of the more liberal studies.

We will glance at certain statistics which concern the enrolment in certain professions. From 1890 to 1901, each group of a hundred students in dentistry had increased by 208, in law by 202, in medicine by 73, in pharmacy by 54, in theology by 7. This last, the least favored among the professions, counted in 1901 among the Catholics 28 schools or seminaries, 1,836 students, properties valued at \$3,773,000, and endowments valued at \$747,300; among the Presbyterians, 29 schools, 1,249 students, \$3,476,622 worth of property, \$7,905,860 in endowments; among the Baptists, 12 schools, 1,902 students, \$829,631 in property, \$2,258,952 in endowments; among the Methodists, divided into five sects, 18 schools, 989 students, \$1,430,000 in property, \$1,470,000 in endowments. Then come the Lutherans, with 22 schools, 953 students, \$1,348,650 in property, \$708,423 in endowments; the Congregationalists, with 10 schools, 397 students, \$1,161,783 in property, \$3,482,325 in endowments; and the Episcopalians, with 13 schools,

363 students, \$2,695,197 in property, and \$3,532,594 in endowments.¹

This is, no doubt, a very dry enumeration. It is of interest, nevertheless, if only as showing that the success of a church does not depend upon its wealth, nor even directly upon the number of its ministers. In proportion to the number of its faithful in the United States, Catholicism is evidently below the principal Protestant churches in the number of its ecclesiastical students, and particularly in endowments of seminaries. And yet in other respects it is making rapid progress. It is not a bad sign, I think, that with less resources and a smaller staff it can obtain greater results than its competitors. But where Catholicism carries off the palm, without possibility of comparison, is in the number of its parochial schools. In 1903 it counted no less than 4,001 such schools, containing 986,088 children. Similar statistics for the other denominations do not exist; but from comparisons made in many places it is evident that they would be far from equalling it, in this respect, even if they should all be combined.

Dr. Harris would not allow me to leave the Bureau of Education until he had provided me with an official letter permitting me to visit and to study at my own convenience all institutions of public instruction. The first use I made of this letter was to visit a

¹ There still remain non-sectarians, 3 schools and 153 students; the Christians, 3 schools and 153 students; the Disciples, 3 schools and 77 students; the Jews, 3 schools and 99 students; the Universalists, 3 schools and 49 students; and, having each only 1 school, the Evangelical Association, with 45 students, the Moravian Brothers with 29, the Unitarians with 24, and the Swedenborgians with 6.

public high school in Washington itself. There are four of them in the city, beside a business school, or *école de commerce*. Of the four, I concluded that the one on M Street, would prove most interesting to me, as it is attended by negroes only. The regulations and the studies are precisely the same as in any other high school, and the pupils presented a peculiar interest.

To be admitted into a high school one must be a graduate of a public grammar school, or else pass an examination in English (grammar and composition), United States history and civics, geography, arithmetic, and elementary algebra. No boarding-pupils are received. Tuition is entirely free, and the importance of this feature can be seen since in this way a fair degree of education is brought within the reach of pupils of all classes. Contrary to the custom prevailing in the elementary schools, the pupils must pay for their books. The course is four years in the academic and scientific departments, and two years in the commercial. Students completing satisfactorily one of the first two may enter a normal school and become teachers, or pass on to the college and university. The required subjects in the academic department for the first year are English, history, algebra, and Latin; for the second year, English, English history, geometry, Latin, physics or chemistry. In the third and fourth years, English and Latin are the only required subjects; French, German, Spanish, Greek, history, trigonometry, advanced geometry, chemistry, physics, and political economy are optional. Beside the ordinary textbooks, I find the following French works indicated:

third year, "Tartarin de Tarascon"; fourth year, Laboulaye's "Contes Bleus"; Rostand's "Romanesques"; "Le Misanthrope," "Le Cid," and "Athalie." This programme, it is true, is that in use in the District of Columbia; but it differs from those in use elsewhere only in certain particulars.

I arrived then, one morning, about ten o'clock, at "the colored high school." I rang several times; no answer. I had only to push the door; everything was open, as usual. But although everything was open, and I could easily see the classes working, there was no one to whom I could speak. I went back to the entrance and pressed the electric button; but without success. Fortunately, I espied, near a staircase, this notice: "Principal's room on the second floor." I went upstairs, and seeing seated in an office, whose door was open, a negress, pretty, young, and intelligent-looking, I addressed her, explained the object of my visit, showed her Dr. Harris's letter, and asked to see the Principal. "I am the Principal," she said; and she gave me an outline of the courses of study, answered my questions, and offered most graciously to show or to explain anything that might be of interest to me. The school has a registry of 530 pupils, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, 130 boys and 400 girls, all colored. We entered the different classes without interrupting the work other than by a short introduction to the professors. The teaching staff whom I met comprised only women,—all, like the students, more or less black. There were all shades of color, from olive to ebony; but not a single white

face, although many approached it. It is likely that the parents do not belong exclusively to the negro race. These young people seemed attentive, wide-awake, and intelligent; the impression they made was far from being an unpleasant one.

I could do no more than hurry through the science classes, which they were anxious to show me on account of the very fine laboratories; but I stopped in an English class where one of George Eliot's novels was being explained, and where I heard some very satisfactory answers. I then asked to hear a lesson in Latin. The Principal replied that there would be one in a few minutes, but that it was she who must give it. "All the more reason why I should like to hear it," I made bold to say, "if you have no objection."

The Latin class contained sixteen pupils, of whom three were young girls. As soon as I had been introduced, she began to explain the first part of the "Æneid." Those called upon to recite acquitted themselves so creditably that I suspected a recent previous acquaintance with the passage; at any rate, the explanation must have been followed with the closest attention and well remembered. But there was one thing certain, and that was the excellence of the explanations which the Professor gave, in my presence, of the subject of the poem in general, of Virgil's aim, of the historical and mythological allusions, of the metre, of the grammatical rules, and the matter of the text. For my own part, I should have been incapable of such accurate knowledge and such pedagogical ability. We spent the entire hour on the first eleven lines of the poem;

and without being aware of it I stayed to the end, deeply interested. It is not every day that one has occasion to sing the Trojan hero (the teacher strongly recommended "hero" as a translation of *virum*), or the fabled beginnings of Rome, in the society of American negroes under the direction of a woman of their own race.

Coming out from our Latin lesson, I had the pleasure of seeing the entire troupe, coming from the different classes, file by in ranks, two by two, in absolute silence. Seeing that I appeared surprised at this military gait, the Principal remarked, "With such a large number of pupils, this is necessary for good order and for rapidity." We then saw a short exercise in gymnastics, which takes the place of recess, and during which the boys and girls are separated. While looking at them we continued talking. My amiable guide was happy to tell me that the previous year she had been able to obtain for one of her students a scholarship at Harvard University¹; and this, she thought, with good reason, would be a splendid encouragement for the others, and a means of increasing the number of leaders who seek to elevate her race. I learned also that the school is non-sectarian, admitting

¹ Harvard University, and its illustrious president, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, have always been noted for their liberality toward the negroes. In 1896 they conferred their highest honorary degree upon Booker T. Washington. Very recently the newspapers spoke of the success of another negro, William Pickens, who received the degree of M. A. from Yale University. Pickens began life as a deck-hand on a ferry-boat. He spent his nights in studying. When he had saved up enough money, he resolved to go to Yale for higher studies. He set to work bravely to black boots for the students, and to clean windows; and in this way he earned enough to pay the tuition and living expenses of his first year. His fellow-students and professors, soon observing his extraordinary talents, clubbed together and paid his expenses, in order to let him devote himself exclusively to his studies.

Protestants and Catholics on the same footing. But for all that, it is not without religion. Every morning at nine o'clock, before class recitations begin, a portion of the Bible is read, a hymn is sung, and "Our Father" is recited. I was invited to assist at this religious exercise on any day following; but for lack of time was obliged to decline, much to my regret. When I was taking my leave, after having thanked this interesting Principal, I expressed the hope that I should meet her again some day in France. "I have wished for a long time to spend my vacation there," she replied, "but I would not dare. I do not know anyone there who could advise me, and they are less accustomed in your country to seeing colored people. I would not know how to get along." I told her that there are Summer courses and associations for foreign students, and that without excessive rashness I could promise to find for her, if she wished it, some family in or near Paris who would willingly receive her as a boarder. We parted very good friends.

To see these 530 young negroes and negresses, well dressed and well bred, under teachers of their own race, pursuing the same studies as our average college students, who would dream of the existence of a terrible race-question in the United States? I have said elsewhere that the conflict between the various nationalities in the Republic possesses real seriousness only in the fervid imagination of Europeans. But it is not so with the antagonism between the whites and the blacks, or rather with the difficulty of making two peoples, the most widely different that can be imagined,

live side by side: the Americans,—the most modern and progressive of men; and the negroes,—primitive and rudimentary beings repressed and kept down to the lowest degree of evolution by three centuries of slavery and thousands of years spent in savagery.

Socially, the white man experiences a strong repugnance to the society of negroes; and the latter, especially when they are numerous, as in the South, are obliged to have their own schools and churches, their own places of meeting, and special reserved places in cars and omnibuses. To admit them to one's table would be considered scandalous; and the act of President Roosevelt, though without significance to us, in inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House, was regarded with abhorrence by prominent newspapers of the South.

Morally, the negroes are reproached for their tendency to thievishness, laziness, and vanity, but above all, for such a shocking lack of respect for white women that the latter in some places are subject to continual alarm; and it is usually for this offence, be it said without any wish to justify the custom, that the odious practice of lynching has sprung up. Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, an eminent professor in the colored University of Atlanta, and himself a negro, says that out of every hundred of his race nine are hopelessly vicious, ten intelligent, and the rest more or less destitute of resources, of education, or of true independence.

Politically, the negroes enjoy the same rights as the white men; they have sometimes controlled elections, and there are States where in a not far distant

future they may be able to secure a majority and thus make themselves masters of the situation. Can one picture Americans submitting to a government by blacks? Up to the present time, clever laws, adroit manœuvres, and, it must be said, election frauds also, have averted this peril, this "defeat of civilization." But in this matter there are limits of which the inviolable Constitution prohibits the transgression; and, moreover, the difficulty cannot always be got rid of by making electoral ballots good for admission to a circus, by so multiplying the ballot-boxes that the ignorant cannot tell where to cast a vote, or, as in Louisiana, by requiring all native-born citizens to pay a voting tax of three hundred dollars unless their ancestors possessed the right to vote before 1862, the year of emancipation for the blacks.

In all this there is hardly any danger for the North, protected as it is by its climate; the negroes there are less numerous, and their cause rather excites sympathy. In the central regions, where one sees a large number of them, they are less esteemed, but not yet feared. It is in the South that people are uneasy and irritated, that they seek means to avoid the growing "peril," and that they propose solutions not one of which seems to be acceptable to the good sense, the fairness, the Christian spirit, and the sentiment of justice which, thank God! prevail among the majority of the citizens.

No one of any intelligence speaks seriously of exterminating the negroes, or of returning them to slavery. Very few hope, even in a remote future, for the fusion of the races: cases of marriage between

whites and blacks are very exceptional, and there are States in the South where such marriages are prohibited by law; it is asserted, moreover, that with the mixed race fecundity ceases after two or three generations. Others, a little more numerous, propose the absolute separation of the races by the removal of the negroes; it would only be necessary, they say, to send them back to Africa, or to the Philippines, or to reserve a State for them exclusively,—for example, southern California. If it is too complicated a matter to send them all away at one swoop (they are nearly ten millions in number), let 125,000 of their women be expatriated every year. The whole transaction would cost hardly \$400,000. This would not be paying too dearly for the future welfare of the nation, and for the removal from the path of the Anglo-Saxon of an obstacle which may compromise his high destiny. Needless to say, up to the present at least, good men, and in fact all men of sound judgment, refuse to consider a project so impracticable and so obnoxious to the negroes, who do not find themselves at all badly off in the United States, and would not, it is safe to say, leave the country unless constrained by violence to do so. To the enemies of the negro race it has been sarcastically observed, “Why not rather despatch them all off at once to Mars, or some other planet?” The good conduct of the black regiments in the Spanish-American war cannot be forgotten, and the question is asked if they have not the right to live in a country after having voluntarily risked their lives for it.

But it is easier to discard a poor solution than to find a good one, and I must say that not one of the many eminent men with whom I discussed this problem of the negro can perceive any real way out of the difficulty. They understand, indeed, that they are in this predicament by reason of the crime that was committed in stealing the blacks out of their own country, the mistake that was perhaps made in emancipating them without preparation, and certainly in conferring upon them at the outset full political rights; but how now to redeem these errors, without violating the sacred principles of the Constitution, is the problem. It would be well to raise the franchise qualifications; but that would remedy only a small number of inconveniences, and it should, to be just, apply to the whites as well as to the negroes; it is hardly likely that the whites will allow themselves to be deprived of their acquired power. Must we, then, give way to alarm and discouragement? That would not be American. As it stands, the situation is still tolerable; if in the future it should become more serious, we shall then discover a way to remedy it. Is not the United States able to fight its own battles? And, any way, what is the use of borrowing trouble?

We recognize in this the invincible optimism of a people conscious of their vitality. But although it may help us to bear them better, confidence in the future is not a direct remedy from present evils; it is not solving the negro problem to say that it will end by solving itself. Therefore, the most discerning minds and the most generous souls are devoting

themselves with all their strength to the education of the blacks, the only work which is at present good, and the only one from which we may expect, in default of a prompt and universal regeneration of the race, at least the certain material and moral amelioration of a considerable number.

But what education will be the most efficacious? Frankly, I do not believe it will be that of which we saw so brilliant an example in the high school. Higher education is necessary for the negroes, to train up among them teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers,—a picked class able to assure leadership, and to aid their rise toward a better life. But such education must be only by way of exception, if it is not to result in the formation of a lot of second-rate leaders unfitted for serious work. What the great majority need in the way of education is, together with the reading, writing, and arithmetic, a practical and technical training, a preparation for business, and, better yet, for the manual trades.

It is with this idea in mind that the admirable Booker T. Washington is training the eleven hundred pupils in his institute at Tuskegee, where young girls are taught housekeeping as well as bookkeeping, and household science with more care than the science of history; where the young men themselves have built the school and manufactured the furniture of their rooms; where two days out of every five are devoted to work that was once, but is not now, called servile. "I believe in the future of my race," says this great educator, "in proportion as they learn to do better

than anybody else does, and as they learn how to render services which shall be regarded as indispensable."¹ And he cites as an example his own experience at the Hampton School, where he was employed as a porter and given the privilege of attending the lectures because he had swept to perfection the rooms assigned him to do the first day. The negroes can clean better than others; they can become excellent workmen in all kinds of trades; at Tuskegee they make bricks whose reputation for excellence has spread abroad, and which find a ready market in the neighborhood; but many years and perhaps many centuries must pass before they can discharge "better than anybody else" the social duties of a superior race. Their great liberator, Abraham Lincoln, was a manual laborer before he became President of the United States. Races follow the same process of evolution as individuals, only much more slowly.

Pascal considers "all mankind in the course of ages as one man who exists forever and who is continually learning." But it is not forty years since the mass of negroes in America began "to learn." The progress they have made in that short period leaves them still a long way behind the other citizens of the Republic, and it is from this fact that the grave difficulties of the question arise; but the ground covered is appreciable, and we can to some extent agree with this view of Booker T. Washington himself: "One must have been in contact with the negroes for twenty years, as I have been, in the very heart of the South,

¹"Up from Slavery."

to appreciate the fact that they are doing well, in spite of all that can be said; developing slowly, perhaps, but surely, whether from the material, the moral, or the intellectual point of view." To-day, no doubt, sixty out of every hundred negroes remain illiterate; but it is not half a century since they were nearly all so, and since the laws of many States, as, for example, Louisiana and North Carolina, punished with a fine of two hundred dollars the shocking crime of attempting to teach them to read. Even the poorest negro homes in the cities of America to-day are like royal palaces compared with the old-time cabin of "Uncle Tom" and the African hut which for countless centuries sheltered so many generations of savage life.¹

¹ I did not have an opportunity to make a close study of the religious condition of the negroes. The documents published in 1903 by the University of Atlanta, entitled "The Negro Church," are, notwithstanding their interest, too incomplete and too confused to supply the lack of personal information. From them it is evident that the Baptist Church is easily the dominant church among the negroes; as for the Catholics, so small a figure is assigned to them (14,517 out of 2,673,977) that it must be due to a neglect of distinction between whites and blacks in some returns.

Certain statements of a man closely in touch with the subject, Rev. Atticus C. Haygood, will be read with interest. The University of Atlanta deems them of sufficient value to be reprinted *in extenso* on the cover of the volume quoted. "I have seen the negroes in all their religious emotions, in their death-like trances, and in their wilder stages of excitement. I have preached the Gospel to them in cities, in towns, and on plantations. I have absolute confidence in the sincerity of their religion, nor can I doubt its reality. Their notions may be oftentimes coarse, their ideas of truth too material, and this sometimes to the point of being either shocking or grotesque; they may incline more to a sensual than to a moral life, and show many defects in their religious development; nevertheless, religion is vital among them; it is their strongest, their most striking, and most efficacious trait. They are more remarkable in this than in any other respect, and as there is no influence in this country which has contributed so much to the uplifting of their character, neither will there be any more decisive in their future development."

CHAPTER XV

BALTIMORE REVISITED

Change of Plans.—At Baltimore.—Father Magnien: the Influence of a French Priest on the Church in America.—The Great Rôle of Cardinal Gibbons and the Episcopate.—Baltimore a Centre of Catholic Life.—The Plenary Councils.—Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate.—How a Parish is Formed in the United States.—An Enemy of Abuses: Mr. Charles Bonaparte.—His Ideas on the Parish School.—Ought It to Receive Grants from Public Funds?—No Change Desired.—The Prosperous Convent of Notre Dame of Maryland.—Bryn Mawr School.—Johns Hopkins University.

RETURNING to St. Patrick's Rectory from a walk one morning, I was delightfully surprised to find Archbishop Ireland, whom I had missed seeing in Minnesota. He had come to the capital to attend the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was to be signalized by the unveiling of the statue of Grant's greatest coadjutor-in-arms, General Sherman. I expressed to the Archbishop my regret at not being able to remain for the reunion, as I had to revisit Baltimore, call at Philadelphia, and make place for a final week in New York. His Grace urged me to change these plans so as not to miss the Washington celebration; and accordingly I determined to go to Baltimore at once, and to come back to the capital in due season for the great event.

The day I had spent in Baltimore at the house of



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ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Cardinal Gibbons had by no means exhausted my interest in that noble city. I was particularly desirous of making a pilgrimage, if I may use the word, to the abode of the late Father Magnien, priest of St. Sulpice, and one of the most admirable men I ever knew. His successor as Superior of the Grand Seminary, and for a long time his faithful co-laborer there, Father Dyer, who treats as his own friends those who knew and loved Father Magnien, had already given me an invitation to call, so I was sure of a cordial welcome. We met in Father Magnien's former room, and talked of this extraordinary French priest, who for more than a quarter of a century, according to the statements of Cardinal Gibbons, Father Dyer, and others of the clergy, had exercised on the Church in America a deeper influence than any other man. He was full of good sense, was keen, frank, and unaffected. Well informed on all subjects, he always turned his knowledge to the most practical purposes and expressed it in the clearest methods. In matters of principle he was firm and undeviating, but was careful to adapt himself wisely to circumstances. Faithful to his native country, he was at the same time devoted heart and soul to the United States, his country by adoption. In a word, he was at once a French Sulpician and a true American; and in the union of these two, he brought to each some excellences that it did not of itself possess. When, in 1898, he was obliged to go to Paris to undergo a serious operation, and spent nearly a year at St. Sulpice, the most intelligent and pious seminarians there eagerly consulted him in

order to gain new knowledge and methods for the promulgation of the Gospel. When he died, on the twenty-first of December, 1902, those who for thirty years had been his disciples at Baltimore gave utterance to the most marked expressions of admiration. In fact, it is doubtful if any other churchman in America ever received such a tribute of praise and gratitude, from episcopate and priesthood, as was laid on the bier of Father Magnien.

Some of the more weighty of these testimonials have been collected in a printed memorial. In the preface to this, Cardinal Gibbons, who so long enjoyed both the counsel and the friendship of Father Magnien, is at a loss how adequately to praise in him the friend, the priest, the citizen, the man of affection, the man of faith, the man of action. "For me," he says, "accustomed as I was to consult him on all important questions, and always to regard him as my strongest support, his death leaves me utterly shaken, and it seems as though I had lost my right arm. In very truth, he was the half of my soul." When we reflect upon the work done by the Archbishop of Baltimore, not only for the Church in the United States, but by example and influence throughout the world, what a eulogy of Father Magnien these words contain!

How important the work of Cardinal Gibbons has been I had fresh opportunities of learning during this second visit to Baltimore. His Eminence honored me with several interviews, and we were together for a long ride through the beautiful country that surrounds his episcopal city. From this intercourse with him I

carried away a deep impression of the wisdom, prudence, and tact with which this true shepherd of souls has led his people into the ways of fidelity to Catholic teaching, respect for the convictions of others, loyalty to country, and generous sympathy for the noble aspirations of our age. At the beginning of my sojourn in America, I should doubtless have less readily appreciated the mental qualities of the Cardinal, which are solid and just rather than conspicuous and daring; or his achievements, which are substantial rather than ostentatious; or, again, his eloquence, which he prefers should be of practical use rather than for literary display; or finally, that combination of traits of character which makes a true and genuine man rather than the mere appearance of one. I say, I should not have been prepared at first properly to estimate all this; but as I became more familiar with American conditions, and more permeated with the American spirit,—a spirit which is simple, practical, frank, optimistic, and tolerant,—I understood how greatly favored the Church has been in having for leaders men like Cardinal Gibbons; men who know and love their country, and in their own character exhibit in a high degree the qualities most dear to Americans.

Among the means that have helped in extending throughout the entire United States the influence of Cardinal Gibbons and Father Magnien, a prominent place must be accorded the Grand Seminary at Baltimore. To-day, when there are other Sulpician seminaries in Boston, New York, and San Francisco, beside several other such establishments conducted by diocesan

priests, St. Mary's at Baltimore has only two hundred and fifty students. But before these other foundations were made, it counted three hundred students; and this was at a time (it seems odd to speak of "the past" in young America) when the priests of the country were only half as numerous as at present. We are probably safe in saying that one-third of the priests now laboring in the United States, and one-half of the bishops, have had their sacerdotal training from St. Mary's and Father Magnien.

Baltimore is the city which offers the best opportunity for coming in contact with the American hierarchy. The second Plenary Council met there in 1869, the year of Father Magnien's arrival. In a striking way, this council exhibited the unity of the Church; for it assembled soon after the close of the Civil War, when many of the sects had been divided into Northern and Southern branches irreconcilably separated. The third Plenary Council, larger and more important than any other that had been held, also met in this city, in 1884. Its sessions were held in the seminary of which Father Magnien had been the Superior for seven years. He attended the council as theologian of Archbishop Gibbons, who presided as delegate of the Holy See. Among other notable events in the Catholic history of Baltimore have been the elevation of Mgr. Gibbons to the cardinalate in 1886; the centennial of the American hierarchy in 1889; and the centennial of the Seminary itself in 1891.

How favored a place Baltimore is for great ecclesi-

astical events, the opportunities it affords for picking up ecclesiastical information and meeting distinguished churchmen, I learned from many indications during the three days I spent there. Mgr. Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, who had come to the city some months previously to seek medical care at a sanitarium of the Sisters of Charity, died the day after my arrival. He left behind him the memory of an apostle, of a man of faith, fortitude, and wisdom. On the third day of my visit, I found at dinner with Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate. I remember with what lively sympathy he expressed himself on the religious conditions of the United States. He had lived there long enough to understand those conditions, and to appreciate them correctly. Happening to discuss with him affairs in France, and anxious to learn his opinion of the separation of Church and State in France, I was surprised, and to be frank, delighted, to find that the prospect of such a separation far from disquieted him. He saw in such an event the way of deliverance; a rough way, indeed, but the only one that could lead to a revival of the religious life of France. A meeting that impressed me still more, however, was one that I had with a zealous priest of the Columbus diocese. So edifying and instructive was his conversation, that I asked permission to jot down notes while he talked. The following facts, which sum up what he told me, will be of service to whomsoever may wish to investigate the causes of the progress of Catholicism in the United States.

The Reverend Joseph Weigand, of the diocese of

Columbus, was sent fifteen years ago to Bridgeport, in Belmont County, Ohio, which is a mining district forty miles long by twenty wide. It was his first appointment; and he was the first priest ever resident in the region. On his arrival, he found a virgin soil,—no church, no priest's house, nothing. For a while he boarded with a family, and went about among the people, finding out who were Catholics, and asking them to contribute toward the building of a church. His task was all the harder because the inhabitants were of all sorts of nationalities. A majority of them spoke English, but the remainder were of various races,—Poles, Hungarians, Croatians, Slovacks, Italians from northern Italy, Italians from southern Italy, Germans, Belgians, and Syrians.

As soon as Father Weigand had collected a little money, he built at Bridgeport a small church and a two-room rectory, both of wood. Two years later, he transformed the church into a school, and erected a new church of brick. Then came a house for three Sisters of Charity, and soon after a rectory fit to accommodate two priests—for meanwhile he had found a curate.

But despite all this, the fact remained that mass was said only in the centre of the large mission-district. So Father Weigand erected six stations, which he and his curate attended from Bridgeport, sometimes on Sundays, sometimes during the week. Two of these places, Maynard and Barton, now have churches and schools of their own. Every day, two Sisters—there are six altogether in this district—

take a train from Bridgeport at half-past six in the morning, in order to attend these schools. All these churches and schools are out of debt, owing to the voluntary contributions of the people. *À propos* of this, as Father Weigand was speaking of his two hundred Italians, who are very faithful to their religious duties, I happened to ask if he received any assistance from the excellent movement in behalf of Italian emigrants instituted by the Bishop of Piacenza. "No," said he, "I have not. It is better that the people themselves should support religion. Give them every year a statement of receipts and expenditures, and print a list of contributors, and they will give generously and ungrudgingly."

This zealous missionary, in order to reach all the members of his flock, has to be almost a Mezzofanti. He speaks — at least well enough for preaching and for hearing confessions — Polish, German, Italian, Hungarian, French, and Slavonian. All the children, however, without exception, learn English in school, and become thorough Americans. It took some ingenuity and zeal to gain the favor of some of the elders, it must be said. Four years ago, Father Weigand approached the little colony of Hungarians, who understood a few words of German and English. "We must have a church," he said.

"We have no money," was the answer.

"If you help to build one, I will preach to you in your own language."

"It is too hard a language," answered they.

Unhesitatingly, the zealous priest set himself to

study, and at the end of two months he publicly read the Sunday Gospel in Hungarian. They were so delighted that they complained no longer of having no money, and gladly assumed their share of the contributions. When I asked Father Weigand where he said mass in such of his missions as had no church, he answered, "In the public school."

Here is this episode summed up: Fifteen years ago, the Bridgeport district had no priest, no church, no Catholic school. To-day, absolutely without outside help, and solely owing to the activity of the pastor and the generosity of the working-people, who, let us not forget, have come from our old countries of Europe, this place possesses two finished churches, two others in course of construction, three stations where mass is said and catechism taught, and three schools in charge of Sisters. The population of the district is four thousand; the Catholics number one thousand.

Of all that I saw and heard during my visit to America, I think this conversation with the pastor of Bridgeport gave me the highest idea of the vitality of Catholicism in that country. Our fellow-Catholics there have had their heroic age during the last hundred years, and their present prosperity is but the merited recompense of their praiseworthy labors. They are far from sitting down to rest, even now; for every year sees new schools, new parishes, new dioceses. But we need not wonder if they seek now and then to lighten the burden they have borne so long; for example, if they claim that the State should

give some substantial acknowledgment of their educational work. Theoretically, this claim ought to create no insuperable difficulty. In England, Belgium, and Holland, the State allows to free schools, no matter by whom originated and conducted, a sum proportionate to the number of pupils in attendance. Why could not a similar thing be done in America? It would be a just return for the public service of the Catholic Church in maintaining four thousand schools in which instruction is given to a million pupils.

This school question I heard discussed often in America, notably by Father McMillan, a zealous Paulist, who is courageously endeavoring to enlighten public opinion on the justice of the Catholic claim. But the most striking views on this subject were, I think, those which I had the good fortune to listen to from Mr. Charles Bonaparte of Baltimore. This gentleman, the descendant of a brother of Napoleon, might on that ground alone enjoy a considerable prestige in a country which admires the great Emperor because of his astounding successes and his indomitable energy. But Mr. Bonaparte owes his eminent position to his own merits, not to his being the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. His authority as a lawyer is unquestioned in the Maryland courts, and his legal practice is large and lucrative. He is a member of several reform leagues, and his censure is dreaded by dishonest politicians. He has always refused to be a candidate for office; still, his public influence has grown ever greater, and is felt even in Washington. No man is more unsparing in de-

nouncing official corruption, and he cares not in such cases whether the objects of his attack are Republicans like himself, or Democrats. He has all of Mr. Roosevelt's rugged integrity. It seems only natural that the President should hold such a man in esteem; and Mr. Bonaparte's appointment as government prosecutor in the postal frauds and Indian Commission show how high an esteem this is. Eminent indeed is the place which this grand-nephew of Napoleon has won for himself among the freest people on earth, by the sole power of his austere integrity. In appearance he bears distinct marks of the Bonapartes, although his features are less hard and impassive.¹

I found Mr. Bonaparte in his law-office, without having had time to send previous notice of my visit. But as I had introductions from his sister-in-law, whom I had met in Paris, and from his niece, the Countess Moltke Hvitfeld, I was most cordially received, and felt at home at once. Mr. Bonaparte, speaking excellent French, remarked that I must have found the Church here more happily situated than in France; and then, like a loyal American citizen, he enlarged upon the good fortune of Catholics in the United States in enjoying so fully the blessings of liberty. I asked him how to account for the small space allotted by American newspapers to religious events in France, and for the frequent errors to be found in even these slender reports. "It is because we cannot understand so bad a condition of things," he answered; "the situation

¹ Since this was written Mr. Bonaparte has been appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Roosevelt. — [PUBRS.]

is incredible to us." Then for a time we talked of the unfortunate intermingling of religious and secular interests with which we are familiar in France; a confusion of two distinct spheres which both the enemies and the friends of the French Church seem prone to create. Upon such matters I found Mr. Bonaparte far more than ordinarily well informed. "Here, too," he said, "we have certain Catholics who seem disposed to bring about just such a condition as you have in France. To the best of my power, I am resisting them." Observing my look of astonishment, he went on: "These persons are eternally criticising the religious neutrality of our public schools; forgetting that if these schools were not neutral, they would be Protestant. You ask for what these malcontents are agitating. They desire that the denominational schools should receive money from the State in proportion to the number of pupils educated, or in the form of a proportionate rebate in the taxes paid by the parents of such pupils. The plan is not practical. We Catholics cannot in this matter win public opinion to our side, because in point of fact we should be almost the only church to profit by such an arrangement, inasmuch as we have incomparably the greatest number of religious schools. And in this state of affairs, the giving of public money, however just the grounds for it, would seem to make us a privileged class, and we should incur widespread odium. We must continue to make the sacrifices involved in supporting our parish schools. Indeed, there are other claims that we could more justly urge.

For example, in our public institutions of charity, especially orphanages, there is not always a fair proportion of Catholic chaplains in comparison with the number of Catholic inmates. Here is a case where complaint would be just; and, moreover, it would be heeded. No, no, we should not criticise our lot; it is a happy one, and our effort should be to maintain it."

Again, let me say that I met other American Catholics who disagree with Mr. Bonaparte on the school question; and certainly it is not for a stranger to enter into such a discussion. But with France before one's eyes, one finds it hard to understand how any Catholic can be discontented with the freedom of America. Would that religious questions could be kept forever from the controversies of politics!

While it is true that the maintenance of parish schools imposes great sacrifices upon the Catholic people, the higher educational institutions, I think, with the exception of the University at Washington, enjoy an income which easily meets all expenses. This is the case particularly with a convent school which I visited in company with Cardinal Gibbons. Notre Dame of Maryland is located in a charming site near Baltimore. Indeed, looking at the splendid building and the beautiful park, one almost wonders if it is not too magnificent. This school is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, who founded their first American house in Baltimore in 1848. At present the sisterhood possesses in the United States three thousand religionists who are educating ninety thousand

pupils in two hundred and ninety establishments. At the school I have just mentioned, there are thirty day pupils and two hundred and thirty boarders, divided into three departments, primary, academic, and collegiate. This last course leads to the baccalaureate, which the school has possessed the right to confer since 1876. Some of the higher branches are taught by professors from Baltimore, and the philosophical classes are in charge of a specialist who comes twice a week from the Catholic University at Washington. I found from the programme of studies that the Latin courses cover the reading of Virgil, Cicero, Pliny, Tacitus, Horace, Plautus, Terence, and Juvenal; that Greek comprises the "Iliad," "Crito," "Antigone," and the "War of the Peloponnesus"; and that the last year of French includes "La maison de Penarvan" of Sandeau; the "Question d'argent" of the younger Dumas; Ros-tand's "L'aiglon"; and René Bazin's "La tache d'encre." In the preceding years of the French course are read the ordinary classical pieces, and such works as "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," Bourget's "Voyageuses," and "Voyage autour de ma chambre," and "Cyrano de Bergerac." The good Sisters avoid dull reading, it will be seen.

The tuition fee at Notre Dame is comparatively moderate; \$275 a year. Certain special courses, however, call for a considerable extra expenditure. Thus, drawing instruction costs \$50 a year; painting, \$60; piano and organ, \$60; the harp, \$80; and stenography, \$40. Private rooms may be had, with all comforts of home, for \$175 a year. I should not be at all sur-

prised if the strong-box of the Sister Procurator received each year between eighty and a hundred thousand dollars. And inasmuch as the property is out of debt, and there are no taxes to pay, it is clear that Notre Dame is most happily prosperous. Regarding the future of certain religious establishments, I understand that many bishops, the wise Cardinal among them, have less fear that they will suffer from poverty than from affluence. But there need be no apprehensions. If ever riches should become a danger of this sort, doubtless the Church will provide all just and necessary safeguards. As yet there is no such danger. This very congregation of Notre Dame, for example, has parochial schools that must be helped by the surplus from the academies.

I paid a visit to another girls' school in Baltimore, a non-religious institution, which receives only day students. This is the Bryn Mawr School, not to be confounded with Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, which I afterward visited. Bryn Mawr School was established in 1885 for the secondary education of girls. In 1894 a primary department was added which has now eighty pupils. The number following the secondary branches is one hundred and seventy-five. I listened to the recitations in the different classes, and remember particularly an admirable rendering of a passage in the "Æneid." But what struck me most was the manner in which the youngest classes are taught geography. A large surface of moist earth is shaped to represent the elementary ideas of geography,—mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, etc.,—and the children

readily learn a lesson which thus presents to them the fascination of play. I was much taken with this idea, especially when I recalled the tedious efforts of memory, in my own school-days, to retain a number of unusual and formidable phrases. When these rudimentary notions are mastered, our little Americans learn the various countries by following on the map the journeys of explorers and men of adventure. In one class, a bright child, ten years old, narrated with entire self-possession and perfect accuracy the life of Christopher Columbus; pointing out on the map the Indies where he had intended to go, the route thither that had been followed by previous voyagers, the western route, which he himself wished to take, and finally the actual course he pursued from the time of his departure from Europe to his arrival in the New World.

The tuition charges at Bryn Mawr School are from \$90 to \$200 a year. This is a high rate for day pupils, but there can be no ground for complaint, since there are free high schools in abundance, which anyone may attend who will.

At this school, all the teaching except the manual training is done by women. The majority of the teachers have a bachelor's degree, and two are doctors. The head teacher, who took her doctorate at Bryn Mawr College and afterward attended some of the European universities, is one of the most accomplished women I have ever met. While she was guiding me through the school, we talked on subjects suggested by her recent visit to Paris. She told me that she had

held a conversation with one of our directors of public instruction, to whom she expressed her astonishment that the government was closing so many schools. "His explanation was," she continued, "that this was done to safeguard liberty. I told him that in America liberty means allowing people to do what they wish, within the limits of law. But I am afraid that he and I did not understand one another."

Before I left Baltimore, I called at the Johns Hopkins University. This institution was founded in 1876, on a bequest of three and a half millions of dollars, left for the purpose by a Baltimore merchant, who bequeathed also over three million for a hospital. I will not give details of Johns Hopkins, lest I overdo my descriptions of schools to the extent of weariness. Let it suffice to say that this University is especially devoted to higher studies and to independent research. But even with this restricted field of work, it has so developed that it has outgrown its present quarters in the centre of the city, and is about to move into a more commodious home which has been given it by munificent donors. Johns Hopkins is not exclusively a post-graduate school; following the common usage in America, it has also an undergraduate department. The University statistics of 1901-1902 show that the college courses were followed by 178 students; while in the post-graduate classes there were 169. The professional schools and special classes count 273 young men as students and 38 young women. Women are excluded from the other courses, which is an exceptional restriction. Some years ago, a few students

of St. Mary's Seminary, which is near the University, used to attend special courses there, especially in Oriental languages. For reasons unknown to me, the Superior-General of the Sulpicians has forbidden this practice.

CHAPTER XVI

NATIONAL FESTIVITIES

With the Army of the Cumberland.—An Impolitic Major.—The Dedication of Sherman's Statue.—Splendid Solemnity.—Review.—Prayer.—Speeches of President Roosevelt and Four Generals.—Too Long a Ceremony.—Archbishop Ireland.—Military Soirée.—The Banquet of the Four Armies.—Prayer, Toasts, and National Songs.—At Washington's Tomb.

ON the evening of the fourteenth of October, I returned to Washington to attend the ceremonies of the dedication of General Sherman's monument. On reaching Dr. Stafford's house, I found that the Society of the Army of the Cumberland was holding its thirty-first reunion directly across the street, in a Congregational Church, which for the time was transformed into a public hall. We entered the building about nine o'clock, just as the first speech of the evening was concluding. No sooner was Dr. Stafford recognized than we were invited to the platform alongside of I know not how many generals. We declined this honor, happily for us, for we should have had to listen to an address, a reading, and as many as ten "few remarks," to say nothing of the music. Still, the hour we spent there was not wholly uninteresting. Of course military lore was uttered in abundance, and it was very remarkable to notice how eagerly the people listened to it all, even though they had heard it time

after time before. But this technical feature of the addresses was naturally wearisome to me, who knew nothing of fine strategy nor of the geography of South Carolina, though there were moments in which even I could find some interest. There were also occasional bits of humor, as the following incident will illustrate: A venerable major was giving an elaborate military speech, among his auditors numbering General Ian Hamilton, one of the British officers who really distinguished themselves in the Transvaal. Forgetting that this eminent soldier of King Edward's army was sitting beside him, our eloquent major was comparing the difficulties encountered by the Northern armies, in fighting upon ground familiar to the Confederates, with the difficulties of the English troops in giving battle upon Boer territory; and at the end of his comparison he declared in a most positive manner that the English only half overcame this disadvantage, and that they did even that very slowly, and owing to great superiority in numbers. This *maladresse* was tactfully made good by General Corbin, who referred to the presence of General Hamilton, and extolled his military services amid great applause. The English officer rose to express his gratitude, and in a good natured address declared, amidst the laughter of all present, that if "Tommy Atkins" had made those mistakes he would do better next time, and meanwhile he begged leave to assure them that "Tommy Atkins was all right."

"The chosen leaders of a mighty nation paused in their duties of statecraft this afternoon to formally dedicate to posterity the monu-

ment of enduring bronze and granite erected south of the Treasury Building to perpetuate the name and deeds of William Tecumseh Sherman, General of the United States Army, the first of the great commanders of the War of the Rebellion to be memorialized in everlasting stone and metal in the capital of the nation they helped to preserve."

These are the solemn words with which a Washington newspaper¹ begins its account of the dedication which I had just attended. And the tone of this extract is none too lofty; for everyone admitted that Washington had seldom seen a ceremony more impressive.

The Sherman statue is sixty-five feet high, and is situated on one of the finest sites of the capital, between the immense Treasury Building and the White House gardens, and at the extremity of the beautiful Pennsylvania Avenue along which Sherman himself, at the conclusion of the Civil War, led his victorious army in review before the President and a great multitude of people. On the day of the dedication two hundred of Sherman's veterans proudly stood guard around the statue of their old commander; and, as a memory of still more glorious deeds, a regiment clad in the Continental uniform of Washington's day held a place of honor. In America, military spectacles are rare; and hence it was entirely out of the ordinary to see these thousands of soldiers, representing all arms of the service, passing in review before the Nation's chief. Seated with other distinguished men, upon great stands over which floated the Stars and Stripes,

¹ The "Evening Star" of October 15, 1902.



THE SHERMAN STATUE, WASHINGTON

were many of the survivors of the Civil War; on one side were the armies of the Potomac and Ohio; on the other the armies of the Tennessee and of the Cumberland. In the centre was the presidential tribune; and here were cabinet officers, officers of the army and navy in full uniform, representatives of foreign countries, and a few specially favored guests. For myself, inasmuch as my friend Dr. Stafford was to pronounce prayer, and I was with him, I had a place of unexpected prominence. Dr. Stafford was in a small circle of ten or twelve benches that surrounded President Roosevelt; and I was just outside these near Archbishop Ireland, who pointed out to me the great personages present.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for the beginning of the ceremonies, the bands struck up a national air; the President appeared at the door of the White House, and, surrounded by his escort, advanced to the place prepared for him. The review began at once. President Roosevelt stood erect, making a very martial figure himself, and thinking, one might easily fancy, of his Rough Riders, while before him filed the battalions in admirable order, the majority marching behind flags that had been baptized with fire in the Cuban war. There were squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, companies of marines, and finally a splendid regiment of negroes. The review over, General Dodge, who conducted the ceremonies, presented Dr. Stafford to make the invocation. The great multitude stood, the men uncovered their heads, and all listened reverently and in profound reflection,

to these words, pronounced in a voice full of feeling, and strong enough to be heard by everyone :

“Almighty and everlasting God, Father of all nations, look down upon us and bless us! Upon this happy day we lift our hearts to Thee in gratitude. We thank Thee for the unparalleled progress of more than a hundred years, by which Thou hast distinguished us among the nations of the earth. We thank Thee for our glorious history, our boundless resources, our riches, our treasures, our great liberty. We thank Thee that in the hour of trial Thou didst raise up able leaders for thy people, leaders who, by courage, ability, and sacrifice, saved the nation. Give us the grace to perpetuate the memory of our great men, not only in monuments of stone and brass, but still more in our hearts, by the emulation of their example and the imitation of their virtues. By them Thou didst save the Union,—the Union one and indissoluble,—and by Thy protection invincible forever. Give us the grace, O God, above all to know Thee and love Thee !”

When thus the God of Nations had been paid the tribute of praise and thanksgiving, representatives of the Republic bespoke the people's admiration and recognition of the man of duty whom they had assembled to honor. General Dodge spoke first (he had held command under Sherman), and explained the monument in simple words. Sherman's figure, he said, represented him as he stood in this city and viewed with loyal pride the last march of his victorious troops. The allegorical figures of War and Peace remind us that the great warrior had followed the one in order to establish the other. The bas-reliefs picture him in the celebrated “March to the Sea”; leading the attacks on Chattanooga and Atlanta; and show him finally alone at night amid his sleeping army, ponder-

ing his plans of campaign. The medallions illustrate types of commanders and private soldiers in the Army of the Tennessee. The sculptor, Carl Rohl-Smith, died during the execution of the work, and his wife completed the great task. General Dodge thanked the gifted woman amid long applause.

Then came the unveiling. A grandson of General Sherman gave a slight pull to the rope which held in place the two flags enveloping the statue; the flags slowly separated, like the opening of a casket of jewels; and there was the great commander upon his lofty pedestal. Enthusiasm seized upon the people; cheers loud and louder rent the air; the two banners fell gracefully behind the statue as drapery, making a beautiful picture against the blue sky; the troops presented arms, cannon thundered, and the military bands made the echoes ring with the inspiring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The four bronze figures of soldiers standing at the angles of the pedestal were then unveiled; and as the banners that covered them were withdrawn, one could see in the distance the gigantic monument to Washington. It was a moment never to be forgotten. One might have thought that all the glories of America had assembled here in the presence of these rulers of the Republic, and before God also who had just been invoked upon the scene. Then President Roosevelt stepped to the front and told his fellow-citizens of the virtues that make a great people. He said in part:

"The living can best show their respect for the memory of the great dead by the way in which they take to heart and act upon the

lessons taught by the lives which made these dead men great. Our homage to-day to the memory of Sherman comes from the depths of our being. We would be unworthy citizens did we not feel profound gratitude toward him, and those like him and under him, who, when the country called in her dire need, sprang forward with such gallant eagerness to answer that call. Their blood and their toil, their endurance and patriotism, have made us and all who come after us forever their debtors. They left us not merely a reunited country, but a country incalculably greater because of its rich heritage in the deeds which thus left it reunited. As a nation we are the greater not only for the valor and devotion to duty displayed by the men in blue who won in the great struggle for the Union, but also for the valor, and the loyalty toward what they regarded as right, of the men in gray; for this war, thrice fortunate above all other recent wars in its outcome, left to all of us the right of brotherhood alike with valiant victor and valiant vanquished.

“Moreover, our homage must not only find expression on our lips; it must also show itself forth in our deeds. It is a great and glorious thing for a nation to be stirred to present triumph by the splendid memories of triumphs in the past. But it is a shameful thing for a nation, if these memories stir it only to empty boastings, to a pride that does not shrink from present abasement, to that self-satisfaction which accepts the high resolve and unbending effort of the father as an excuse for effortless ease or wrongly directed effort in the son. We of the present, if we are true to the past, must show by our lives that we have learned aright the lessons taught by the men who did the mighty deeds of the past; we must have in us the spirit which made the men of the Civil War what they were; the spirit which produced leaders such as Sherman; the spirit which gave to the average soldier the grim tenacity and resourcefulness that made the armies of Grant and Sherman as formidable fighting machines as this world has ever seen. We need their ruggedness of body, their keen and vigorous minds, and, above all, their dominant quality of forceful character. Their lives teach us in our own lives to strive after, not the thing which is merely pleasant, but the thing which it is our duty to do. The life of duty, not the life

of mere ease or mere pleasure, that is the kind of life which makes the great man as it makes the great nation.

“So much for our duties in keeping unstained the honor-roll our fathers made in war. It is of even more instant need that we should show their spirit of patriotism in the affairs of peace. The duties of peace are with us always; those of war are but occasional; and with a nation, as with a man, the worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the every-day duties are done. To very few in any generation is it given to render such services as he rendered; but each of us in his degree can try to show something of those qualities of character upon which, in their sum, the high worth of Sherman rested,—his courage, his kindliness, his clean and simple living, his sturdy good sense, his manliness and tenderness in the intimate relations of life, and finally his inflexible rectitude of soul, and his loyalty to all that in this free Republic is hallowed and symbolized by the national flag.”

Having listened to President Roosevelt, I understood how it is that his discourses, admirable specimens of oratory that depend on the occasion for their inspiration, exercise so great an influence upon his audiences. Absolutely careless of the artistic side of public speaking, and perhaps for that very reason a genuine artist, he appears preoccupied with this one purpose,—to drive into the minds and hearts of his listeners the sentiments and ideas which he thinks will make them better men and better citizens. What cares he that his language is homely and his thought repeated? What is it to him that he utters no striking novelties? He is original enough in conceiving clearly, expressing simply, and urging intensely truths that are easy to know and easy also to neglect. When he speaks, you must pay attention; indeed, it is physically impossible not to pay attention. In the abrupt and sincere tones of his robust voice, in the changing emotions of his

mobile countenance, in the expressive energy of his gestures, there is a vital power that carries one on as though one were riding on the breast of a torrent. I stood somewhat behind him, a little to his left, and still I missed scarcely a single play of his features, so thoroughly does he take in his entire audience and address himself to every person in it. Whether President Roosevelt is a great writer or not, he is assuredly a great orator.

When the President had finished, the most interesting features of the celebration were at an end. Still, four other speakers followed him, representing the four great divisions of the Union armies in the Civil War. But it took courage in them to deliver orations before the great crowd, who were now fatigued and rapidly melting away. Moreover, it was difficult to hear, on account of the murmur of the thousands of people and the blare of distant bands accompanying the troops to their quarters. Still, the old generals, brave on the rostrum as once on the battle-field, held grimly to their task, thinking perhaps of their past career, when the enemy fled before them. When the flood of oratory at last receded, there remained before the stand only a few officials and a small group of heroic guests. Only the imploring gestures of Archbishop Ireland kept me on the spot; for I could hear scarcely anything, save now and then the name of some unfamiliar battle, and an occasional "I remember." The number of facts that these men could recall at a distance of forty years was incredible. At last came the cool of evening,—not a bad symbol of this part

of the performance; and I found a welcome distraction in watching the President helping an old secretary on with his overcoat. My last resource was to ask Mrs. Corbin, wife of the General, to present me to General Ian Hamilton; and we had a good laugh together over the incident of the previous evening.

When I read, in the next morning's newspapers, the speeches of the four generals, I confess I repented of my irreverence in not having listened to them more closely. And doubtless if my readers were aware how excellent these speeches were, they would add their reproaches to my remorse. General Henderson, for example, of the Army of the Tennessee, delivered no ordinary address. "God is a nation-maker," he said; and then he admirably analyzed, in the manner of a philosopher, historian, and poet, the elements that make up a great State. The other discourses, too, were well worth reading. But the ceremony was too long to continue solemn. Solemn, however, was its ending, when the Episcopal Bishop of Washington, Dr. Henry Satterlee, rose to pronounce a brief benediction. Those left on the scene stood with bared heads, the President and his Cabinet among the rest, and listened reverently to the words with which Religion closed the day.

An hour later, I was dining with Archbishop Ireland at the hotel where the Army of the Potomac was to hold a reception. "Come," said the Archbishop, "you shall put me *au courant* with this movement; and I will introduce you to our veterans." The move-

ment referred to was the present condition of intellectual life and of Christian apologetics in Europe. I had no notes to consult before talking on this subject with His Grace; but I primed myself as best I could, and naively hoped that I might contribute something to the information of a prelate who had just come from a six months' episcopal journey in Minnesota. But I found that he had read everything that I had read, and had followed certain controversies more keenly than I. This gave me a new glimpse of the Archbishop of St. Paul, and one, if anything, more to be admired than even the man of public action. I did not attempt to conceal my surprise. "In aspiration," he said, "I am a scholar. My dream is to study; but I have no time." Then he spoke to me of his seminary, of books, of courses of study, of professors, with a knowledge and critical appreciation which reminded me of his old friend the Bishop of Rochester. In philosophy, in Biblical science, and in theology, Archbishop Ireland is at once a man of deep faith and of sharp discernment. He combines the mind of a student with the talent for practical affairs.

Our discussion almost made us forget our engagement. We were forced to leave these serene regions of thought, — serene, indeed, no longer, — and be off to the reception. Once there, the Archbishop became again the old chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers. Former companions in arms thronged around him, and they dwelt on reminiscences of which I knew nothing. What I do know is that never in my life had I met so many generals and colonels, — for there

were some who were modest enough to remain colonels.

The Army of the Potomac, whose reception we were attending, resolved for this night to form a junction with the Army of the Tennessee, which was bivouacked at another hotel. So, about half-past nine, to the strains of martial music, off we set, marching two by two, as solemnly as you please. Archbishop Ireland and an old officer headed the line, setting the step for us and looking positively war-like. The other veterans followed, many accompanied by their wives and daughters, and others carrying, instead of arms, prosaic umbrellas. Dr. Stafford, who had joined us as we left the hotel, carried a cane, and made so fine a figure that I was proud to march beside him. He and I were the youngest of the army, both of us having been born when the valiant men around us were in the midst of their campaigns. On we went, and not even torn-up streets could halt us, for we had only to take to the sidewalks. And what simpler tactics are possible for passing through barricaded streets? So, in a word, having managed our night march in admirable order, we joined the Army of the Tennessee at ten o'clock without the loss of a man—or woman.

If the sense of military fraternity had not gone deep into my soul, I should certainly, as one of the Army of the Potomac, have been jealous of the Army of the Tennessee, for their reception was far more brilliant than ours, and its glory owed little to us. The *élite* of Washington was there; and what with the beauty of the flowers, the splendor of the

illumination, the magnificence of the ladies' costumes, and the loveliness of those who wore them, one found it hard to believe it a reception of "veterans." Archbishop Ireland and Dr. Stafford were the most sought-after among the guests. The Archbishop, in fine spirits and full of vivacity, proudly wore his military medal. The Doctor was surrounded by people of all stations, who congratulated and thanked him for his beautiful invocation. "You are a great American," they said to him; and this was praise supreme. In the course of a pleasant conversation, the President of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia said to me,—and his words show the prestige of the pastor of St. Patrick's,—“I beg you to consider me entirely at your service in regard to anything that you may wish to examine during your stay in Washington. But you will have little need of me, I apprehend; a friend of Dr. Stafford is in touch with the highest sources of influence.” In America there is no prejudice which stands in the way of a priest's occupying any place in public esteem for which his personal merit fits him.

Of this I had a new proof on the very next evening, at a banquet of five hundred covers, given by the united societies of the four Armies, at the Hotel Arlington. The great dining-hall was superbly decorated with flags, flowers, and garlands of oak-leaves. General Brooks, Captain McCook, and Major McElroy gave the toasts to the Armies of the Potomac, of the Cumberland, and of the Ohio. The widow of General Logan also spoke, and was applauded

vigorously. But the triumph of the evening was reserved for one who spoke for the Army of the Tennessee. Indescribable enthusiasm seized on the assemblage when it was announced that this speech would be delivered by Father Thomas E. Sherman; and at the conclusion of his remarks the ovation lasted over five minutes. Not that Father Sherman was more eloquent than the other speakers, but for those brave men, he was the son of their glorious leader; and not one of them dreamed of asking—as perhaps in days gone by would have been done—whether it was proper thus to acclaim a Catholic priest and a Jesuit.

These men were far from regarding the clerical garb as a mark of inferiority. Before they sat down to table they asked Archbishop Ireland to invoke the blessing of God; and while they listened in perfect silence, he said:

“Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done.

“Master and Sovereign Thou art of earth and of skies, of men and of nations; we bow before Thee in homage and in supplication.

“We adore Thee, O God; into Thy hands we commit ourselves, we, Thy creatures, Thy children. Be Thy law the constant guidance of our footsteps; Thy love, the constant inspiration of our thoughts and of our acts.

“From Thee all blessings flow. Be Thou ever, we beseech Thee, our protector, our Father. Favor us with health and strength of soul, with health and strength of body; be Thy right hand extended over us in mercy and in grace.

“Favor, we beseech Thee, our country! Grant it peace and prosperity; endow its rulers with wisdom, its defenders with valor, all its people with truth and righteousness.

“Favor, O Lord, America with permanency in its liberties, and in its Union of States with permanency with the social and national blessings for the upbuilding of which, during days of dreaded trial and suffering, its faithful sons made upon the sacred altars of patriotism willing oblation of the life-blood of their hearts.

“Under Thy gracious providence we have survived wearying marches and death-dealing battles. In our own name, in the name of our departed friends and fellow-soldiers, whose spirits we know mingle with ours this evening in our brotherly festivities, we beseech Thee, bless the Republic of the United States.

“O God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Thee we adore, Thee we praise: Thine the blessing we invoke.”

Interspersed among the patriotic addresses was the singing of national hymns, the words of which had been distributed to the guests. They sang “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,” “The Star-Spangled Banner,” “Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground,” “Marching through Georgia,” with its electrifying words, “Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!” But the most beautiful of all, to my mind, was “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” beginning, “Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.” Perhaps equal to this are the two short stanzas of “America,” the country’s national hymn.

It was with these strains ringing in my ears, that I fell asleep on my last night in the capital of the United States. But memory and imagination transported me far from the Arlington banquet-hall. On that very day I had made my pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and there beheld, amid trees a century old, and situated in a broad expanse of field and meadow that slopes to the Potomac, the home of the founder of

the Republic. The rooms in which he lived and the chamber where he died are still piously cared for, and contain many souvenirs of his life,—for example, the key of the Bastille, which was Lafayette's happy and appropriate gift to his old commander. I gazed long on the tomb, majestic in its simplicity, on which they have done well in inscribing but one word, WASHINGTON. "The renown of Washington," says Châteaubriand, comparing the work of this great man with that of Napoleon, "will spread from age to age, synonymous with liberty, and his name will mark the opening of a new era for mankind."

CHAPTER XVII

PHILADELPHIA

Departure from Washington.—A Notable City: Philadelphia.—Historic Memories.—Independence Hall.—Ecclesiastical Reunion.—Parochial Finances.—Influence of Ireland on Catholicism in the United States.—Archbishop Ryan.—Indian Commission.—An Anti-Clerical Foundation: Girard College.—Central High School of Philadelphia.—University of Pennsylvania.—Principal Gifts Received by the Educational Institutions in One Year.—A Great College for Women: Bryn Mawr.—Always Tolerant.—“Remain in America.”

WE must now turn our steps eastward,—this time not to retrace them, as after our brief visit to Baltimore; this departure is final. I leave Washington on one of those rainy days which I have rarely met with on my journey. There was nothing to be seen, and I did not wish to see anything. Travelling as I am doing, on the train, Baltimore does not interest me. I think of St. Patrick’s rectory, the Capitol, the White House; but here the train, which slackens its speed, dispels my reverie. On a narrow bridge, of impressive length, we cross the Susquehanna at its entrance into Chesapeake Bay. The river seems as still as a lake, reflecting the wooded slopes. Resting on the window-sill, I could believe myself alone in the desert. Notwithstanding the iron arches supporting us, which, however, I do not see, Nature appears as grand, as primitive, as she was three hundred years

ago. The eastern part of America cannot pass as one of the most picturesque countries of the world; nevertheless, it has its enormous rivers and wild forests. It is to these rivers, so broad in comparison to their length, and usually ending in vast bays, that this section is mainly indebted for its good fortune. The Hudson made New York; the Susquehanna, Baltimore; the Delaware, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia: two centuries of existence, a million and a half of inhabitants. It is true that Chicago, less than half as old, has a third more than that number. But Philadelphia has grown normally; it has its history and its traditions; it prides itself on its good manners and even on its nobility. It manufactures carpets, wool, sugar, iron, locomotives; its three hundred thousand workmen are engaged in manufactures which are valued at six hundred millions of dollars annually; seven thousand vessels enter its port each year. But it is a great deal less proud of all this than of its science, its distinction, its beauty, its great memorials. Other cities are upstarts; Philadelphia "has arrived."

It is called the city of homes, because it counts as many houses as families. The average number residing in each house is less than six. Little or big, each family has its own home, ordinarily two stories of red brick with white marble steps. The result is somewhat monotonous; but in the principal streets and avenues there is a charming diversity of picturesque villas. Yet Americans, so they say in Europe, are people who ignore the comforts of home and live at hotels.

Philadelphia is not lacking in business quarters

On the contrary, they are most important; and I again discover, without enthusiasm, the high buildings which Washington made me forget, the real "mammoth" of the trust companies, the stores with four thousand employees. Almost in the centre stands the City Hall, as large as St. Peter's at Rome, with a tower over five hundred feet high, surmounted by the colossal statue of William Penn. The City Hall was begun in 1874; it contains 750 rooms, is built of marble and granite in the style of the French Renaissance, and cost twenty-five millions of dollars. To its richness and gigantic proportions, however, I prefer the modest edifice of brick, built in 1732 to serve as a State House, and now bearing the name of Independence Hall. Here from 1775 to 1781 sat the Continental Congress, which was the soul of the American Revolution; here, on the never-to-be-forgotten date of July 4, 1776, was signed the Declaration of Independence. Here, again, November 3, 1781, as I read with pride on the commemorative inscriptions, the twenty-four standards taken from the British at Yorktown were "laid at the feet of Congress and of the Ambassador of France." Here, September 17, 1787, the Constitution of the United States was adopted and signed. Washington, in 1793, and John Adams, in 1797, were here installed as Presidents of the Republic. How could I behold without emotion the actual table on which the delegates of the different States signed the Declaration of Independence; how keep from thinking of the impetus given to the progress of mankind by that declaration, when we look upon the famous Liberty Bell,

which was the first to announce that great act? I have brought home from my travels in America but one material souvenir; it is a medal of bronze, which reproduces the bell with its inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants." Ring on, O bell of liberty! It is not enough that America has heard you. Ring for those who remain oppressed in the world. Ring for the nation which hastened so generously at your call,—that at your sound the representatives of France may remember how in former times the liberated peoples laid their trophies before her!

What changes have taken place within two centuries, since William Penn received upon these shores the first colony of Quakers! That very grave and simple sect still prospers at Philadelphia, and many other Protestant Churches have taken their place beside it; but no religious body has developed like the Catholics, who number a quarter of the population. They have 475,000 souls in the diocese, 374 secular and 103 regular priests, 106 seminarians, 98 Brothers of the Christian Schools, 2,135 nuns distributed into nineteen congregations. Without speaking of the seven colleges, and of the two industrial schools which belong to them, they care for 3,213 children in their orphanages and 45,353 in their parochial schools. In the city of Philadelphia itself there are eighty-four parishes—fourteen more than there are in Paris. And what activity in each! I stayed at the rectory of Our Lady of Mercy in North Broad Street. The parish,

which has not yet been fifteen years established, has one of the most artistic and devotional churches imaginable, a rectory sufficiently large and comfortable, a school where the sisters instruct 510 children. The entire plant cost about three million. In America, as soon as they build a new city, or a new quarter in an old city, or even when a parish has grown too populous for its pastor, the bishop picks out a young priest and assigns to him as a special field of action such and such a territory. "You are pastor of such a district, or from such to such a street. Go and do your best." There is no question of either building or money; he must provide them. In a few years everything is established, organized, almost paid for; the bishop can come to consecrate the church, to bless the school, to congratulate the pastor and his parishioners. One can divine how active the priest must be, and on what good terms with his parishioners, in order to accomplish such a task.

It is not my host, Father Coghlan, who would have been found wanting in such a duty. He received me on a Saturday, the eve of the installation of the new organ. The rectory and the parish were full of activity. I have never seen such a busy hive. There was some question of the success of a sacred concert to be given on the following evening, for the honor of the parish and for the payment of the remainder of the ten thousand dollars which the organ cost. Tickets were sold at a dollar each; even those who could not assist at the recital gave their offering, and many paid twice, three times, or ten times the price of admission. After all

expenses were paid, the entertainment brought in a thousand dollars; the society that was formed to look after the organ could not complain. From noon Saturday, the hour of my arrival, till midnight Sunday, the pastor, his assistants, his newly ordained nephew, and his niece who acts as his accountant, have not a minute's rest. I ask myself how they can stand such a life. They cannot endure it always; Monday morning, Father Coghlan is obliged to take to bed immediately after his mass. Bear in mind that this material work did not prevent the priests from being called four times every hour in the parlor or in the confessional. The niece is the least to be pitied: she can in peace attend to her heaps of tickets and dollars.

Everyone found the concert superb. If I say nothing about it, it is solely because of my incompetence. I could have wished this to be admitted by Father Coghlan, who so frequently asked for my appreciation of each piece rendered by the organ and of each solo. Notwithstanding all my good-will, he must have thought my English was lacking in richness and precision.

It is a shame, but I acknowledge that I took more interest in the dinner of my *confrères* which preceded the musical *fête*. A dozen of the prominent pastors of Philadelphia were there; one of whom had just been appointed, under the circumstances already mentioned, to establish a new parish. Nearly all had been to France several times, which presupposes a broad mind and a full pocket. The salary which they receive for their work is (all expenses paid save clothing and

board) eight hundred dollars a year, not counting a chance of four or five hundred more which may fall in their way. The salary of the assistants is six hundred dollars. It is the same in the diocese of New York. In Baltimore, the pastor's salary is a thousand dollars.¹

Evidently this affords a comfortable living; but they do not hoard up their money, nor do they mind any very heavy expenses. It is somewhat as it is in Ireland: the faithful see that their priests want for nothing, knowing that they may have recourse to them in all their necessities. The income of the parishes is derived principally from the annual renting of the pews and from the Sunday collections. The property and the administration of the funds belong to the parish, considered as a civil body and represented by the trustees of the church, of which the pastor is the principal member; the bishop, president *ex-officio* choosing the others according as he wills. In some provinces, the diocese itself is the administrative body represented by the bishop alone, and in each parish he delegates his powers to the pastor and two parishioners. The two systems in the end amount to the same, and leave the spiritual rulers complete masters of the administration of temporal affairs. In order to come to this, it was necessary in the first part of the nineteenth century to contend strenuously against the system of lay trustees of the parish. But the present system

¹ The Protestant pastors receive in general two or three times as much as the Catholic priests. According to Mr. Bryce ("The American Commonwealth," French edition, t. IV., p. 472), the Presbyterian and Congregationalist ministers are the best paid; in the large cities, they receive between \$8,000 and \$15,000.

This is much beyond the fact. \$5,000 would be out of the common, and \$10,000 remarkably high.—[PUBRS.]

operates without difficulty, and the faithful content themselves with the exact and complete account rendered every year of the use made of the funds.

Since it is not impossible that the Church of France, after some years of strife and groping, may finish at last by adopting a similar system, it will not be without interest to read what one of the most prominent bishops of America, better known for the wisdom of his administration than for the boldness of his views, thought of this system. This is what Mgr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, wrote to Vicomte de Meaux, when sending him the reports of the receipts and expenses of several parishes :

“We depend for our daily bread, from week to week, upon the charity of the faithful. Up to the present, the Providence of God and the generosity of the people have never failed us. The system has its advantages without doubt, but it is precarious. Its great advantage, to my mind, is that it closely unites the priest and the people. Thanks to this, all take an interest in the progress of religion. When a man makes sacrifices for his religion, he becomes attached to it, he is more disposed to conform his life to it. From this point of view, our system is incontestably good. Moreover, it makes the clergy, up to a certain point, dependent upon the people, and from this a new bond is formed between them. There results from this a spiritual good for the priests; they become more circumspect and more attentive to those from whom they receive their subsistence. We are absolutely free as regards the government, and consequently nothing prevents us from giving our undivided care to the health of the souls of our flock.”¹

In endeavoring to explain the sentiments of Catholics toward their priests, we alluded, a moment ago, to

¹ “ L’Église Catholique et la liberté aux États-Unis,” p. 251.

the custom in Ireland. In giving more consideration to the comparison, and, properly speaking, in making it bear upon nearly all points, we may perhaps attain the secret of the actual prosperity of the American Church, of its generosity, its fervor, the reciprocal devotion of all the faithful and the clergy. Without slighting the great services it has received from the French clergy, above all in the beginning, and until the middle of the nineteenth century, it can be said that the American Church is essentially an Irish Church. Many of its priests were born in Ireland; many are the sons of Irish. It is from Ireland also that have come the large majority of the faithful; and if other countries, like Germany, Italy, Austria, send to-day a greater number of emigrants, it must not be forgotten that they are received and establish themselves in communities already existing. Now, the character of these is built upon Irish zeal and American patriotism. They have kept the enthusiasm of heart of the land of their birth, and have joined to it, if not yet all the independence, at least the practical sense, of the land of their adoption. My twelve Philadelphia pastors all spoke of Ireland as one speaks of the Fatherland. In the toasts which they gave me at the end of the dinner, I, as a Frenchman, was saluted as a Celtic brother. I responded by promising to bring to the elders of the family the good wishes of the youngest, and above all the report of their success. At the moment of parting, Father Coghlan, who is uprightness and goodness itself, could not help saying that he loved me very much just as I was, but that he would have thought a great deal more



ARCHBISHOP RYAN

of me if he had not detected in some of my utterances some sympathy for England.

It was not until the last day of my stay that I was able to go to see Mgr. Ryan, the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and his auxiliary, Mgr. Prendergast. The latter is the only vicar-general of Philadelphia. In his house was held a meeting of the board of administration of the "Catholic Standard and Times." This journal is issued only weekly, as are all the other religious papers of the United States; and the reader has not forgotten what Cardinal Gibbons thinks of this. The "Catholic Standard" supports itself. I do not think, at this distance, it will be betraying the secrets of the meeting if I mention that at the end of the session a pretty substantial dividend was declared.

At the end of the council, in which he has a deliberative voice, Father Coghlan brought me to the Archbishop's house. Mgr. Ryan enjoys a great reputation as an orator, and he is known for the broadness of his views. In summing up the speech made by him at the centenary of the foundation of the Catholic hierarchy, in 1889, M. de Meaux shows that the Archbishop attributes the progress of the Church in America, "to God first, next to his ministers, then to the free institutions of the United States." According to the Archbishop of Philadelphia, it is the Catholics who have profited most by religious liberty; he claims for them the honor of having inaugurated it in Maryland,¹ and

¹ He could have added that the first Governor of New York to establish tolerance was a Catholic, Thomas Dollyan (1683); it is true it was at a time when it was especially profitable to his co-religionists, who were numerically few.

he thanks the Quakers for having established it in Pennsylvania. Without denying that at other times and in other countries the union of the Church and State was salutary as well as legitimate, he thinks that in the American Constitution there is no arrangement more beneficial than the one which separates them. "Under this form of government," to quote him exactly, "the Church has called forth all the virtues and all the natural faculties of man to the defence of supernatural truths; and if at times, in the struggle between conflicting beliefs, it happens that faithful Christians venture beyond due bounds, better, after all, liberty with mistakes than servitude with abasement."¹

I had not time to submit such great questions to the venerable and most benevolent Archbishop. The conversation turned on the Indian Commission, of which he is a member. The ten persons of which this commission is composed are chosen by the President from the most esteemed and independent citizens of the Republic. It has for its mission to watch over the Indians, so that in their reserves they may be governed with justice and intelligently protected. The annual report, which Mgr. Ryan gave me, discusses all their needs, material and moral; it makes known in detail what has been overlooked, what has been done, what ought to be done, in their interest. It considers everything, from the curriculum of their schools to the irrigation of their territory, from the industrial instruction to the regulating of their social

¹ Vicomte de Meaux, "L'Église Catholique et la liberté aux États-Unis," pp. 3 and 4.

states, especially in regard to marriage. It recommends in particular the complete abandonment of the system of "rations," which consisted in making provision for all the essential needs of the Indians, even those in good health, and which naturally had the effect of making them lazy in the extreme. Mgr. Ryan has been a member of the Indian Commission since the 14th of April, 1902,—the date on which he was named by President Roosevelt to replace the Rev. Dr. Whipple, Anglican Bishop of Minnesota, who had died some months before. The nomination of a Catholic prelate to succeed a Protestant raised a storm of opposition in a few of the daily papers. It cannot be said that the President of the Republic did not pay any attention to their opposition, for, another vacancy occurring a short time afterward, he further affirmed his right and his independence by appointing a prominent Catholic layman, Mr. Charles Bonaparte.

Philadelphia is not less remarkable than Boston for the development of its schools, colleges, and universities. The Drexel Institute, founded by A. J. Drexel, in 1891, at a cost of two millions of dollars, has prepared more than 2,000 students for industrial careers. Girard College must be the richest orphanage in the world. The Frenchman whose name it bears, and who died at Philadelphia in 1831, bequeathed the sum of two millions of dollars for the care of "poor white male orphans," and other benefactors have raised that sum to twenty millions. Girard having placed the condition that no ministers of any denomination should cross the

threshold of his orphanage, the authorities hesitated to accept such a foundation; but, having finally decided to accept it, they have done their best to observe the clause of the will; they have built a chapel in the orphanage where only laymen are allowed to hold services, and the children go outside to fulfil their other religious duties. With the official letter of Mr. Harris, to be admitted I would only have had to substitute a cravat for my Roman collar; but it seemed to me better to respect the wishes of Mr. Girard. Moreover, other institutions, not less interesting, remained to occupy my time, notably the Central High School, the University of Pennsylvania, and Bryn Mawr College.

The Central high school of Philadelphia is certainly the most important high school that I have visited. Looking at its catalogue and the quality of its teaching, it differs from other colleges only by this point of superiority, that it is absolutely free and open to all children of the elementary schools, whether public or private, who have successfully passed the impartial entrance examination. It costs the city \$123,590 yearly. There are fifty-four professors for 1,470 scholars, who are all externs. Students are admitted at the average age of fifteen, but can present themselves for examination at thirteen. The five-year course leads to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Sciences. Two additional years, and the submission of a written thesis, merit the degree of Master of Arts. The students have their choice of four departments: classics, sciences, modern languages, commerce. But certain branches of general learning

are common to all the departments; Latin, for instance, is obligatory for four years in the first two departments, for two years in the department of modern languages, and for one year in the commercial department. The programme of studies in the last department seemed significant to me; the seven branches which it comprises are, in the order given by the catalogue, English language and literature, foreign languages, mathematics, history, physical and natural sciences, political economy, and technology. Here, almost word for word, are the remarkable instructions given to the professors on the spirit of their teaching work:

“The end to be kept in view in the commercial department is, above all, educational. It is not a simple business school; and matters of technique, in the measure that they must be introduced, should hold a subordinate place. The pupils should, first of all, be instructed to think, and to think with care, prudence, and rapidity, on the matter submitted to them. Even the programme of studies should show the importance of a liberal education in business affairs. A knowledge of literature, languages, history, mathematics, sciences, economics, is also useful in commercial affairs, and gives to the one who possesses it superiority both as a man and a merchant. It is not a question here of the formation of a thorough business man, but of a man so developed that he can rapidly acquire a knowledge of any business affairs in which he may become interested, and thereby be enabled to make a success of it.”

They did not put at the head of the Central High School a great merchant, but a writer who is one of the most distinguished moralists in the United States. Apart from those very rare qualities which attest his works, I appreciated the very astonishing precision

with which, in less than an hour, seeing that I was pressed for time, he showed me his splendid school and explained all its workings.

I remained longer at the University of Pennsylvania, where they had the kindness to give me as a guide the professor of French literature, an amiable compatriot. What information shall I choose from all that I found in the 236 pages of the printed report and the annual catalogue of 530 pages? The University prides itself on being able to go back to the middle of the eighteenth century, and on owing its existence to the "propositions of Franklin" relative to the education of the youth of Pennsylvania. Nothing is wanting to-day in its organization, either in the intellectual, moral, or material order. Excepting theology, there is no branch of human learning that is not taught in its 358 courses, pursued by its 2,583 students. Of these, 1,113 follow the college classes, where, in addition to the classic and scientific courses, they study architecture, mechanics, electricity, and all branches of engineering. The graduates number 179 in philosophy (that is to say, in the faculty of letters), 386 in law, 542 in medicine, 14 in hygiene, 365 in dentistry, 78 in veterinary surgery. As far as the number of students goes, there is nothing to surprise us; but the resources of all kinds surpass our imagination, and when we think how each year sees the buildings, museums, libraries, laboratories, multiplied, together with all that can make the young folks attached to university life,—pleasant and inexpensive apartments, comfortable

restaurants, the free enjoyment of the amusement hall, the swimming pools and gymnasiums,—one asks if it is not at immense cost that the formation of an American is completed. Nevertheless, this formation costs the public treasury but little. Some of the universities are maintained by the State, but most of them are largely self-supporting by reason of the particular endowments which they continually receive. Since we are speaking of these extraordinary gifts, it will perhaps be of interest to give some precise figures concerning them; and that we may not be accused of choosing an exceptional period, let us simply take the accounts of 1901-1902, the last scholastic year the complete accounts of which have been published at the time I write.

Outside of the revenues from its real estate and that received for tuition, the University of Pennsylvania has received from gifts alone, during this period, the sum of \$936,851.65, to which must be added the reliable promise of a citizen, Mr. Joseph Warton, to increase the foundation already made by him to five hundred thousand dollars. The half of \$936,851, already paid, has been bequeathed by one man, Mr. Joseph Bennett. But what seems to us more characteristic is that the other half has been given in relatively small sums by more than four hundred voluntary subscribers. The Dean, in his report, is right in insisting upon the evident proof of the devotion of Americans to the cause of education, and on the responsibility that rests on the educators of so generous a nation.

The University of Pennsylvania, although one of the best endowed of American universities, is by no means an exception. In 1902, Mrs. Jane L. Stanford transferred by deed to the Stanford University of California thirty millions of dollars in bonds, stocks, and real estate. Mr. Carnegie gave ten millions of dollars to the Institute which bears his name, a hundred thousand to the College of the State of Pennsylvania, and a hundred thousand to the Institute of Technology of Hoboken, New Jersey. Mr. Rockefeller has given \$1,250,000 to the University of Chicago, already enriched by his gifts; \$250,000 to Bryn Mawr College; \$200,000 to Oberlin College in Ohio; \$140,000 to Wellesley College in Massachusetts. Having offered a million dollars to Harvard if the friends of the University would add \$500,000, he thus brought a benefactress, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, to offer \$250,000 alone. The "Petroleum King" amuses himself with this kind of matches, at once reasonable and very profitable. As he had promised to give \$200,000 to Barnard College if they would find as much elsewhere, it happened that they collected a surplus of \$50,000, so he very graciously added the same amount, and the College drew out of the transaction with \$500,000. Many institutions have received from divers subscribers between a hundred thousand and a million dollars. The settlement of the Fayerweather will has distributed \$300,000 to Yale, \$200,000 to Columbia, as much to Cornell, and \$100,000 each to ten other colleges or universities, without counting some bequests of \$50,000; and when all is settled they calculate that

\$150,000 will still remain for each of the establishments named, and in addition to this, \$1,225,000 to be divided amongst thirty other institutions, the majority being schools devoted to the education of women. Before ending this list, enough to dazzle Europeans, I wish to note the gift of \$200,000 donated by an American woman of Paris to the University of Chicago to establish there a French course of Pedagogy; \$450,000 destined by Mrs. Anna Eliza Walsh of Brooklyn for the education of Catholic priests; and \$250,000 offered anonymously to Cooper Union Institute. Anonymous gifts are still quite frequent in the lists I have before me, but ordinarily they do not attain to these proportions.

One of the most favored colleges is Bryn Mawr, where I ask the reader to follow me before we leave Pennsylvania. Beside the \$250,000 already mentioned, given by Mr. Rockefeller, and the \$22,630 given by its alumnae, it received in 1902 nine subscriptions of \$10,000, one of \$8,000, and fourteen of \$5,000, making the total for one year alone \$526,000. This, in addition to the \$160,000 paid in by the students, enables the college to meet the expenses, make gratuitous loans to needy students, spend \$4,000 annually on books, subscribe to 332 reviews, keep its laboratories and equipments abreast of all discoveries, and erect new buildings, each one finer than the last. In the United States, there is a general tendency to reproduce the best style of the English Renaissance in the colleges and universities, the ideal being to have amidst

green lawns and large trees a city of feudal castles and cottages covered with ivy. Nowhere have we seen this excellent style produce a more beautiful effect than at Bryn Mawr; and when I drove there, after having passed through Fairmount Park and the rich country which is called the Garden of Pennsylvania, it seemed to me that I had been suddenly transported to Oxford, to the almost sacred garden of New College, the walks of Magdalen, the meadows of Christ Church.

In the absence of the President, Father Coghlan's nephew and myself were received by the young secretary, a former student; if her companions are equally simple; energetic, intelligent, and amiable, it speaks well for the educational training of Bryn Mawr. She showed us the library, the study halls, the grand hall, the dormitories, with dining-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms fully furnished. This recalled Trinity College, though things were on a much larger scale. I remarked this to our guide, who answered, "I am delighted with the resemblance, but I am not surprised; the nuns of Trinity College came here to study our system."

The students of Bryn Mawr are divided into three classes,—graduates, undergraduates, and auditors. The graduate students are admitted only after having received a degree from some recognized college. On the completion of their studies, they obtain the degree of Mistress of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy. In the college year 1900-1901, there were 49 students of this class. Amongst them must be distinguished the Fellows, numbering 11, who by their attainments have gained scholarships worth \$525 a year. The under-

graduates, who numbered 349 in 1901, have to pass an entrance examination in algebra, plane geometry, Latin, history, English composition, physical sciences, and two of three languages — French, German, Greek. The baccalaureates for which they prepare are equivalent to ours. The auditors are not matriculated, and, strictly speaking, have not the right to be called students of Bryn Mawr. They must be at least twenty-five years of age. There are no precise rules for them; they are received and allowed to remain only if they prove themselves capable of profiting by the course; special certificates may be given them by their professors, but they are excluded from the degrees. It is a very sensible and practical way of making the higher education accessible to serious-minded women whose early studies have not been directed according to the programme. Their work is necessarily disinterested, since it does not lead to any official degree. It is not the same with the other students, who, though they may seek learning for learning's sake, do not ignore the fact that a degree of Bryn Mawr, justly esteemed throughout America, assures them of success in that career of teaching which is growing more important every day, and which is deservedly remunerative.

Religion has its place in this great college, as it has everywhere. Every morning they have prayers in chapel, and every Wednesday evening services in which the ministers of different Protestant denominations preach alternately. The Catholics do not share in this communism. None of these exercises are obligatory. On Sunday, the house carriages take the

students to the churches of their choice. There are all sorts of churches in the neighborhood, and fifteen minutes on the train will bring one to Philadelphia. People can live like good neighbors without even thinking of religious differences; tolerating the beliefs of others is not abdicating one's own. I was told that some years ago Mgr. Keane was invited to give a religious discourse at Harvard University. When thanking him, President Eliot recalled that in former times an eccentric benefactor had left funds providing that each year there might be a conference on the abominations of Popery, and offered to have the Archbishop lecture on the subject. He laughingly declined, and told the president to call on Archbishop Ryan, who was a specialist in that matter.

Our visit to Bryn Mawr ended with a drive in the park. It was late in the afternoon. The students were playing tennis, foot-ball, and cricket. They seemed to suffer but little from poor living or nervousness. If it was not really here, it was surely in some similar institution that M. Doumic, led by some happy chance to the United States, saw a number of young girls engaged in a vigorous game of ball, and began to understand "what a small thing a man is." At the same time that their healthy appearance recalled this jest of a writer who can certainly not be called an Americanist, the absence of care on their joyous faces made me think of what La Bruyère said: "I should like to be a girl, and a pretty one, from my thirteenth to my twenty-second year; and after that, to become a man." Nowhere would such a wish seem more sensible than



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ARCHBISHOP KEANE

in the English-speaking countries, where, in contrast to our custom, young girls are much more free than married women.

We left for Philadelphia at sunset. The soft light of an October evening clothed with a poetic glow the lingering green of the fields, the red-leaved forests, the valleys, slopes, and river of Fairmount Park. It grew still more beautiful with the appearance of the first stars. Notwithstanding the coolness of the evening, I was delighted that the carriage went so slowly. I love the scenery of America, for even in the neighborhood of cities it retains something of primeval simplicity. It is somewhat like the inhabitants, so simple and at the same time so cultured, so progressive, so unaffected. With the young priest who accompanied me, I had a heart-to-heart talk. What freedom of spirit, and yet what candor! What serenity in the possession of truth, and what ignoring of difficulties! What confidence in the worth of action, in the goodwill of every man he met! What faith in his country and in his Church! I encouraged him in this optimism, but nevertheless I could not conceal from him that in our older countries everything does not go so easily. He asked me why, and I gave him some reasons, which made him sad. "If I were in your place," said he, by way of conclusion, "I would stay in America."

The next day I went to New York, whence the steamer sails for France.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAST DAYS IN NEW YORK

Saint Sulpice in the United States.—Tuxedo Park.—The Integrity of Politicians.—McClellan and Seth Low.—Municipal Elections.—New York by Noon, Evening, Night.—The Star-Spangled Banner in the Sky.—The International Catholic Truth Society.—Episcopalian Clergymen.—The “North American Review.”—The Hour of Parting.—At Saint Paul’s.—On the “Lorraine.”—“Sweet Land of Liberty.”

I HAD intended to spend my last few days in New York divided between the Dunwoodie Seminary and the Paulists’ House; for from both places came most hospitable invitations. But I found that to make the seminary my headquarters would mean spending half my time on the cars whenever I went to visit the city; so I remained at Dunwoodie but a couple of days. It was with real regret that I gave up the company of Sulpicians, who, as I have already noted with regard to their seminary in Baltimore, know so well how to combine the advantages of both French and American methods of training. Their traditions of learning and of solid piety are here embodied in the Superior Father, James Dryscoll, one of my old fellow-students at Paris; in Father Bruneau, a great French exegete; in fact, in all the professors with whom I came in contact. The magnificently constructed Dunwoodie Seminary might well recall the Sulpician Institution at Issy near Paris, if it were situated elsewhere than in the heart of the

open country, near Yonkers. As in external likeness, so in the spirit of the institution, the resemblance at first sight is so great that one seems to be back again in France. But upon a closer observation, many differences are noted, a natural consequence of the change of environment. For example, how surprised our seminarians would be if they could see the gymnasium, with its complete equipment of all that pertains to physical development; or the lecture-rooms, where the leading reviews, periodicals, and newspapers can be freely consulted; or the manner in which the American students indulge in their favorite sports.

I made no inquiry as to the curriculum; but to judge from the programmes and the authors, there was no great difference between it and those in France. Nevertheless be it said, without the least wish to reflect on the traditional spirit from which they receive their inspiration, that the topics are very well adapted to present needs. In the second year of the course in philosophy, for example, I was well pleased to see the studies indicated in these terms: "Origin of the Universe; Spontaneous Generation; The Materialistic View of Life; Periodic Evolution; Transformation; Descent of Man; Monistic Evolution; Is Evolution Admissible? Distinction between Man and Brute."

The seminary comprises 158 students, of which 140 belong to the diocese of New York. The diocese of Brooklyn has a seminary apart, with forty-five students. From an outsider's point of view, I feel inclined to believe that a concentration of the resources of both dioceses would be in the nature of an improvement.

After two days taken up by visits to and from New York, I finally returned to the Paulists' House. The reader will perhaps remember my surprise and edification at the austerity of their monastery. I think it must have been due to my many and varied experiences in the interval that at the time of this second visit I was in nowise dismayed. Father Elliott was at Washington, but I found Father Doyle and other friends. I became well acquainted with Father Burke, editor of "The Catholic World," and with Father MacMillan, who is in charge of the parish schools; and I learned to appreciate Father Hughes, the Assistant Superior, whose fine reserve and retiring disposition had at first somewhat intimidated me. But the one who made the deepest impression on me was the Superior of the Congregation, Father Deshon, whom I had not met before. Sole survivor of the first companions of Father Hecker, he was full of reminiscences of the pious founder. He was over eighty; tall and slender, with a flowing beard, and seemed to be the perfect type of one of the Fathers of the Desert. It is one of my happiest memories to have known this patriarch, and to have been treated as a son by him. He died several months after my departure for Europe. He has been succeeded in his office of Superior General of the Paulists by the Very Rev. George M. Searle, Ph.D., a distinguished mathematician and specialist in astronomy, but still more remarkable for his apostolic zeal and eloquence.¹

¹ See a sketch published in "The Catholic World," August, 1904.

At Tuxedo Park, thirty-eight miles from New York City, reside friends whom I knew in Switzerland, a country which, as we all know, is as accessible to Americans as to Frenchmen. My visit was made chiefly for the sake of my friends, but also on account of the renowned beauty of their dwelling-place. To find the forest of Fontainebleau fifteen leagues from Paris, is no more agreeable a surprise than to see so close to New York a vast stretch of rocky hills and woods, which are at times separated by narrow valleys, lakes, and rivers. This is Orange County. The larger part of this picturesque region has been acquired, and is inhabited by, a small select circle of about four hundred members, known as the Tuxedo Park Association; and they exclude from their neighborhood all those who do not belong to their world. Each one retains, no doubt, the right to cede or to sell the portion of land belonging to him; but he can dispose of it only to persons agreeable to the whole group. To live on the territory of the park without being admitted to its society, to which all the members belong, would be worse than being boycotted; for you could then meet absolutely no one, and I know not if even the privilege of the roads would be granted. "It is the only way," said my host, "of assuring the respectability of our *milieu*, and also of living apart from Israel." There exists in the United States no anti-Semitic agitation of a political nature; but socially the Jews are kept alone even more strictly than in the Old World. If it is not democratic, the creation of Tuxedo Park reveals at least the possession of excel-

lent taste on the part of its owners. A retreat more peaceful and inspiring can scarcely be imagined. The villas are designed in sober, rustic style, and all are different in construction. Everywhere the trees of the park have been respected, except where it has been found necessary to hew out thickets which were too dense, and to open up new vistas. The houses, nestling some distance from the road, leave the solitude unbroken. The cottage of my friends is a marvel of luxurious simplicity. Marie Antoinette could not have dreamed of a more comfortable *chaumière*. The walk which we took in the beginning of the afternoon, along the lakes, reminded me in more than one respect of the Haute Engadine. Although on the horizon one discerns no snow-capped summits, the paths bordering the water, and these climbing the rocky heights, gave to the scenery a certain Alpine note. It is true that the mountain heights reveal to the view no glaciers; but from the level of the valleys the eyes can wander at will over endless chains of mountains and primeval forests. Everywhere stretches a wonderful tapestry of every tint and hue. In those last days of November, the autumnal colors, so fine in France, have here a brighter tinge. The air is frosty, despite the bright sun; the sky is azure. And to all this natural beauty there is added a sort of charm from the fact that these elegant villas people for the most part what was once a virgin forest, and that these kings of finance or of industry succeed so closely the wild Indian tribes.

The good fortune which had attended me throughout my voyage was not lacking in my last sojourn in New York, which coincided with the municipal elections. Seth Low, the former President of Columbia University, and actually holding the position of mayor, was one candidate, and Mr. McClellan was the Democratic nominee. If we are to give credence to the partisans of Mr. Low, their purpose was to unite all honest and right-thinking men, independent of party, and oppose the rule of corrupt politicians. On the other hand, the friends of Mr. McClellan urged that it was time for the City of New York, whose majority is always strongly Democratic, to rise up, unmask Republican pretensions, take control of the municipal government, and have affairs administered by men representing the genuine opinions of the city.

The campaign terminated in a victory for McClellan. And this, according to his opponents, may mean the return of the lamentable Tammany rule — though so far events do not seem to justify their expectations. As to that, it may be said, in a general way, that political corruption, so widely developed in the United States, and principally in the administration of the large cities, has much diminished of late years. The influence of the universities and of high officials, men of integrity like Mr. Roosevelt, is making itself felt; and all citizens appear to realize that it is the duty of the best men to concern themselves with the matters of public interest, and no longer to abandon them to professional politicians, who, incapable of managing well their own affairs, seek profit in those of others.

If we are to credit what was said in different quarters regarding this campaign, we must subscribe to the words of Mr. Roosevelt:

“When we consider the enormous number of emigrants who come to us entirely unacquainted with any form of self-government, who have been thrown in among us, and who have not yet been completely assimilated, our surprise should be, not that universal suffrage is often abused, but rather that it works so well. We are better, and not worse, than we were a generation ago.”¹

The animosities of the political campaign were manifested, so far as I could judge, in the newspapers alone. I saw no placards and hand-bills, as in France, but simply the names and portraits of candidates on banners fluttering from street to street. The two meetings which I attended were surprisingly calm. One night, with two Frenchmen of New York, I set out for a Tammany meeting held in a theatre; but as admission was by invitation, we could only glance at it from the galleries, and retire. To me, the assemblage had the air of assisting at a classical play. Repelled, as it were, by Mr. McClellan's party, we directed our steps to Mr. Low's. Admission here was free. We listened nearly an hour to a recital of the merits of the existing administration; the reign of virtue and prosperity was the theme enlarged upon by District Attorney Jerome, of the “fusion” party. His remarks were calmly received, and applause was rare. In short, at the two meetings the halls were half

¹“New York.”—The abuse of which we have just spoken refers always to questions of a pecuniary nature, the liberty of the citizens in all religious respects being left intact.

filled, and the enthusiasm *nil*. The next day the partisan papers on either side gave most glowing accounts of their own meeting, and of course reported the failure of the other. But neither in the political gatherings nor in the press was religion once referred to. In this country, all political elections are based chiefly on questions of business and finance. Religion has no part in the contest.

The next day I had several opportunities to look at scenery of quite another sort. At noon, in William Street, New York, I went to see a friend of mine, an engineer, whose office was on an eighteenth floor. While there, we mounted to the top, seven stories higher. As we looked out here and there, parts of the horizon were obscured by the buildings which towered above us, but on the whole the view was clear. Beneath our feet, the city spread out its interesting features. If we looked to the north, it extended long and narrow, with its eleven avenues cut at right angles by a hundred and sixty streets, all alike, and named only by their numbers; if we turned to the south, narrow and confused roads covered the spot settled by the first colonists. To the west gleamed the Hudson River; and beyond that, Jersey City was visible; while on the other side lay the East River and Brooklyn. Within these limits is a population of four million inhabitants, if not more. Numerous vessels covered the two rivers, passing and repassing. We were so far above the din and confusion of the city, that all noises became a vague murmur before

reaching us; the sight was one full of power and yet repose.

I was destined the same day to view this scene in other aspects. Toward the close of the afternoon I left for Brooklyn. Half-way across the gigantic bridge, I turned, and was amazed at the spectacle. I found myself confronting the loftiest giant structures grouped in that part of the city. Their fantastic masses, at heights truly formidable, were darkly outlined against the purple of the clouds. An hour and a half later, on the boat conveying me from Brooklyn by the South Ferry, I saw the same buildings, now illuminated with thousands of lights; the dismal fortresses seemed animated. It was like seeing a chain of mountains stretching across from the noisy glittering bank into the silent and sombre horizon beyond; and all was bathed in glowing light, from the humble summit a few feet high, to the bold peaks twice as lofty as our cathedral towers. When finally, at midnight, I returned from New Brighton, a little city of Staten Island, where a friend had invited me, New York again appeared under a different aspect, and one so strange that, despite the cold, it was with reluctance I quitted the bridge. The extinguished street-lights of the city would have left it in mystery, and it might have seemed like any other, if here and there the windows had not blazed forth from great altitudes. To our feeble sight, these lights appeared like constellations; but infinitely higher, God had placed his stars by myriads, and they glittered in the immensity of their extent, their mystery, and their duration, a calm

and silent challenge to man's greatest achievements. Above our heads was unfurled this divinely created star-spangled banner, and its folds floated over the sleeping city and the land.

The approaching end of my journey brought each day more and more numerous impressions and stores of information. It would be impossible to remember all.

I ought at least to describe the work known as the International Catholic Truth Society, the purpose of which was explained to me by its active president,¹ Dr. W. F. MacGinnis, a priest of Brooklyn. Grouping together the intelligent Catholics of each city and carrying on a steady foreign correspondence, the society distributes in profusion the most notable articles, discourses, and pamphlets, concerning religious questions, in all languages. It rectifies, through friendly or independent journals, untrustworthy information or false statements of authentic facts, and refutes, by means of communications which it takes care to reproduce, calumnies made against the Church and its representatives. Its polemics and its propagandas are, however, conducted in all honesty, and I was pleased to hear the president say that sometimes he had refused to reply to certain attacks because, upon investigation, they appeared to be justified.

Something also must be said of the Anglican ministers to whom I was introduced. On the eve of my departure, I paid a visit to one of them in his rectory

¹The vice-president is Mr. W. J. Carr; the honorary vice-presidents are Mr. Charles Bonaparte of Baltimore and Mr. Bourke Cockran of New York.

on Staten Island. I had known him in Paris as a most pious and zealous student. He is a Ritualist, and introduced me to some of his clerical friends, who resemble him in their ideas and practice,—two young curates of Trinity, and a venerable and distinguished canon. They recalled to mind some of my most cherished memories of England. The time came for the toasts; I responded to mine by proposing the health of one who was endeared to me personally, and esteemed by them for his convictions, Lord Halifax. "Gentlemen," then said the canon, "I now propose a toast in which I doubt not you will join with all your heart; and this time let us all stand. To the health of His Holiness Pope Pius X." He then related to me his recollections of Rome, his pilgrimage to the great shrine, and his audience with the Holy Father. From what little I could observe during my visit, I should be inclined to say that the Episcopalian Church in America displays much the same tendencies as the Church of England. Of the latter establishment I have spoken elsewhere.¹

Among my last visits, I must note one I made to Mr. David A. Monroe, editor of the "North American Review." The offices of this periodical are in no way imposing. To reach the editor's sanctum, it is necessary to traverse the maze of the immense thought-manufactory in which it is published. Upon being admitted to Mr. Monroe's office,—a place where the waiting-room did not remind me of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and "Le Correspondant,"—I

¹ See chapter on Anglicans and Romans in "Quelques motifs d'espérer."

presented a letter of introduction given me by Professor Egan. With a hasty glance, he returned it to me, saying, "You come from one of the men whom I esteem most highly and whose writing I am least able to decipher; tell me yourself the object of this visit." I then expressed my desire to discuss in the "Review" the politico-religious crisis which France was passing through, and which I felt was very imperfectly understood in the United States. Satisfactory arrangements were made at once; and two months later, a French Catholic priest, without having had a word of his manuscript altered, or a note added to indicate the least reservation, published in the "North American Review" an article explaining the conduct of the Government toward the Congregations. In it he took an entirely different standpoint from that which had been adopted in an article written several months earlier by some one of the staff of this same periodical. Thus both sides of the question are submitted to the reader, and he himself is responsible for his opinions.

It is said that farewells should be hurried; at least let me hurry the recital of mine.

My sojourn ended, as it had begun, at the Convent of the Paulist Fathers. I like to recall our conversation that last evening, after the silent supper. Again I hear the prayers recited in common in the dim chapel, as we kneel round the high altar; and I vividly remember my last visit to the room rendered sacred by the labors and suffering and death of that great friend of God, Father Hecker. All this was not

conducive to sleep; and had it not been for the thoughts of those friends to whom I was returning, I should have been overwhelmed by sadness.

In the early morning I said mass in the quiet church, and as it was my last on American soil, I offered it in heartfelt thanksgiving for all the joy and the moral strength I had received. After a hasty breakfast, I bade farewell to the good missionaries who had received me so fraternally, embraced Father Doyle, knelt before the venerable Father Deshon to receive his blessing, and departed in silence.

The "Lorraine," so suggestive of pleasant memories, was again about to set sail. On every hand were tokens of our departure. Friends were endeavoring by last words and floral offerings to soften the pangs of parting. But for the second time the bell rings and warns visitors that it is time to go. They descend, and the plank is drawn away. I could not have believed that so simple an act could have been so solemn. It was indeed a final separation; we had left the continent behind. The vessel sails forth majestically, and words are exchanged by signals, till even these are unperceived. The banks of the Hudson recede and disappear; the bay widens out in a circle, as we direct our course toward "The Narrows," the difficult channel which serves as entrance,—now, alas! as egress,—between Long Island and Staten Island. My gaze is fixed on New York. The misty light of this Autumn morning softens even the hard outline of the huge sky-scrapers and the white smoke wreathes them in floating drapery.

But America is fast disappearing. Most of the passengers seem absorbed in thoughts of home; some of them are weeping. I, too, am leaving behind me cherished friends; but what touches me most keenly is the parting from this "sweet land of liberty," this free, strong country, which has not disappointed my expectations. A lovely rose, of the kind called "American Beauty," falls from a farewell bouquet, and is wafted toward me by the wind, in symbolical response, as it were, to my feelings. Those whose love has been lavished only on persons perhaps do not know all the capacity of the human heart. Humanity, progress, religion, mere words to some, are to others large realities.

We pass close to the Statue of Liberty. Holding aloft her colossal torch, she turns her face toward the ocean, and while thus typifying enlightenment she at the same time gives a solemn token of farewell. It is as if she said to the departing traveller, "Courage—Forward!" Thus at least I seem to hear and interpret this voice of Liberty. And so I control my other emotions; strength returns, and I mutely promise, with God as my witness, to carry to the Old World, as a humble missionary, my part of the message of life. It is in fulfilment of that promise that this book has been written.

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